

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

AUGUST, 1912

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"Not
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USE MERITAS—the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you 1/2 dozen handsome Every Yard Meritas doilies.

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If You Have a Motor Car Jaeger Motor Coats and Ulsters Will Interest You!

They are very comfortable!

Very stylish!

Well made!

Durable!

A Jaeger double fleece coat gives greater warmth and does not induce perspiration like a leather or fur coat.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII.

Published Monthly

No. 8.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

Everyone is optimistic as to the prospects in Western Canada this year. Weather conditions are ideal for all growing things. The increase of acreage under cultivation is beyond all anticipation, and what is perhaps of much more importance the number of people from other lands who are daily throwing in their lot with us is already far ahead of any former record. Not only in numbers do they excel, but the authorities declare that they are from the very best classes in the lands from which they come. Men and women of energy and ambition who seek on our Western plains many advantages denied them by the narrow environment of their former homes. From across the southern border many thousands of our American cousins are marching in, bringing with them much material, comfort and high ideals. From England, Ireland and Scotland every ocean liner brings hundreds, so that a constant stream of the best Anglo Saxon and Celtic blood is flowing regularly into the Canadian national life. Others coming to us from the countries of Europe are the very pick of their people, Germans, French, Swedes, Poles, Galicians, etc., all to join us in our nation-building task. The aim of this magazine has at all times been to be helpful to its readers, and to bring to them from month to month ideas and suggestions that are healthy in thought, progressive in action, and that tend to make the conditions of life easier. It is not, therefore, too much to expect of those of our readers who find pleasure and profit in The Western Home Monthly to introduce it to the newcomer as a healthy product of this Western land. The flattering comments reaching us by every mail from many subscribers are in themselves sufficient to inspire our best effort, and the endeavor of the future will be not only to sustain what has been attained, but with a keener and broader view of the requirements of our readers and the conditions which are peculiar to our land, to bring marked improvements to every department. The Editorial page will be a cheery salutation with an intelligent and impartial comment on the problems of the day. It won't be a sermon, but it will keep its readers correctly informed. All the other pages, every story, every poem, will carry its own special message and they will all sum up and express what the magazine stands for—helpfulness. The publishers take a rightful pride in the men and women who from month to month contribute to the magazine. They include leaders in journalism, education, business, the church, and in the field of fiction. The various women's departments are in the care of ladies of ripe experience and culture, who add to their qualifications an intimate knowledge of Western home life. It is this intimate knowledge of Western life and things Western on the part of its editors and contributors that pre-eminently suits this magazine to the requirements of the settler, and should give it the preference over periodicals published in New York and London, separated from us by leagues of land and sea, and still more in manners and conditions of life. An ambition of the publishers is to extend the sphere and influence of The Monthly so that by the end of 1912 it will carry its cheer to at least ten

thousand more homes than it reaches now. No reason that this should not be if, as hundreds tell us, it is the best magazine they see. We have heard many pleasant things about the July issue, and readers everywhere were greatly pleased with it. In Winnipeg, as well as other big cities of the West, there was a great demand for it from newsdealers. The portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught appearing on the front cover in six colors was particularly admired and The Western Home Monthly was congratulated by many, including His Royal Highness himself, on the excellency of the work.

EXTRACTS FROM TO-DAY'S MAIL BAG.

"Your valuable magazine sure is attractive for some reason or other. I guess because it is a good, clean, decent paper that no one need be ashamed of."
George Magrum, Tugaskie.

"The Western Home Monthly comes to the farm every month and we all enjoy it very much. It is a race to see who gets it first when it comes to the door."
James Carson, Spring Point.

"Would like to add my testimony to those of others. That is, your paper is not only the best in the West and for the West, but is best of all that are published to-day. Especially I commend the help for young women and young men."
E. V. Lewis, Strongfield.

"I would like to say that the editor is to be congratulated on the way in which he gets up The Western Home Monthly. It is certainly a very interesting magazine and is such an admirable mixture of light and solid reading that the reader's attention is held from cover to cover."
W. C. Sample, Irvine.

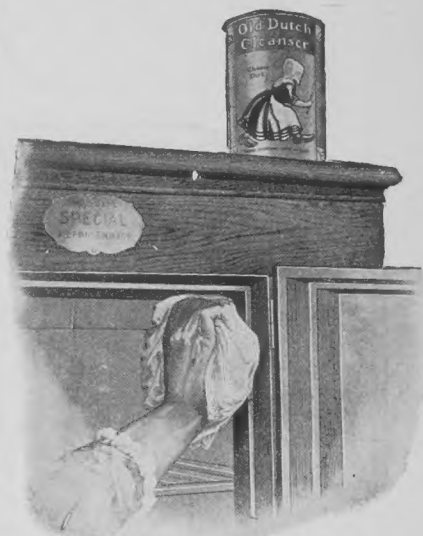
"We have been receiving your magazine in our home for a number of years and now I am a subscriber myself for about two years. I always look forward with pleasure to its coming each month, but what bothers me most in summer is that I have so little time to spare and oftentimes only glance over its pages, but in the winter months I always give The Western Home Monthly good attention. I always find it full of good reading and useful hints."
J. S. Stanger, St. Raymond.

KIND WORDS FROM A WINNIPEG DAILY.

Among the Midsummer and Exhibition numbers of western magazines now making their appearance, The Western Home Monthly issue for July takes a leading place, with many excellent and seasonable features, the chief of which is a magnificent portrait in six colors of the Governor-General, who visits Winnipeg for the opening of the Industrial Exhibition in a few days. The design was submitted to His Royal Highness for approval and he has graciously granted permission for its publication.

Free Press, June 30.

Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

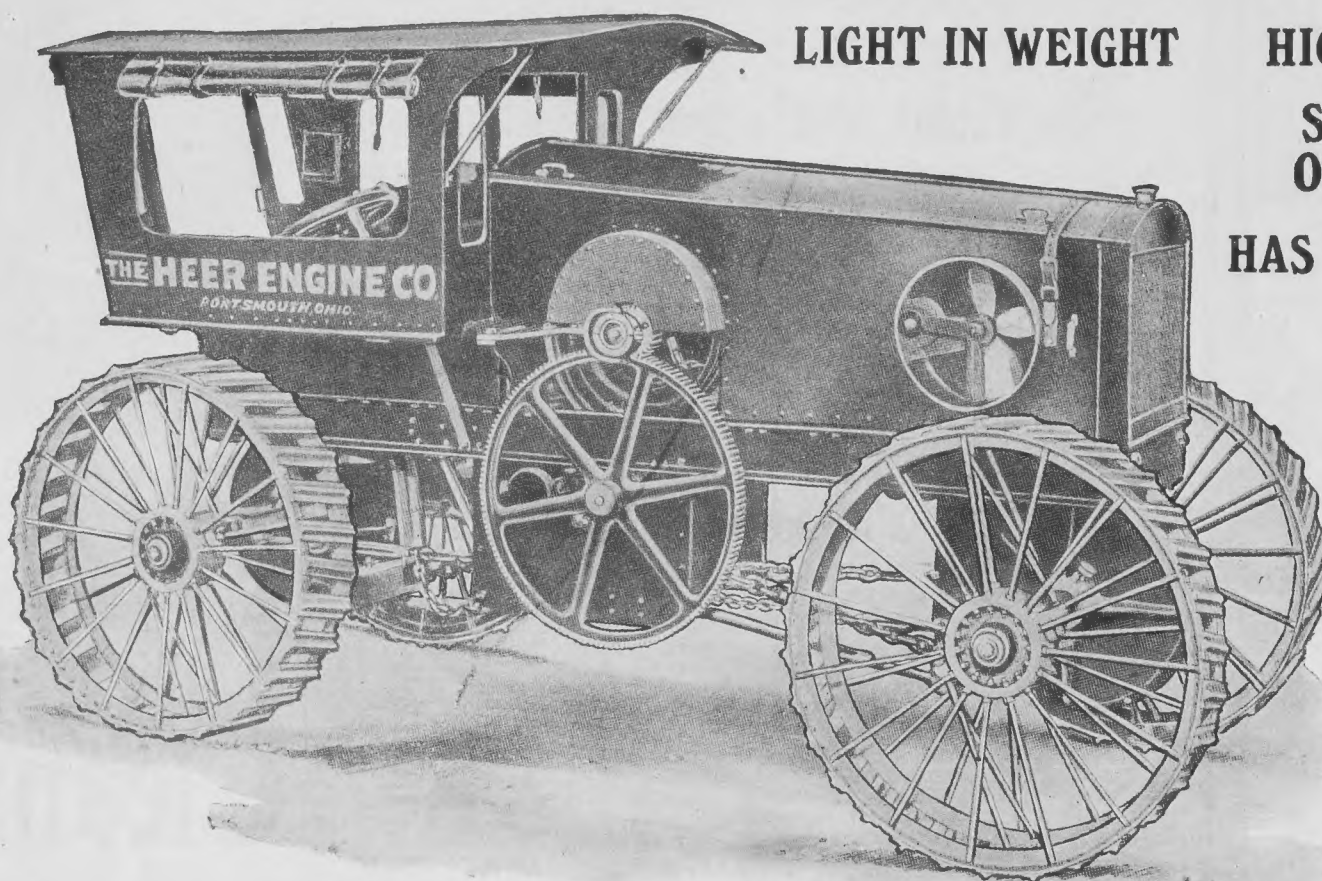
Cleans Your Refrigerator HYGIENICALLY

Because this pure, mechanical Cleanser contains no Caustic or Acid to get near the food. It penetrates into every corner and cuts every particle of grease from the shelves and walls. Soap-cleaning cannot do this satisfactorily. Sprinkle some Cleanser on a wet cloth or brush and go over every part of the refrigerator carefully, after removing and cleaning the shelves. Do this once a week (the ice compartment once in two weeks) and it will always be clean, sweet-smelling and sanitary.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

PERFECTION IN FARM POWER PLANT THE HEER GAS TRACTOR

Built For Economy and Durability



LIGHT IN WEIGHT

HIGH IN POWER

SIMPLE IN
OPERATION

HAS FOUR-WHEEL
DRIVE

The Heer "Four-Wheel Drive" Gas Tractor does "more work with half the weight" and with less than one-tenth the repairs demanded by the ordinary tractor. It develops fully 10% capacity for overload on the belt and 80% efficiency on the draw-bar.

25 H.P. Model, fitted complete with Friction Clutch Pulley for Belt

Also made in 30 and 40 H.P. Models. The **Heer** two-cylinder opposed heavy Duty-type of engine and the **four wheel drive** are the two essential points which make this tractor a success. The engine is evenly balanced and set exactly in the centre of the frame; this distributes the power equally between both front and rear wheels. The Heer Tractor can travel on roads, climb steep grades, operate on softer ground, get out of ditches and bad places where rear wheel driven tractors have proven useless. Engine has three speeds, two, four and six miles per hour, and reverse. All four wheels controlled by one steering gear.

Our Guarantee

We Guarantee all Heer Engines for one year against defects in material and workmanship, and will replace any such defective parts free of charge at our factory, providing the part to be replaced is returned to us charges prepaid. Our Guaranty, however, does not cover repairs or replacements necessitated by abuse, misuse or neglect.

In the Motor Competition of the Winnipeg Exhibition last month the Heer Gas Tractor won High Honors.

AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE

WRITE FOR OUR PROPOSITION



Class in the short course for gas engineers at Manitoba Agricultural College working on a 25 H.P. Model Heer Four-Wheel Drive Tractor.

Further information will be gladly given to any Reader of this Magazine who may be interested.

Canadian Heer Engine Co., Ltd.

808 McArthur Building

R. McLENNAN, Manager

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Unseen Power.

In all our business affairs we go rushing ahead as if all depended upon our own exertions and as if Providence did not count at all. When weather is favorable and the crops are good we take it as a matter of course. When there is drouth or continual rain sometimes we pause long enough to inquire what God means by attending to this business so badly. In the oldest piece of world-literature there is a story of a man named Job, and the gist of the story is this, that he and his friends fought out the problem of affliction as if they were the only parties concerned. At the end of the story, however, God appears and reveals to them the fact that He is a party to be considered in all earthly matters and that He was especially concerned with Job's affliction. Now this is just the very lesson we need to-day. If there is a God at all, we may readily assume that He has a very living interest in our country and that He wishes for it the highest lasting good. He knows that it is as true to-day as in the days gone by, that no people ever attained true greatness unless they were above all things good. Material wealth—bumper crops—immense trade—growing bank accounts—these will not ensure greatness, and the sooner people learn to give them their proper place the better. A great calamity may be a blessing in disguise. It certainly will be a blessing if through it the forgotten feelings of dependence and reverence are restored to our people.

A magazine such as this is not expected to do very much preaching but it can, without laying itself open to the charge of being unpleasantly pious, express its very strong conviction that what we require above all things to-day is not primarily better-trade relations, better facilities for transportation, and better economical conditions, but rather a better hold on those qualities that are essential to true manhood and womanhood—godliness, purity, honesty, integrity and true reverence. Not what we have, but what we are determines our place now and in the future. That which ensures permanent national greatness cannot be hoarded in banks, it is always found in the hearts and lives of the people. It is for this reason that a government which concerns itself with national education, with measures looking towards moral and social betterment, is infinitely wiser than one which devotes its energies merely to devising schemes for making money breed more quickly. Viewed from this standpoint, that of the highest patriotism, there are some governments in Canada that could not expect a very high rating, for under their administration the moral life of the community has suffered in countless ways. It will not be difficult for our readers to make the application.

THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

The people of Western Canada are always interested in the political affairs of the United States, because many of them are citizens of the republic. Many others feel they are but first cousins, others are always interested in a contest, and perhaps all feel that their own fortune is closely linked with that of the people south of the line. It is a great satisfaction that the convention at Baltimore chose a man who is intellectually so worthy, and who on all economic and social problems is so progressive and yet so sane. Should the fighting colonel recognize in him the national leader of the movement for reform, a force working against plutocracy, perhaps he might well retire from the contest and allow the democratic party to handle the reins of government for a season. On the whole, the Canadian people would welcome such a change, not because the present occupant of the presidential chair has not been friendly to us and favorable to international peace, but because they think the time has come for a change, and because they wish to see some one in power who in a strong way will fight the moneyed interests and restore to the common people at least a little of the freedom they should possess.

The two conventions have not been very creditable to the American people. The uproarious method of conducting campaigns is lacking in dignity and calm judgment. It was bad enough for the two leaders of a great party to stomp the country hurling out defiance at each other. We can well believe that the great majority of enlightened Americans disapproved of the exhibition. They felt ashamed and somewhat disgraced. Nor could they feel particularly proud of the methods of conducting their great conventions. Surely by this time a satisfactory plan of selecting delegates should have been devised. Though the fighting colonel did not cut a very gallant figure, he was probably well justified in his belief that the representation was not by any means fair to him, and that the credentials committee stole several of the States. Perhaps the most unseemly display of all was that of the shouting, hooting mob of spectators and delegates in convention hall. In a civilized community, civilized methods of electing representatives and of nominating officers should be followed.

Yet on the whole Canadians have no right to cast

stones. The choice with Americans is after all with the people. With us it lies with the machine. Theirs is essentially a democracy; ours is essentially a "machin-ocracy." Now and again as in the choice of a republican leader the machine assumes control; and now and again with us as in some rural communities the common people determine their own candidate. Speaking generally however, we are ruled by the few men at the capital, and often these are controlled by the capitalists whom they have created. And no doubt we are as fond of our form of government as the Americans are of theirs.

One of the most hopeful signs in American politics is the disintegration of party. Roosevelt may be all wrong in his ambitions and his methods, but the idea behind the third party, the idea of a square deal for the people is eminently sound. Strangely enough the same movement is on foot in Canada, and only the swiftest action on the part of political leaders to align themselves with the progressives will prevent the formation of a new party that will not only hold the balance of power, but control national destinies forever. The slogan of "Equal opportunities for all; favors to none in religion, politics or trade; referendum on all great public questions and possibility of recall"—this extended and made more definite will arouse public sympathy, and when once the idea of the new gospel is put into effect there will be no possibility of reversion to an older order of things.

BE CANADIAN.

The following paragraph from the Montreal Witness is to be commended for its good sense:

"We have in Canada too much of 'I'm a Scotch-

What Do You Think I Am Worth !

By J. H. Kenyon.

What do you think I am worth?

My money is reckoned in dimes;
But I've two good legs on the earth,
Not running about after crimes.
And I've built up a body so strong
That money could not buy it out;
I still own a heart that hates wrong,
Although I love a good bout.

What do you think I am worth?

Now listen a moment to know.
I am worth as much as the earth
Multiplied by all that I sow.
And my riches are not in the sod;
My castles are not in the air;
I'm richer because I've found God
Than the greatest millionaire.

man, 'I'm an Irishman,' even with the sons of men who emigrated in the early part of the nineteenth century. And here are those who are Canadians of the Canadians being urged to determine that there should be no Canadian nation. Go to the United States, and whoever you speak to, no matter what his origin, is boastful of being an 'American.' It is carrying the nationality sentiment too far when it makes it its object to prevent nationhood."

BANISH THE BAR.

There are three or four things regarding which we must fall into line if we are to make home life in the West sweet and beautiful. First of all we must banish the bar. The only thing that keeps it in operation to-day is the energy and wealth of those concerned in the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors. It is such a good paying business that brewers and vendors have become immensely wealthy. More than this they have combined their forces and on occasion act as a unit. In legislation they can hold the balance of power. With one exception they are the strongest political force in Western Canada. Therefore the bar will be retained unless those who have growing girls and boys are determined to guard them from the most insidious and ruinous form of evil that faces them.

Why should there be treating anyway? It is nothing but a semi-barbarous custom, this of hauling a friend up to a counter and spending a quarter to warm his stomach. Why not take him into a hardware store and buy him a chisel, or into a men's furnishing establishment and buy him a collar? The generous impulse will surely find equal satisfaction. Or if the thing must appeal to the stomach then why not buy him a ham sandwich or a half-dozen bananas? The custom is as ridiculous as it is harmful. And surely it is harmful enough. It develops in young men appetites that they are unable to control; it

drains the home of money to which it is rightly entitled; it robs the wife and children of a companion and protector and frequently gives them instead a monster whose home visits are dreaded. It transforms men who are clean in language, honorable in their dealings, capable and industrious in their labor, into useless, garrulous, non-dependable creatures without friends and without hope—leaders in all forms of crime. Just think it over and name a few who have gone down hill. Probably you have some in your own family. And nobody knows what will happen to your own children. So it is our first duty to get the thing away, and the only sound method just now is to banish the bar. It will go if we all say so. It will go in every one of the four provinces; and it should go, because it has done more than its share of evil, and it has no argument in its favor.

Yet the liquor interests are buying up the press and filling the columns with advertisements intended to prevent such a wise and necessary proceeding. That is the policy now in the United States where the anti-saloon sentiment has conquered half the territory. This is how the thing is done according to a reliable journal:

"At critical moments space is bought for its arguments and insinuations in the papers, but as a rule this is unnecessary. The advertising business of the trade is sufficient to make a partnership between it and a large portion of the newspaper press, and to defend the traffic is in the interest of both. The insertion of whiskey advertisements is sufficiently compromising to make every defence of the drink business that comes to hand welcome, without critical investigation. A paragraph that appeared in a city daily was meant to show that no-license was injurious to a city, by telling how a certain city in Iowa had a drink bill of \$2.67 per capita. How our neighbor, or his remote informant, got this figure we cannot see, as no register is or can be kept in any city we know of—of the amount of liquor consumed. It would be especially difficult to keep tally on it in a city where the sale was against the law. A laborious compilation from the ledgers of the whole wholesale trade would seem to be the only source available. At all events, supposing the figure to have some foundation, instead of being a condemnation of no-license, it is a remarkable testimony in its favor, as the general drink bill of the country amounts to somewhere between seventeen and eighteen dollars a head. In another number of the same paper, which number, by the way, contains some five columns of liquor advertisements, we find a statement that since the shortening of the drink selling hours there have sprung up a number of restaurants wherein the girls, whom the enquirer finds behind screens, serve after closing hours a quarter of a bottle of pop for twenty-five to fifty cents. So far, this is a tribute to the efficiency of the closing law. But was that all the reporter saw or surmised? Our contemporary suggestively heads the discovery—'A New Development,' but the police will tell it that these midnight mantraps flourished quite as much before the early closing law as they do now. They did as good business then as now—probably better, as the more drink the more of these. It was in one of these places that the proprietor was shot the other night."

TARIFF REFORM.

There is a second duty that lies close at hand. Somehow or other we must join forces to aid ourselves. We are paying too much for our manufactured products. In the name of a national policy we have bolstered up the industries of the East a little too long. We have created a few very wealthy manufacturers of implements, sugar, tobacco and the like, but we have nearly all remained in poverty. If it were not for the very natural increase in land values we should be poor indeed. There is no justification for the enormous tariff. Had the government less it would be more careful in its expenditures. Direct taxation is in every way preferable to the present system. If any man had to pay his tax directly rather than indirectly as a duty on all he wears and uses in his home, he would examine a little more closely into the expenditures of the government. He would know just exactly where his money is going. Why should a man pay fifty cents for three collars when the American pays fifty cents for four of the same make? Why pay One hundred and sixty dollars for a machine that on the other side can be purchased for one hundred and ten? The only reason why we endure this is that manufacturers have power with legislators, and legislators are only too pleased to have vast sums to spend. Nothing could be more unpopular with a government than a reduction in tariff. It would limit patronage at once. But why should we suffer in the meantime? We can fix this thing if we will. Are we to be men enough to take a stand or shall we be content to let things remain as they are? I take it that the men of the west know what they want and will get it.



has proved a great convenience to all users of the

New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

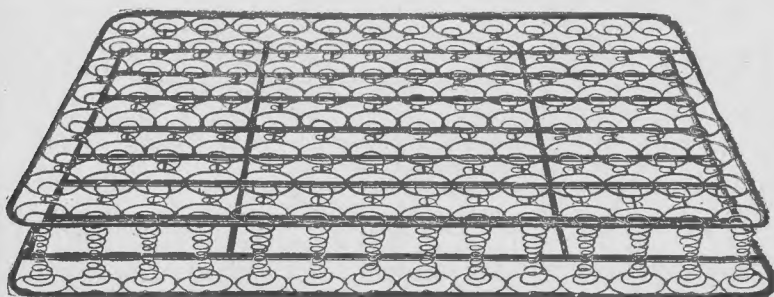
This year we are selling
The New Perfection Broiler
The New Perfection Toaster
The New Perfection Griddle

each designed specially for use on the New Perfection Stove.

With these appliances and the New Perfection glass door steel oven, the New Perfection is just as complete and efficient a stove as a regular coal range. Certainly, it is much cleaner and cheaper. Many people use the New Perfection all the year round.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Ask to see this Stove at your dealers. It is hand-somely finished. It has long enameled chimneys, turquoise-blue. Also cabinet top, drop shelves, towel racks, etc. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners. Free Cook-Book with every Stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing cost.



THE spring you find too hard or too soft "just suits" someone else. So we make spiral springs of varying degrees of buoyancy to provide an "IDEAL" spring for everybody.

To make sure that you get the right one for you we authorize every dealer to let you "try any IDEAL Spiral Spring for thirty nights", to be exchanged, if desired, until you get the one that exactly meets your idea of perfect comfort.

Once enjoy the grateful buoyancy and complete relaxation of sleeping on an "IDEAL" spiral spring and you'll never want to sleep on the stiff, part-yielding, sagging woven-wire spring again. Each of the many coils yields independently, according to the weight placed on it, giving the extreme of restful comfort. No sagging toward the centre.

The IDEAL No. 1, illustrated above, is the original and famous double-coil spiral spring. It conforms perfectly to every curve of the body, and affords the acme of luxurious ease. Made plain or upholstered—guaranteed for a lifetime.

The IDEAL No. 2 is a single coil spring, wonderfully comfortable. Not quite so buoyant as the IDEAL No. 1, and for that very reason proves "just right" for many who do not like "springs that are too soft".

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED
22 Jefferson Ave., TORONTO

This trade mark identifies and guarantees springs and beds of "IDEAL" make.



Ask your dealer to show you these and other IDEAL Springs. Write for Free Booklet S 12

A Friend in Need.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Edwin North.



It was a great shock to Sandy McIntosh when his cousin, the capable Mrs. Ruffle, with her six fatherless children and her aged mother, were set down at the door of his bachelor shack by a livery rig from town. At a sharp word from Mrs. Ruffle the driver with amiable alacrity unloaded a formidable array of boxes and trunks and then drove quickly away, casting behind him a compassionate glance for Sandy who stood before the unexpected invasion in dazed consternation.

"I've come to keep house for you for a time, Sandy McIntosh," said Mrs. Jane Ruffle briskly. "We ain't never been settled since Jim died and we might as well stop here as anywhere. Mother and children is sick of knockin' round. I guess by the looks of things you need some women folks around the place. Just up-end them trunks into the house. My sakes, what a lookin' floor! Put them boxes in the corner. My conscience alive! What hev you been doin' to your stove? I never see such a sight. Is this your cupboard? For the land sakes!"

And that was how the new administration began.

"How'm I goin' to bear it, Sam!" cried Sandy mournfully.

It was Sunday a week later and Sandy was sitting in the shack of his friend and neighbor, Mr. Samuel Bragdon. Their friendship dated back over many years of "batching" in the west and Sandy's deep respect for Sam's intellectual grasp of knotty problems had prompted him to unburden his troubles to this sympathetic friend.

"It used to be I could lay round the shack and read and go out and do a few chores when I felt like it. But all that's changed now," he said bitterly. "I dassent go into the house exceptin' for meals or if it's rainin', an' then I gotta stamp and clean my feet fer ever so long. She's rigged up the best part of the house fer herself, aunt and the kids. I could stand them takin' possession of everything if I could only have a little peace. I can't even play the mouth organ no more unless I go to the stable. Out in the fields if I leans up agin' anything to rest she sends out one of the kids to 'holler' at me. Life is unbearable!" Sandy's voice broke with the stress of emotion.

"Why don't you go up and tell her to go, Sandy?" said Sam, gazing curiously at his friend. "Stand right up and tell her what you wanta say."

"What ud I say?" wailed Sandy drearily.

"Say!" cried Sam. "Why, jest tell her to chase herself. She'd hev to do it."

"I couldn't never bring myself to do it, Sam," said Sandy hopelessly. "I've tried and tried an' the words jes' stuck in my throat."

"I guess it wouldn't be no use fer you to try," said Mr. Bragdon thoughtfully, after a short silence. "You certainly ain't got no more sand than a Jenny Wrend and if you tried to say anything yer voice would shake and yer knees would wobble, and you'd likely end up by being worse off than ever. I know yer nature and pity yer," said Sam. "Folks can't help bein' timid when they're built that way," he continued more gently. "But I'm your friend and I ain't the sort to forget a weaker brother. How'd it be," said Sam with a fine show of strength, "if I interviewed her and tried to show her the preposterousness of her behavior."

"It wouldn't be no use, Sam," said Sandy. "Argument would be lost on her. You don't know her. She's sot like a rock."

"Perhaps it ain't a man's job after all," mused Sam, whose courage was perhaps not of so high an order as he believed. "But if it ain't a man's job,

what is it? Maybe it's a woman's. There we have it, Sandy. We'll get a woman to oust her. You must get married, Sandy! That's the idea!"

"How could I, Sam?" said Sandy reproachfully. "I dassent try. None of the girls round here'd have me."

Sam smoked in silence for a few minutes, a vision of the eligible ladies of the neighborhood passing through his mind in rapid review. "I'm afraid you're right, Sandy," he said at length. "You say you 'dassent try.' That shows you ain't got 'the ways that win, the arts that please.' In short, you ain't got enough 'git' to you to please the fair sex."

Mr. Samuel Bragdon rose and surveyed his own appearance in a cracked mirror that hung on the wall and arranged a few stray locks. Evidently satisfied with the result, he reseated himself comfortably on the old nail keg which served as a chair.

"We'll have to think some more, I guess," he said, renewing his pipe. "There must be a way outa this somewhere if we can just hit on it."

Sam smoked silently for some time. "I think I got it, Sam," he said at last. "What's the matter with gittin' a wife through the medium of the press?"

After a little feeble resistance on the part of Sandy, which was tactfully overcome by his friend, a definite plan was arranged, the details of which were to be carried out by Mr. Bragdon.

"We'll have to send your picture, Sandy," said Sam briskly as he rose and procured a pen and some paper; "not that your face is your fortune—not by no means. But people expects it in a case o' this kind, and we always gotta consider public opinion if we court success. An' then, it pays to be straightforward in these matters too. The lady won't be so likely to sour on you when she sees you if she's been a little prepared by yer photograph. I guess I'll have to touch you up a bit in the enumeration of your wealth, virtues and strength of character to make up for any bad feelin' occasioned by the picture."

After a few moments of reflection and scribbling, Sam laid down his pen. "How's this?" he said and read aloud—

"Refined gentleman of means, neither drinks, chews, smokes nor swears, energetic and business-like, wishes to share ample fortune with a lady of taste and refinement. Object matrimony."

"I'll insert that in the local paper and look after the business end of it. Does these arrangements suit yer?"

"Yes, yes, Sam," replied Sandy wearily. "They seems to be all right. You gotta great head on you, Sam. I wish I was half so bright."

Sam beamed pleasantly on his companion. "Well, you got some penetration, anyway, Sandy, I'll allow," he said with kindly condescension. "I guess that's all we can do just now."

Some weeks after this, his pockets stuffed full of letters written in graceful feminine hands, Mr. Samuel Bragdon rode his cayuse up to Sandy's cabin door. He noted the change in the surroundings—the tidy yard and the fresh white blinds at the windows. He dismounted and knocked at the door boldly and fearlessly.

The door opened and disclosed the severe features of the Widow Ruffle.

"Is Sandy round the diggin's anywhere, mam?" inquired Sam very respectfully.

Mrs. Ruffle looked him over very sharply. "Who might you be?" she said shortly.

"My name's Sam Bragdon. I'm a neighbor of Sandy's," explained Sam gently.

"You'll find Mr. McIntosh in the back pasture sinkin' post holes," said Mrs. Ruffle sourly. "He knows he's expected to git a certain amount done afore noon. I don't encourage no loafin' round here."

"I jist want to see him on business," replied Sam mildly, as he turned to his

horse. "I won't keep him a minute." "Gee, this don't look like the same place," he said to himself as he rode to the back pasture. "Sandy never had his seedin' done so early any year before. And by Jinks! potatoes in, too. That cattle corral is something new. He's goin' some for sure."

He soon reached the spot where Sandy was toiling vigorously. One of Mrs. Ruffle's young sons was helping.

"How-de-do, Sandy," said Sam. "Hard at it, I see." He glanced dubiously at the young Ruffle, who was gazing curiously at the newcomer.

"Fine weather we're having for this time of year. How'd you like a ride on the cayuse, son," he said agreeably. "You might take him for a little cauter down to the slough. He needs waterin'."

The young Ruffle thus disposed of, Sam began to delve in his pockets.

"Yer clever, Sam," said Sandy. "I'd never of thought of gettin' rid of him like that. Did you call at the house?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bragdon briefly. "I seen her. She's a tiger. But I got the means of escape for you right here in my pocket."

Together they glanced over the letters.

"Here's the gem of the whole collection," said Mr. Bragdon. "Cultured and companionable lady of spiritual style of beauty, tall and willowy, desires to make yer acquaintance with a view to matrimony. And look at the name, will you Pansy de Trevelyan. There's some class to a name like that! If you'll be guided by me, Sandy, there's the lady of your choice!"

"Pansies is a favorite flower of mine," said Sandy slowly.

"Pansies fer thoughts," said Sam. "She gives me the idea of being a gentle, restful sort of person who'd jist suit your particular temperament."

"Whatever you says goes," said Sandy. "I rely on your superior judgment."

The result of this conference was that a meeting was soon arranged to take place between Mr. McIntosh and the lady at a nearby town. If the contracting parties were satisfied, the wedding would immediately follow.

"I run this off pretty well so far, haven't I?" said Mr. Bragdon excitedly on the morning of the pre-arranged meeting. He had ridden up to Sandy's stables and was keyed up for the crisis. Sandy, dressed more elaborately than usual, was getting out his horses and grooming them with particular care.

"I see yer hitchin' up to the wagon," continued Sam.

"Yes, she," said Sandy and he glanced towards the house—"is possessed to go to town, too, and I can't stop her."

Sam whistled. "Well, it don't matter so much, I s'pose, as long as you can shake her when you get to town. I'll get on ahead. Don't forget the meeting place. So long. See you later," and Mr. Bragdon disappeared in a cloud of dust.

A few hours later Mr. Sandy McIntosh, with his housekeeper and her family, drove up to the wooden hotel of the town. Mr. Bragdon, as if by accident, was lounging on the verandah of that establishment. He sprang up with an air of well-simulated surprise as his friend with his load drove up.

"Well, by Jinks! Sandy, is that you? How-de-do, Mrs. Ruffle."

Sam pulled out his watch. It lacked twenty minutes to the appointed time.

"Kin I help you to put up your team, Sandy? You ought to go right in an' get a square meal after your long drive, Mrs. Ruffle."

"I got some business to attend to first," returned Mrs. Ruffle shortly as she descended from the wagon with her numerous following.

Sam rapidly climbed in with his friend and drove off.

"It only lacks a few minutes of the time. I was at the train, but I didn't see no one get off that looked like the lady oughta look. I'll put up yer team and you get, along as fast as you can to the place of meeting—you remember, Wallace's Dry Goods Emporium. Don't forget to have the red bandanna hangin' outa yer pocket an' she'll be wearin' yer favorite flowers. Them are the signals decided on. Look alive, man. You

don't need no one with you this time, I guess, do you?"

"I guess not," returned Mr. McIntosh tremulously, descending with difficulty from the wagon.

Sam put up the team and lounged round for a while, finally landing at the hotel.

"Gee, but it takes him an awful time to get things fixed up. I could have done it in half the time," he remarked to himself as he seated himself on the verandah. An hour passed.

"Gee-roosalem!" cried Sam as he pulled out his watch. "What's keepin' him anyway! Slower than time he always was, but this is the limit! It ain't fair to keep a feller in such suspense! It's ongrateful!"

Sam procured a stick and eased his feelings by whettling vigorously. It was at this juncture that Sandy appeared, and not alone. He was accompanied by a lady.

"Allow me to interdoce you to my wife," said Mr. McIntosh in cold, even tones as he presented the former Widow Ruffle.

Sam bowed gracefully and had sufficient presence of mind to offer the customary congratulations.

"What's the meanin' of this catastrophe?" said Sam in a voice full of horror, a few minutes later in drawing his friend aside. "However did it happen? Where is Pansy?"

Sandy turned a cold hopeless face on his friend. "She was Pansy all the time. She writ them letters an' she met me at the appointed place," he replied.

"Why didn't you make a brave stand, Sandy?" expostulated his friend. "Why didn't yer—"

"What's the use of goin' up agin the force of Niagary, Sam?" said Sandy in a quiet, hopeless voice. "I couldn't do nothin'. I was jes' swep' offer my feet. I soon found myself at the parsonage and now it's all over."

At this moment the team drove up. The young Ruffles had been round to get it.

"Any friends of Sandy's will be made welcome same as usual," said Mrs. McIntosh, as she placed her ample proportions in the front seat. "Particularly you, Mr. Bragdon. We'll expect you over to Thanksgivin' dinner next week. Can't you find nothin' to say, Sandy?"

"Yes," said Sandy weakly, and with a conciliating look towards his wife, "We'll be glad to see you any time, Sam—especially seein' you was the means of bringin' us together," he concluded, which fortunately was lost on his wife.

"Well, if that ain't a note!" said Sam as the wagon rumbled away. "It ain't no use trying to save a feller like that." He was smarting somewhat at the mild reproach of Sandy's last words. "He's always been that slack and careless—no 'git up' to him—that maybe he's better off with a boss. She'll make him work. Well, if it ain't a note though. What is to be will be and there ain't no gettin' round that. It's what I've always said anyhow!"

An Explanation

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?"

"No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to go through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace to-day."

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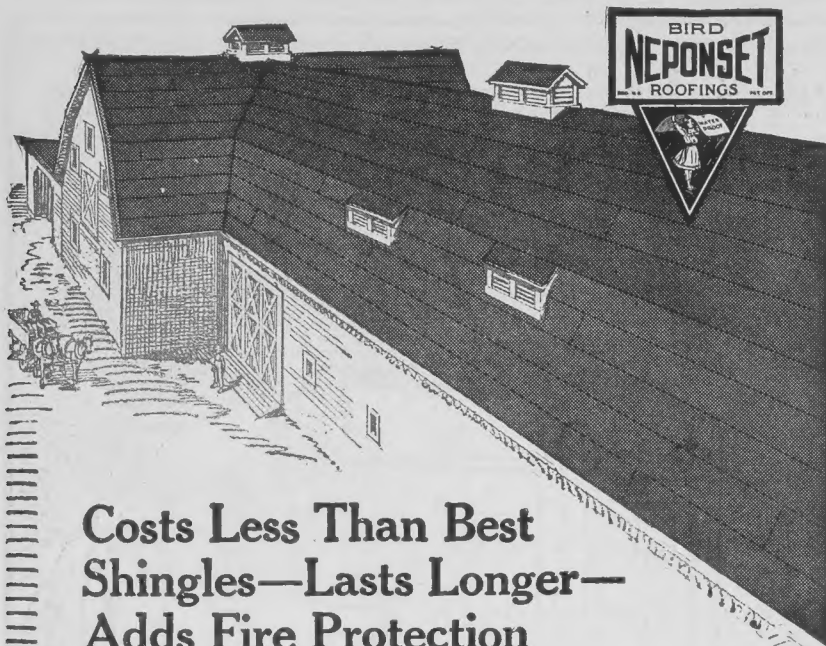
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Like other shrewd farmers, Mr. Anson Groh, widely known agricultural lecturer employed by the Government, knows the money to be made in dairying. He has succeeded because he knows profit is of far greater importance than first cost. Mr. Groh is seen sitting in this picture, with his family and assistants, before his country home. Like others making most money from dairying, Mr. Groh selected the Tubular in preference to all others because the Dairy Tubular contains no disks or other contraptions, has twice the skimming force of other separators, skims faster and twice as clean, and pays a profit no other can pay. Mr. Groh says:

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Mr. John Jude's Diary.

A Complete Story by Henry A. Hering.



MARCH 21st. Mary is worrying about my ancestry again. Since we removed to Cranmore Gardens and started a carriage she has become very ambitious. She is positive I come of aristocratic stock. My appearance certainly gives the impression, and it has had much to do with my success in life. I am five feet ten, and look six feet; my hair curls naturally, and my nose has a great resemblance to that of the first Duke of Wellington. My eyes are blue, and Mary hopes that my blood is the same color. My name is not aristocratic. They gave it to me at the hospital because I was found on St. Jude's Day by a man called John; but I don't think it is such a bad name after all. Anyway, I've made "Jude's Emporium" household words in London, and now I'm getting at the provinces. I wish Mary would be content with things as they are. I advertised for my father years ago, but with no success.

March 23rd. Mary insists that I shall advertise again. I suppose I shall have to do so. When Mary insists I generally do as she wishes.

March 25th. I have advertised again, and for the next few weeks the following appears in eight newspapers:

"On October 28th, 1874, at 6 a.m., a boy with a fractured skull was found in Berkeley Square. Information as to his parentage will be liberally paid for."

Then follows the advertisement number of the newspaper.

I think it all a great mistake. At one time I yearned for relatives. I should have made a loving son or an excellent brother, and I doubt if aunt or uncle could have had a more affectionate nephew than I was prepared to be. Yet all these degrees of kinship were denied me. When I regained consciousness in the hospital my memory had gone. I could not remember my own name, nor where I lived; and, what is still more singular, no one else seemed to remember me, for not a single inquiry was made. If my relations have been able to do without me all these years, they can do without me to the end. I have managed exceedingly well without them so far, and can easily continue to do so. When I was younger I thought differently. Everyone seemed to have relatives but me. All my friends spoke continually of their relatives and the newspapers were full of family strife. I alone seemed to be left out in the cold, and I resented it. Before I married I would have given a hundred pounds for the memory of a five shilling tip at school, and much more for an invitation to stay with an aunt in the country, but I have other ways of spending money since I married Mary.

March 29th. I have had twelve replies to the advertisement, none of them apparently referring to me. It is astonishing what a number of boys were left in Berkeley Square on the morning of October 28th, 1874. I noticed that when I advertised before.

April 2nd. I have had eight more replies to my advertisement. Twenty boys appear to have been deserted in Berkeley Square on that day. If I had any confidence in the writers I should forward the figures to the Royal Statistical Society, for the nation ought to know them; but I have grave suspicions about their accuracy. I have seen two of my correspondents, and found both unsatisfactory. One said he used to be butler to the Earl of Dexter, and that at the request of that peer he kicked the heir to the title out of the house on the evening of October 27th, 1874. He says that although he aimed for the street he must have kicked him into the area, where I was found, but he cannot account for the absence of subsequent inquiry into the matter. I should like to be the heir to the Earldom of Dexter, but the butler incidentally said that the nobleman lived at number fourteen, while I was found at twenty-two, at that time tenanted by Lord Hartlepool.

The man became abusive when I refused to pay for his information.

The other individual—an ex-postman—said he saw a gipsy woman tie a bundle on the door-knocker of a house in Berkeley Square. He is certain that it was on the night of October 27th, 1874, but could not give any reason for his belief. He suggested that the fractured skull was caused by the knot giving way, and the consequent fall of the baby on the pavement. I agreed that an injury to the skull was quite likely in those circumstances, but stated that the incident had no bearing on the case I was interested in, the boy in question being about twelve years old, and, therefore, too big to tie on a door-knocker. I paid him half a crown for his expenses, and had some difficulty in getting rid of him. I wish Mary had let the matter rest.

April 4th. At last I really seem to be on the track of my ancestry. James Bolland, who writes from Tooting, gives the right number of the house, mentions that I was left in the area, and says that he'll tell me the whole truth. He asks ten pounds down as a preliminary fee. I have sent him five, and told him to come on Saturday afternoon. He may be the retired butler of No. 22, and Mary may be right after all. Perhaps I am a scion of nobility. I may be the present Lord Hartlepool.

April 6th, 4 p.m. I am now waiting for Mr. Bolland. I really feel excited about the matter, and I think they noticed something unusual in my manner at the Emporium this morning. I was so preoccupied that I gave Mr. Mallinson a rise in his salary, although it was the first time he had asked for it. A bad precedent.

6 p.m. Bolland has been, and I must write down what I have learnt from him while the details are fresh in my memory. Mary was quite right. I ought to have left no stone unturned to trace my ancestry. I may be a man of great consequence to the nation. My abilities have certainly not been wasted. Jude's Emporium is a standing witness to the fact; but directing the destinies of the Empire would have been equally congenial employment for me. It may not be too late for me to take my proper position in the world. But the most absurd part of it all is that I don't know who I really am, Bolland, from a sense of honor which I fully appreciate, believing himself bound not to reveal the secret without the permission of my father, and my parent's address is at present very uncertain. But I must put down the interview just as it took place.

Mr. Bolland was a little late. It was 4.30 when the maid announced him. He is a farmer-like individual, with clean shaven face and rosy cheeks. Not at all like a butler. More like a job master, or, at any rate, a man who has to do with horses. He looked hard at me, and then took the chair I indicated.

"Now about this matter of Berkeley Square, Mr. Bolland?" I began.

"I know all about it, sir," he said. "No one knows better. I left the little gentleman there myself."

"What! You left a boy with a fractured skull!" I exclaimed.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bolland, with dignity. "I've got a 'uman 'eart, an' couldn't do a thing of that sort. When I took him there on his father's instructions, his skull was as right as my own. It must have got broke after I left him."

"Whose boy was he?"

"I'm sorry I can't tell you to-day, sir," he answered. "All I can say is you'd be astonished if you knew, an' you'd be still more astonished if you knew why the young gentleman was left in the area."

"Come, come, Mr. Bolland, I said. 'You've got five pounds from me on the understanding you would tell me the whole truth. Now I must know it.'"

Mr. Bolland unbuttoned his coat with great deliberation, produced a pocket-book, and, with obvious reluctance, took from it a bank note.

"Here's your money, sir," he said with a sigh. "Maybe I promised you a bit more than I oughter. Anyway I couldn't keep that under false pretences."

"But if you know who the boy's father is, what's to prevent your telling me?"

"His father made me promise not to tell a soul without his permission, and I've got to get that first."

"Well, why don't you get it?"

"I've tried to, sir, but he has disappeared. He's evidently been took bad with remorse, an' he's gone out to America to look for his son there. His last address was Denver, Colorado. He's not written home for six months, an' Lady Betty—"

Here he stopped short suddenly, being afflicted with an absurdly artificial cough. Then he went on. "As I was a-sayin', sir, his wife's in a desprate way about him."

"The boy's mother?"

Mr. Bolland nodded. Lady Betty was my mother! I was probably a man of title myself! A thrill of exultation ran through me. Mary was right. Trust a woman's perspicacity in such matters.

"Now look here, Mr. Bolland," I resumed, "the boy in question has grown up to be a man of some importance in the world and he is naturally anxious to find out his parents. He has asked me, as a business man and a particular friend, to help him, and we are going to leave no stone unturned in the matter. In the circumstances the very least you can do is to give me, at any rate the name of his mother, so that I can communicate with her and restore him to his family. It is absurd his father should be looking for him at the other end of the world, while he's probably living within a mile or two of the family London mansion."

"Ay, it do seem foolish," Holland admitted.

"Then who are the boy's parents?" I asked. "I appreciate your scruples, but I'm sure the father would release you from them if he knew the circumstances."

I took out a five pound note from my own pocket, placed it persuasively on the other one, and held them both out to him.

"Put 'em away," he said, holding up his hands before his face. "Put 'em away. Don't tempt me. I'm tryin' to run straight. You oughtn't to do it, Mr. Jude. I beg pardon, sir."

Mr. Bolland was so genuinely distressed that I felt ashamed of myself. I folded up the two notes and put them in my pocket. But it was most exasperating that I should be within an ace of knowing my parentage, and that the secret should be withheld after all. The matter could not rest there.

"Can't you go to the mother to-morrow—today even—and tell her that her son is found?" I urged.

He shook his head.

"I couldn't even do that, sir, not without his lordship's permission." Then he stopped short in confusion. "I've done it now. Well, I don't see as it matters much. You'll happen understand it a bit better. The father of that young gentleman—he moved uncomfortably on his chair—"is one of the proudest aristocrats in the 'Ouse of Lords, and if his son was to turn up, casual-like, there'd be a scandal. It's his lordship that'll have to own him first. You'll have to wait till he comes back, even if it's a matter o' years, sir."

"Nothing of the sort," I replied; "this isn't going to wait for years, nor many months either. His lordship must be found. We must set American detectives on his track. They'll find him right enough."

"But you don't know his name, sir," said Bolland deferentially.

"Then it's you who will have to give the instructions, and, if necessary, go over yourself."

Mr. Bolland shook his head.

"I ain't no good at travellin', sir. Besides, it would cost a lot of money. You'd better wait till his lordship comes back. It may be only a few years."

"Nonsense, I wouldn't think of waiting a single year—that is, my friend wouldn't, and I know he will be ready to defray any reasonable expense. I think I can trust you to incur no unnecessary charges." There was a transparent honesty about the man that impressed me from the first.

Mr. Bolland reflected.

"I'll think it over, sir, and come again in a week or two, if you don't mind," he said.

"But I do mind," I replied. "You seem to think there's no hurry in the matter, but I assure you it won't bear further delay. I shall write a letter to Pinkerton's Detective Agency in New York, putting the matter in their hands. I'll leave his lordship's name blank. You can fill it in, and post the letter."

Mr. Bolland reflected again. Then his face brightened.

"I don't think his lordship would like to have detectives on his track, sir," he said. "You see, he was a bit wild when he was young, and it might give him a nasty turn to think the 'tecs were coming along again. Now, I've a boy of my own in New Jersey, earning his fifty dollars a week in a dyehouse. If you'd see he didn't lose by it, he'd undertake the job, I'm sure. He knew his lordship. Yes," he said cheerfully, "that'll be the best way, and it'll keep the thing secret, too."

"It seems a good idea," I replied, "and it will be a nice little jaunt for your son. Of course I'll see he doesn't lose by it if his employers won't take him back. Fifty dollars a week, you say. That's ten pounds, I think?"

"It is, Mr. Jude. Tom's allus worth a good wage to any employer, but ten pound don't go far in New Jersey."

"Perhaps not," I said. "Now if I give you a cheque for twenty pounds, that'll be one week's wage and ten pounds for expenses. Your son may find his lordship the first week."

Mr. Bolland shook his head.

"No good, sir. Tom wouldn't leave his billet for less than a month's wage and expenses. It isn't likely. Think it over, sir," he said, rising. "There's no occasion to do anything in a hurry."

I walked over to my bureau, took out my cheque book and wrote a cheque for fifty pounds.

"Send this to your son on account," I said. "You may look to me for any wage he may lose, and all reasonable out-of-pocket expenses."

Mr. Bolland put the cheque carefully in his pocket book.

"I'll send it off tomorrow," he said,

"and you may rely Tom will start for Colorado the mornin' after he gets it. If anyone can find his lordship, Tom will. I'll let you know directly I hear from him. It'll be a fin esurprise for his lordship. There'll be grand doin's when your friend gets his own again, sir; but he'll have to run cautious. There's Lord William to reckon with, who's been countin' on the title an' estates for twenty years. He's a dark horse, an' will stick at nothin'. Your friend will have to run slow, sir."

Then Mr. Bolland left me.

Mary was waiting in the drawing room.

"Well?" she said as I entered, "I'm sure you've had good news, John. A-ye you a Hartlepool?"

"I may be," I answered. "Anyway, if I'm not I shall be a man of title some day, and you'll be 'your ladyship.'"

I don't think I ever saw Mary as pleased as she was that minute. It seemed as if the dream of our life was to be realized at last, and the stigma of my birth replaced by a coronet. I am to buy Debrett's Peerage on Monday, and we shall go carefully through it with the clues we possess.

April 22nd. Bolland writes that he has heard from his son, Tom, who left New Jersey for Denver immediately on receipt of instructions.

May 10th. Young Bolland has traced my father in Denver, and discovered that he left for San Francisco six months ago. Bolland is, of course, following the trail.

June 7th. No news from San Francisco. Old Bolland is very uneasy about his son.

July 21st. At last Bolland has had news. His son has been laid up in hospital with a broken leg. Incidentally, all his money was stolen when he was knocked down by a car in the streets of San Francisco. I have cabled a further one hundred pounds. The search is more expensive than I expected. It is most unfortunate that my father got it into his head that I was in the States. Nothing ever was further from my intentions. I suppose it was Lord William's suggestion that I was out there.



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August 29th. Was there ever such mischance? Young Bolland missed my father by a week at San Francisco. His lordship has gone on to Australia in his quest for his long-lost son, and I am to cable instructions. After all, Australia is a thinly populated place, and Bolland will be able to trace my parent there if anywhere. Of course I replied that he was to follow at once, and sent another £100. I wonder if these Bollands are perfectly square. I have made inquiries about the old man. No one seems to know anything about him, but he only appeared at his present address five months ago.

August 31st. Mary and I have been twice through the Peerage. There is an extraordinary lot of Williams in it, but only five Lady Bettys. But, of course, that is the short for Elizabeth, of which there are plenty. The combination of Elizabeth, as wife of the present heir, with heir William only occurs in the Baildon peerage, but Lord Baildon addressed a meeting of agriculturists at Skipton the other day, so he is evidently

in triumph: "Lordship found. Sails Friday, Barbarossa. Cable fare New Jersey."

"There, sir," said Bolland. "The heir is coming to his own again."

I think I shook him warmly by the hand. At last the months of waiting and anxiety were over. In a few weeks I should meet my father face to face.

"I knew Tom'd ferret his lordship out," said Bolland gleefully. "You'll not forget him now he's done it, sir."

"I shall not," I answered. On occasions like these one doesn't consider money. "Let me see," I reflected. "£50 should see him back to New Jersey. Another £50 will cover the wage he is losing, and I'll add another £100 for what he has done. That will satisfy your son, I hope. If he doesn't get his situation back, I'll find him a place at the Emporium. His lordship should reach England in six weeks or so, and the day he acknowledges me as his son I'll give you £250 for yourself."

In the excitement of the moment I forgot to keep up the idea that I was



Haymaking

not looking for his son in Australia. Of course, Betty may only be a conventional name. Bolland won't say a word on the point. "My lips are sealed till I have his lordship's permission to open them," he said, and I must respect his scruples.

October 21st. Bolland has had a cable from Melbourne, from his son: "Lordship up country. Cable remittance." My father is evidently on a wild-goose chase after me. Whatever could impel him to believe I had gone into the Australian bush? It must be cousin William's doings. No doubt he sent his lordship there in the hope he might come to an untimely end. It is a horrible thought that this might really happen. In that case I may have considerable difficulty in substantiating my claim to the peerage. Old Bolland's evidence will be of the greatest value. It would be awful if he were to die. He had a nasty cough today. I shall tell him to consult a medical man at my expense. I shall have to watch his health carefully. Of course I cabled another remittance—£50 this time.

Nov. 21st. This has been the great day of my life. Old Bolland turned up at the Emporium and flourished a cable

acting for a friend. I spoke of myself as the heir, but Bolland betrayed no surprise. No doubt he had thought as much from the first. Possibly he had noted in my appearance a marked resemblance to his lordship.

"Thank ye, sir," he replied. "I knew all along as 'ow you'd do the an'some thing. His lordship's son couldn't do different. I wish I could be there when Lord William gets the news."

A vindictive expression crossed his face as he said this. I am afraid he cherishes a grudge against Lord William. Well, I cannot blame him. I do so myself.

Mary was delighted at the news. More than once she has suggested that I placed too much confidence in the Bollands, so I didn't tell her how much I advanced them. But I told her today, and she considers the money well spent. I looked up the Australian sailings. The Barbarossa sails on Friday, as young Bolland cabled. It is due at Southampton on January 7th. That day will mark the epoch in my life.

Dec. 4th. Bolland has been to see me. He was very apologetic, but he is in need of a little money. All I paid him had gone to his son. Could I give him part of the £250 promised? He

had left his old quarters on account of the expense, and had taken cheaper rooms off the Edgeware Road. I noticed that his cough was worse. I gave him £50 on account, and told him to go to Broadstairs till the Barbarossa arrived, and above all to take great care of himself. He was very grateful, and promised to do as I told him.

Dec. 14th. The Barbarossa left Colombo yesterday. I read the shipping news every day, and have had some awful shocks at the heading "Disaster at Sea" or "Terrible Shipwreck." Only another three weeks, and then, as Bolland says, "The heir will come to his own again." My father must be an old man. I wish he were safely through the extreme heat of the Red Sea.

Dec. 19th. I scarcely know how to write it. I have been accustomed to put down my daily thoughts and experiences in this diary, but today they seem positively too awful to chronicle. Yet I will do it. The founder of Jude's Emporium shall not falter even for this.

It was after midnight when I heard a noise in the room below. Mary was away at her mother's. I jumped out of bed, got into some clothes, put my revolver in my pocket, and went gently downstairs. The hall was in darkness. I listened intently. There was a sound of movement in the dining room, and a faint glint of light from under the door. For a moment I thought of obtaining assistance before I tackled the situation; but I am a man of some courage, and I had my revolver, so I dismissed the idea, for which I cannot now be too grateful.

I gently opened the door, and saw what nearly made me call out, so great was the shock I received.

A man was engaged in collecting the silver from the sideboard, and putting it into a bag, and that man was—old Bolland!

I must have made a noise, for he suddenly turned. I expected him to show dismay when he saw me, but he was coolness itself.

"Uilo, Mr. Jude," he said in a casual tone, very different from his previous respectful manner. Then he went on with his employment.

For a moment I was too paralysed to speak. Bolland, the personification of respectability, the man I had trusted, the man on whom I relied to establish my claim to a peerage and a father—this man a burglar! The words I wanted to say stuck in my throat—and there he was with barefaced audacity, carrying on his calling before my eyes.

"Bolland," I said at last. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Meanin', Mr. Jude?" he replied. "Well, the fact is I 'ad a cable from Tom today sayin' as his lordship fell overboard in Sydney 'arbor, an' was swallered straight off by a sea-serpent, so as I shan't get my balance of the money you promised me, I've come for a few oddments on account, so to speak."

"Fallen overboard! Swallowed by a sea-serpent!" I repeated. Had old Bolland been drinking?

"I ain't quite certain about that cable," he sniggered. "I read it 'sea-serpent' fust time, but it looked like 'laughin' hyena' next. I reckon it'd make any hyena laugh to swaller the proudest aristocrat in the 'Ouse of Lords."

"What do you mean?" I gasped. "Was he mad?"

"What do I mean?" he repeated mockingly. "I mean, Mr. John Jude, that there ain't no Lady Betty, there ain't no Lord Billy, there ain't no long-lost father, and there ain't no peerage; but there's the biggest flat in London, and that's you. Now go to bed, an' leave me to my business."

My brain absolutely reeled at his hideous words. All the hopes and aspirations of my life were cruelly dashed to the ground in one fell swoop. But the man was absolutely paralysing in his audacity. After telling me that he had deceived and robbed me, he was actually continuing his thieving under my eyes.

I pulled myself together and produced my revolver.

"Bolland," I said, "will you kindly walk to that chair and sit down, whilst I ring for help? You observe that I am armed. I shall fire if you offer any resistance."

Bolland put down the spoil he was handling.

"Blowed if it ain't like a bally theatre," he said. "The old 'ouse at 'ome. Enter the lost heir at midnight, with loaded revolver. Limelight effects."

He walked to the chair, and sat down.

"Don't ring, John," he said. "Don't ring, or you'll regret it as long as you live."

My hand was on the bell, but there was something in his tone that made me hesitate. Again I am grateful for the course I took.

"That's right, John," he said, as I took my finger off the button. "You listen to me before you call for help. I've been foolin' you, an' it's cost you five 'undred an' fifty quid, but wasn't it worth it to think you were the son of a lord, an' the heir to a peerage? Didn't you fancy yourself in your robes addressing the 'Ouse of Lords, an' your missis admirin' you from the gallery? Wasn't it worth the money, John Jude?"

"If that's all you have to say, 'I'll ring,' I said, lifting my hand.

"It isn't all. It isn't 'arf," he said earnestly. "I told you I left you in Berkeley Square, an' I did. I told you I could introduce you to your father, an' I can. He's here, John, sittin' before you, an' there you are standin' over him with a loaded revolver, like the unnatural son you are."

"You—you my father!" I gasped. This was too much. I sank limp into a chair. The thought was appalling. That horrible old man, that thief, my father! I refused to believe it.

"You're a blackmailing old scoundrel," I said.

"Gently, John, go it gently. I can make allowances for your feelin's, but don't overdo 'em. Ring the bell if you like, an' I'll repeat what I've said before witnesses, an' give 'em convincin' testimony."

There was an assurance in his tone which made the blood tingle in my veins.

"Shall I tell you 'ow I came to leave you in Berkeley Square?" he asked with a malicious smile.

I did not reply.

"It was the evenin' of October 27th, 1874," he commenced with obvious relish, "an me, an' you, an' Josh Jenkins was a-goin' to break into number twenty-two."

"It's a lie," I said.

"Is it? Well, you wait an' see. We was a-goin' to break into twenty-two, but we'd scarcely got started at the area winder when Josh heard a whistle. Says he, 'The cops is comin', an' off he bolts. I nipped up my gear, an' follered him, an' thought you was follerin' too. But it seems you fell an' hurt yourself, an' it wasn't till when I got home nex' day that I knew somethin' had happened to you. I dussent apply at the 'orspital, though I read about you in the papers. Soon after that I went to Portland on a five-year dose, an' I'd lost all interest in you when I came out. An' that's the true history of your desertion, Mr. John Jude, alias Teddy Morgan, I'm your bloomin' father."

He had spoken quietly and deliberately, and there was a horrible air of truth about what he had said. The facts fitted in with what I knew and on other facts would seem to fit so well. Peers don't leave their children behind in areas; burglars undoubtedly do. What he had said appeared to be the miserable truth. Now his callousness at my discovery of him in the act of burglary was explained. He knew I should not hand my own father over to the police. I could not repress a groan.

But father or no father, my gorge rose at the hoary-headed reprobate, and then I remembered how easily I had fallen into his snare. I had accepted his statements about my parentage just because they seemed so plausible. Could it be that in this, his last move, he was deceiving me? My heart beat hopelessly at the thought.

"Do you expect me to believe a cock-and-bull tale like that?" I said. "You'd have considerable difficulty in substantiating your statement that I'm your son."

"No difficulty at all Teddy," he replied calmly. "Nary a difficulty." He put his hand in his pocket and produced a photograph, which he handed me. "I

The Loading Platform

The Loading Platform came as the sequel to the declaration by the Manitoba Grain Act that railway companies must provide cars for farmers into which they can load their grain direct, when they desire to ship it in carlots. Previous to that the railways enforced a rule of their own making that all grain for shipment in bulk must be loaded through an elevator if such existed at the country shipping point. Now however, the railways must furnish cars under certain equitable regulations to all who request them, and are bound also by law to build loading platforms at all shipping points. These facilities for farmers shipping their grain are naturally more plentiful, as yet, in Manitoba than in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the extensive use of them by Manitoba farmers accounts largely for the failure of Government elevators in Manitoba. As railway development progresses, competition between the railways to secure freight increases, and the facilities for capturing the freight arising adjacent to the railways are increased and in this way the time cannot be far distant when the Western provinces will have as plentiful a supply of shipping facilities as Manitoba.

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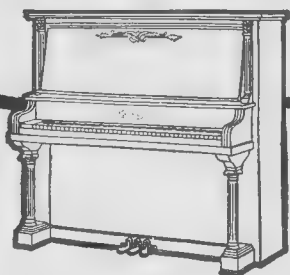
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WINNIPEG, MAN.

brought this with me," he explained, "in case you required convincin'. It's a picture of your twin-brother Tom, taken in New York a while back. Ain't he as like you as two pins? Notice the fine Dook of Wellington's nose your mother brought into the family. We're proud of it an' it's a fine identification mark. It's got Tom into a sight of trouble though."

As I gazed on the portrait my hopes vanished. There was a coarseness about the features which I hoped was missing from my own, but the face on which I looked was the one that confronted me every morning in my shaving glass.

"Tom an' Teddy, twin-sons of William an' Jane Morgan, born at 5 Chapel Street, 'Oun'sditch. August 21st, 1863," said the old man recitatively. "You'll find 'em entered up in order at Somerset 'Ouse if you'd like to go with me in the mornin'."

"Very thin evidence indeed," I said as I handed him back the photograph. "I refuse to discuss the point any further. You will leave this house at once. Naturally I do not want the world to know how you have fooled me, and for that reason I shall not hand you over to the police. You may be thankful you get off so easily. Now put those things back on the sideboard, and be off."

He laughed.

"Teddy, my boy," he said. "You don't think we're goin' to part that way—an' my long-lost boy. Why, you're the rich man of the family, an' Mr. John Jude of the Hemporium is goin' to sup-

past and a still more brilliant future in prospect, should be publicly charged with being the son of a notorious criminal was unbearable. Better far be black-mailed for £4 a week. £200 a year was a mere fleabite if it enabled me to hold up my head as before. Anyway, I must end this infamous interview.

"I agree," I said.

"I knew you would, Teddy," Bolland replied.

"But only on the condition that you and your son lead respectable lives in future, and never breathe a word of what you allege to a single soul," I continued. "If you figure in the criminal news, or a hint reaches me that you have spoken of your supposed relationship to me, your pensions cease."

"Right you are, Teddy," he replied. "We've sufficient family pride to back you up. I allus buys my high-class grocery an' my billy-cocks at Jude's Hemporium, an' I shall continny my patronage. Cash down over the counter, an' never a word about Berkeley Square. You'll let us have twelve months' pay in advance?"

"I will pay you quarterly," I replied. "I'll send you £50 in bank-notes to-morrow, and you can rely on the same each quarter."

"Don't you forget it, Teddy," said Bolland. "If that fifty quid don't come on Thursday there'll be a national sensation in the papers. Night night, sonny. Too proud to shake 'ands, are ye? Blowed if you don't think you're a dook after all."



Collie Puppies

port us, which is me an' your brother Tom, who's jest broke his leg for you an' risked his life in the Australian Bush." Here he stopped to snigger. Then he went on "Tom writes from Melbourne he's much obliged for the pleasant trip you've given him. His leg 'as mended nicely, an' he thinks of startin' life afresh as a squatter or a bush-ranger, n' he sends his love an' dooty, an' says that livin's expensive in Australia." Then the old man leaned forward and said menacingly, "It's two quid a week for life you're goin' to give us apiece, Teddy. If not, ring the bell, an' have me arrested. I shan't move for less. You can choose for yourself."

Was there ever such a situation in the world? A man to be blackmailed by his depraved father on behalf of himself and an equally depraved brother, for that they were really my father and my brother I could scarcely doubt. The obvious security in which the old ruffian felt himself was evidence enough. Once I remember the idea of my father being a member of the criminal class had crossed my mind, but I had promptly suppressed it. And now I learnt that my father was a burglar, and that at the age of twelve I, myself, was assisting at a burglary, as I had probably assisted at others. Happily all memory of this had disappeared with the concussion of my brain, but now I had been told of it in a particularly hideous fashion.

"Which is it to be, Teddy?" said Bolland. "Two quid a week apiece for both of us for life, or public exposure?"

He had calculated his words well. The thought that I, John Jude, proprietor of Jude's Emporium, one of the captains of industry of the country, with a brilliant

He empties the bag on the table, replaced the things on the side-board, and then got out of the window. I watched him as in a dream. Then I went upstairs to bed, but not to sleep.

Mary comes back to-morrow. Perhaps it is as well that she takes all the credit for that advertisement.

In Favor of Silence.

"Farmer Giles," said the Suffragette, sweetly, "won't you sign our petition?" The old man eyed the document suspiciously, and asked, after a while, "What is it for?"

The lady, noticing his look of semi-hostility, dared not say that it was in favor of female suffrage, so she replied, after some hesitation, "Oh, it's an address in favor of the women's movement!"

"Then I'm agin it!" answered Farmer Giles, with a firmness that suggested some domestic infelicity. "A woman who's allus a-movin' is allus a-gettin' into trouble! If you've got anything to keep her still, though," he added, "I'll sign it an' welcome!"

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The Romance of Two Cameras.



I was in the old Spanish town of Toledo that Eleanor's matter-of-fact detective camera first played her false and led her into the byways of romance.

All through their tour the camera had been a source of delight to her and of annoyance to her father. He was proud of his daughter's skill, and glad to have the incidents of the trip recorded, but the mysterious little box was continually getting them into trouble with the custom-house officials and with people who objected to being photographed.

Eleanor had provided herself for the tour with two rolls of sensitized paper instead of the ordinary glass plates. Each roll was capable of containing one hundred negatives. The makers boasted the advantage of light weight and compactness for transportation, and Eleanor recognized the further convenience of not being obliged to develop her own negatives the contrivance allowing her to take view after view, and when the roll was filled to lay it aside for development and printing at some future day by a professional photographer.

It was through no fault of the makers, or of Eleanor's, that her anticipations of an abundant harvest of photographs were not realized. A suspicious officer on the frontier had insisted on examining the roll-holders, asserting that he suspected that they contained nitro-glycerine, and that the camera was a neat little infernal machine. As exposing the rolls to the light would have utterly ruined them, Mr. Thurston labored long in his daughter's behalf with the obstinate official, and finally, with the assistance of a generous fee, succeeded in allaying his suspicions.

Later, a Moorish pedlar of curiosities in southern Spain, on comprehending that he had been photographed, insisted that the portrait should be destroyed. He was a most picturesque figure, in his white turban and flowing robe, and Eleanor was loath to part with her trophy. Her father made use of the same arguments which had proved so convincing in the case of the guardian of customs, but this time money was powerless. The fanatic believed that the portrait might craftily present itself before Allah and demand the soul laid up for him, and that when he died he would find himself defrauded of his immortality. His trouble was genuine, and Eleanor attempted to explain to him that as yet the portrait did not exist, and that it would never be developed. But his apprehensions and suspicions increased with every word, and he angrily snatched the plate-holder from her hands and deliberately unrolled the contents, destroying, in his search for his portrait, all of the photographs hitherto taken, the treasures of the experiences impossible to be replaced. Even then the Moor was only half satisfied; he seemed to think that the portrait, which he had not found, must be concealed in the camera, and Eleanor trembled for the instrument as he insisted on examining it thoroughly. She felt that it had escaped a great peril, and as the second roll remained, having been packed in her trunk, she was inclined to congratulate herself on coming out of the adventure so easily.

"I fear I shall have to confine myself to architecture," she remarked a few days later to her father. They were seated with their courier Antonio on the balcony of the inn at Toledo, and it happened by a strange coincidence that Thomas Winter, a young American journalist and magazinist, who was also an amateur photographer, was stopping at the same hotel. As he intended remaining some time in Toledo, he had rented a story in a neighboring tower to serve as his workshop, but as Eleanor spoke he was finishing off a newspaper letter in a room whose blinds opened on the balcony where the party were gathered.

"Can you tell me, Antonio, of any

picturesque building in Toledo, or near it, which I could photograph?"

The question interested Winter, and he looked up from his article. Antonio promptly recommended the old cloister of San Juan de los Reyes as having been photographed by a Madrid professional.

"Yes, I bought a photograph of it in Madrid," Eleanor replied. "We will go there, certainly; but is there not some other less-known edifice which has not been taken by any one else?"

Antonio thought a moment. "Would the Senorita like a view of the Tower of the Magians, a relic of the School of Magic for which Toledo was noted in the tenth century?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mr. Thurston.

"The Senor is incredulous," said the courier coolly; "nevertheless it is quite true. When the Moors owned this part of Spain, long before Queen Isabella of blessed memory drove them into Africa, there was in this city a university for the study of the black art, and I have no doubt that Satan was one of the doctors. They played famous tricks in those days. Has the Senor never heard of them?"

"Young man," replied Mr. Thurston impressively, "reserve such flights of your imagination for English tourists; we are Americans."

"Antonio is right, Father," Eleanor remarked gently. "There was a school of alchemy here, though it was probably only chemistry; the prefix al, you know, means 'the.' I have been struck with the number of terms we have in chemistry which are derived from the Arabic. There are alcohol, alembic, aludel, alkali, and others; and almanac came to us, I presume, from the astronomer-magicians of the Giralda. I have a very deep respect for the learning of those old Saracens. I wish I knew just what experiments they tried in the old Tower of the Magians."

"I'll warrant it was only a good deal of hocus-pocus to mystify the unlearned," replied her father; "Greek fire for and the goldtransmuting philosophers the Saracen army, love philters, elixirs of life, and the gold-transmuting philosopher's stone, and that sort of humbug."

"It was not all imposture," Eleanor asserted confidently. "Greek fire was gunpowder, and they could dissolve gold with mercury and pierce red-hot iron with sulphur. I do not wonder that they believed in their own magical powers."

Thomas Winter, who had involuntarily overheard the conversation thus far, began to query what the personal appearance of the speaker might be. He was certain that she was far too learned to be young, and, as he thought her rather entertaining, he argued that Providence must have compensated for this good gift by denying her other attractions. Still, as the voice was a pleasant one, he admitted that she might be amiable. He felt grateful to her for having suggested to him a subject which he felt sure he could turn to account in a magazine article, "A University for the Study of Magic; or, the Alchemists of Toledo." What a taking title that would be! He would study up the records, and his imagination could supply the rest.

Her next remark interested him still more, for she touched upon his own hobby with an enthusiasm which he shared, but could not so well have expressed.

What could the old magians have thought of photographic chemistry? she asked, evidently talking half to herself. "There is something positively uncanny and suggestive of the black art in the way that the image comes out upon a negative in the developing tray. Nothing which the alchemists did could have been more like the work of genii. By the way, what an excellent 'dark room' the tower we passed to-day would make. There is not a single window in its massive walls."

"Do you know I believe it was a developing room! The enchanter Geber may have worked there. We get our word algebra from a treatise on mathe-

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matics which he translated from the Greek, but he was more noted as a chemist, and wrote the oldest existing work on chemistry, entitled, 'The Summit of Perfection.'

"Was there anything in it on photography?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"I am not sure," Eleanor replied; "but even if it has not come down to us, there is no proof that such a chapter did not exist. It may have been destroyed by the Inquisition."

"Thank you," thought Winter, as he made several rapid notes in his memorandum book. "There are some Arabian books of that period in the library of the Escorial which escaped the fires of the Inquisition on account of the beauty of their illumination. I'll look up 'The Summit of Perfection.'"

"Perhaps they called Geber's science the 'black art' from this very dark room," Eleanor suggested, unconscious of her auditors. "I can fancy it hung with black velvet, a faint spark glimmering in a ruby glass suspended in one of those beautiful Oriental lamps."

Thomas Winter choked a laugh. "If she could see the interior of that tower now," he thought, "the velvet hangings replaced by dirt and grime, and the red lantern I rigged from a penny candle and a broken Bohemian glass cologne-bottle."

Eleanor, ignorant of the mirth which she was exciting, continued, "Then, of course, there must have been apparatus of strange shape, and phials filled with potent elixirs, graduating-glasses of purest crystal, a trickling fountain, and tanks filled with the wonder-working fluids."

"The Senorita has then visited the Tower of the Magians?" It was the courier Antonio who asked the question.

"No, Antonio. Why do you ask?"

"Because the Senorita has described so precisely the interior. A stranger lives there now who holds no intercourse with the people of Toledo. No, I have not seen the room; but the little Candida, daughter of the multer who keeps his beasts below, climbed into the tower one day when the stranger was absent, and tells me it is fitted up as the Senorita has said, even to the ruby lamp and the strange bottles, which were not of the apothecary. If the Senorita would like to see the room, Candida will show it to her some time when the stranger is absent."

"The little Candida is very obliging," thought Winter. "I wonder whether the Senorita will accept the offer."

Eleanor, however, disclaimed all curiosity. "The man is very probably an innocent photographer," she said; "and at all events, I have no desire to pry into his affairs."

"Ah, no!" Antonio replied quickly. "I have been in a photographer's shop in Madrid. It was a great, sunny room, with a glass roof; not a dark tower like this. A room without windows! Surely those must be evil deeds which hide themselves from the light of heaven."

"What is the man's nationality?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"Some say that he is a Moor from Africa, who has come back after hidden treasures. When they fled away they took with them maps of their estates and the keys to their dwellings, intending to come again. So I say that this man is a descendant of one of the old magicians who has returned in search of some charm left walled up in the tower."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Thurston ironically, "this is the old magician Geber himself, who has been walled up all these years, and has at last hopped out as fresh as ever, like a toad from a block of sandstone."

"Perhaps," Antonio assented. "He is dark enough for a Moor, and the little Candida says he is no Christian; while he may have the power of the evil eye, for his glance is fierce and wicked."

"Indeed it is!" Winter almost uttered the ejaculation aloud, and it struck him that the possible cause for this adverse opinion lay in the fact that he had declined Antonio's offer to show him the cathedral for a plaster, and had neglected to chuck the little Candida under the chin, an omission which was all the more marked as he was the only traveler that season who had not bestowed some such token of appreciation upon the little beauty. The party on the balcony now

set out for the cloister of San Juan de los Reyes, and Winter repaired to his Magian's tower. "I wish I could have had a glimpse at the lady," he said to himself. "She is a remarkably suggestive young person. It wasn't exactly that what she said was so brilliant, but she has started me on a train of thought that I am sure I can make something of. Now, if ever I marry, that is just what I should like in a wife, a woman who would be an inspiration. I think I can make something, too, of that idea of an exhumed Geber come to life again in his laboratory and finding all his enchantments surpassed by modern science. I wonder what the girl looks like. I believe I will take my camera and casually stroll down to the convent of San Juan. Something may come of it."

And something did, but not what Winter had expected. Entering the chapel of this little jewel-box, built in the exuberant style of the later Gothic by the great Cardinal Ximenes, Winter heard voices in the adjoining cloisters. Shielded by the ivy which screened the window, he could see Eleanor sitting about the cloister garden, absorbed in admiration of the series of fine effects rendered by the luxuriant semi-tropical foliage in its setting of arches carved in all the exquisite caprice and richness of the Spanish flamboyant architecture.

It was a rare spot, and Eleanor was presently busy with her camera, rapt in a fine ecstasy of enthusiasm, and unconscious of the beautiful poses into which she threw herself as she moved from shady corridor to sunny garden, now pausing to scent a rose, to catch a few drops from the fountain, to place a camellia on the breast of the image of the Virgin under one of the canopied niches, or to bestow a little caress on her father as he rested on one of the stone benches once used by the Franciscan friars. Winter thought that he had never seen so graceful or so beautiful a girl, and mentally compared her rapid and agile movements with those of a humming-bird.

The photographer's instinct was too strong for him to resist, and instead of presenting himself openly in the cloister, he had his camera in order in a moment, and from his point of vantage behind the ivy had soon filled all his plate-holders with different views of the same lovely subject.

With all his triumph he had an uneasy feeling that the proceeding was not quite an honorable one; but he quieted his conscience with the mental vow that he would lock these plates from mortal

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eye until he could make this young lady's acquaintance, and then, if she objected to him possessing them, would place them at her disposal. Fate hastened this transfer in a way which was not at all to his liking. The fair enthusiast, having taken as many views as she desired, gathered a few flowers and strolled towards the chapel door. Though he had determined that some day he would surely know her, Winter was shy of meeting Eleanor face to face under the present circumstances, and he inconspicuously mounted a little flight of stairs leading to the belfry, leaving his camera, which happened to be at a little distance from him.

Eleanor glanced at the pictures with which the chapel was hung, and, finding them all deplorable, passed out of the building. She paused at the door, exclaiming, "I have left my detective!" and Antonio returned in search of it.

It chanced that Winter's camera, so far as regarded its exterior, greatly resembled Eleanor's, and the courier, chancing upon it first, bore it away in triumph. Winter finding Eleanor's, in his confusion not remembering exactly where he had left his own, presto! there was an unwitting exchange of instruments.

The mistake was not discovered by Eleanor for several days. The Thurstons left Toledo for Seville that afternoon on their first visit to the alcazar. Eleanor, in preparing to photograph some of the Moorish arches, first discovered that the internal construction of the camera in her possession was quite different from her own. There was no roll of sensitized paper, and instead the available space was packed with plate-holders filled with glass negatives. It was apparent that in some mysterious way an exchange had been effected. It seemed probable to the Thurstons that it had occurred somewhere en route from Toledo to Seville. Antonio was certain that he had carried Eleanor's camera directly from the convent of San Juan to the diligence which had conveyed them to the railroad station, and there had been no other travelers in the diligence and no other baggage. The train, however, had been crowded with tourists from Madrid, among others an English party with numerous portmanteaus, gun-cases, hat-boxes, and other baggage. These persons had gone on to Granada, and Eleanor had hoped that the mystery would be explained the

Winter discovered the exchange sooner than Eleanor, and was much chagrined. "She will never believe," he thought, "that I intended to submit them to her. Her very reticence and her delicacy of feeling will suggest a thousand unworthy uses which I might have made of them. It was a piece of impertinence—what mischief-making demon tempted me to it?"

He presented himself at the hotel soon after the departure of the Thurstons. The landlord understood from his description who was meant, but it chanced that his pronunciation was faulty, and Mr. Thurston's chirography not of the plainest, so that Winter understood the name to be Thompson, and as he could gain no information as to their destination, the comedy of errors seemed no nearer its end.

Eleanor was deeply disappointed at the loss of her second roll of photographs. She had nothing to show for all her pains but a set of plate-holders containing she knew not what.

Feeling that these negatives might afford a clue to their owner, she decided after her return to New York to have them developed, and ordered one photograph to be printed from each. She was transfixed with astonishment, on the return of the set from the photographer's, to recognize in every view her own figure.

As a closer scrutiny revealed the ornate architecture of the cloister of San Juan in the background, the truth became evident: some unknown person, in all probability the mysterious occupant of the Magian's Tower, must have photographed her that afternoon. The discovery, though disturbing, was not altogether unpleasant. She told herself that the stranger's interest was only that of an expert in his profession; and yet, as she studied the negatives, she could not but recognize that the subject was very pretty, and that here was a

series of bewitching pictures. "They are the best photographs I ever had taken," she said to herself. "How fortunate that they fell into my hands. I wonder if he cared very much"; and a momentary pang of pity touched her for the unfortunate artist. "I will keep the negatives for him," she decided; "but I think that under the circumstances I am justified in reserving these prints for myself."

And here the romance of two cameras might have ended but for the intervention of the hero's sister, Miss Josie Winter, who chanced to have been Eleanor's room-mate at boarding-school, and who had long cherished the romantic project of a match between her brother and her dearest friend. Owing to the young man's frequent absence from home, on long tours connected with his profession, she had not been able to bring about a meeting.

"It is really odd that you did not run across Tom in Europe," Josie remarked, after greeting her friend. "He must have been in Spain while you were there. Are you quite sure you did not meet him?"

"Spain is a large country," Eleanor replied, "and we met a great many tourists first and last, but no Mr. Winter. I would have remembered the name for your sake."

"Indeed, if you ever met Tom you would remember him for his own sake," Josie replied, with a little sisterly pique. "He's the handsomest fellow you ever saw, and no end clever. Have you seen his last story, 'The Magian's Tower; or, Geber the Enchanter'?"

"No, dear; but the title interests me. We saw Geber's Tower when we were in Toledo."

"I will send you the magazine. It's a delightful story. The critics all say it's the most original thing. You'll be sure to like it. How did you succeed with your photography? I want you to show some of your work to Tom. I've told him what an artist you are."

"Unfortunately," Eleanor replied, "I lost all my Spanish photographs. It is no small disappointment, for I had taken a great many."

"What a shame! And I counted so much on those photographs. You see, Tom is raving about the wonderful work of some lady amateur that he met abroad. They must have become uncommonly well acquainted, for she gave him stacks and stacks of photographs which she had made. Ordinary things enough, too, but he says that they are works of genius. I told him to wait until he had seen yours; and now you haven't a thing to show him. It's just too provoking." Josie's glance roamed about the room and fell on the cloister photographs.

"What lovely portraits!" she exclaimed. "Why, Eleanor, you've been photographing yourself. I didn't know you were so vain. You must let me have one to show Tom. They are too sweet for anything."

"They are not mine; that is, I have no right to give them away," Eleanor replied, in some confusion. "Indeed, I did not take them. How could you think me so foolish?"

"Oh! I see," Josie replied coldly and with a slightly ironical intonation, "poor Tom hasn't the shadow of a chance. Well, you will come to us all the same on Tuesday and see the military parade from our front windows; we have invited only a few friends. Be sure to bring your camera."

Josie hurried home with indignation against her brother's supposed rival raging in her intense little heart. "She's lovelier than ever, Tom," she said to her brother; "lovelier than ever but somebody else has found it out. You are just too late. You always were like the impotent man in Scripture; while you are coming another steps in before you. He's a photographer, too, Tom, and Eleanor has posed for him in the most bewitching attitudes. I never thought she was self-conscious enough to do that for any one. He has presented her with the pictures, and she will not give me one, or even lend them to me, and acted so embarrassed about them that I knew in a moment that all my planning for you was in vain."

"Thank you, little sister; but I am rather glad at the turn affairs have taken," Thomas Winter replied seriously.

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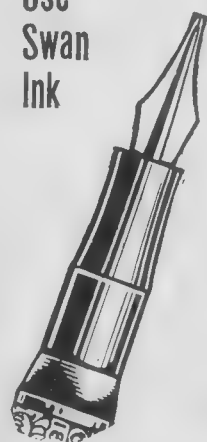
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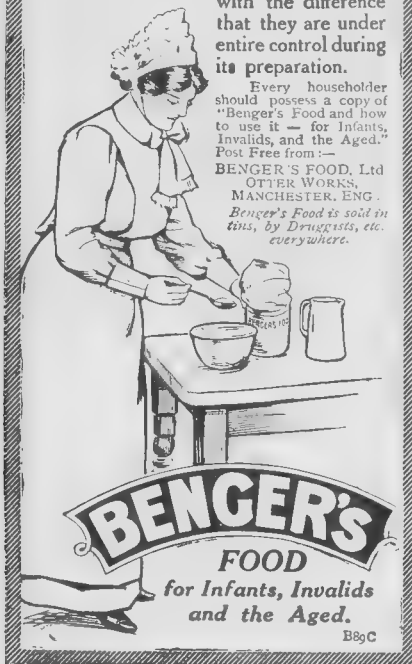


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WINNIPEG

"I don't know how far you may have compromised me with your friend, but you know it's ten to one that I wouldn't have liked her. I have very high ideals in reference to marriage. A man ought to choose a wife who will be a helpmate to him; not only a woman of congenial tastes, but one who appreciates his aims and is an inspiration to him." With this remark Thomas Winter shut himself in his own room and for the hundredth time turned over the photographs which he had printed from Eleanor's roll.

"How such a record as this lets you see into the life of the girl," he said to himself. "It is not alone a journal of her tour, telling you what cities she has visited, but her favorite haunts in each. I can guess what her taste is as much by what she did not choose to take as by the scenes which she thought worthy of reproduction. Now there isn't a single photograph of a bull-fight, whereas I have a dozen. What opinion would any one form of me, I wonder, from the photographs which I have brought back? First, that it has been my ambition to secure feats in instantaneous work. There is the winner of the Derby on the home stretch, and Lord Strathmore's pack of hounds in full cry. I caught the banderilla in the act of fixing the barbs in the neck of the infuriated bull, and I have been duck-shooting and hit my bird on the wing with my detective when a crack sportsman at my side failed with his gun. I have been rather proud of my success in getting a sharp, clear negative under difficulties. The overcoming of difficulties I flatter myself has always been a rather distinguishing trait of mine. But this girl does more. In the first place she is an artist by nature. She has fine taste and feeling as well as critical judgment. She has the perceptive faculty to choose the auspicious moment when the shadows lie effectively, when the reflections in still water, the curve of surf, or the lines of mountain, road, or roof, tree masses and cloud masses, all compose harmoniously. There is not one of these views which is not a picture. She also knows how best to introduce a human interest. That group of gipsy children has all the charm of a genre painting. Here, too, is a moonlight effect, and a misty morning in the Pyrenees, which shows that she feels the fascination of mystery and has caught the poetic charm which a photographer who works only for clearly defined, positive black and white results never finds. It is the witchery which Whistler describes—"When the evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry

as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campaniles, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, or the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairy-land is before us."

It will be understood that Winter's appreciation of the poetic in Eleanor's nature argued the same vein in his own; but, as often happens, this self-revelation had come late. He had fancied himself a materialist, and the knowledge that he possessed the poetic instinct was like a new birth. Nor did he greatly over estimate Eleanor's gifts. She was almost an artist, possessing in full the artist's keen love for nature but lacking in creative power, her head going far beyond her hand and always dissatisfied with her attempts in painting. She had therefore thrown away her palette and had seized the camera with delight, finding here a magical artist who did her bidding with perfect skill and ease.

It will be at once foreseen by the judicious reader that fate intended these two young persons, already united by a common interest and similar tastes, as lovers. Opportunity alone was lacking for them to become acquainted with their own and each other's hearts, and opportunity came during the late centennial celebration, when New York sent forth the command to—

Let statute, picture, park, and hall,
Ballad, flag, and festival
The past restore, the day adorn.

Amid the splendor of bunting and the pandemonium of military music, in the most modern and realistic manner, all their surroundings a complete contrast to the atmosphere of mystery and romance which lent a glamour to their first meeting in the old Arab Spanish town, their paths in life crossed again.

Eleanor had received an invitation to view the naval display, on the first of the three gala days, from the steamer Philadelphia, chartered by the New York Society of Amateur Photographers. This society had obtained permission from the admiral to cruise at will up and down the bay, in order to give the fleet broadsides from its two hundred cameras from all possible points of vantage. Eleanor had gladly availed herself of this opportunity to pursue her favorite occupation in the company of so many like-minded spirits, and from her place on the after-deck she watched the embarkation with amused interest. Each enthusiastic amateur was laden with his working gear—great cameras and

small, cameras on tripods and disguised in traveling cases, Kodaks and Scovills, Lilliputs, Blairs, and Clarks, cameras with revolving backs and reversible backs, cameras that extended like an accordion and that shut up like a gibbous hat, vest cameras and pocket cameras, clamped with silver and inlaid with precious woods, hard hacked by hard experience of roughing it, or crazy with long usage.

There was a still greater variety to be observed in the owners. Some were nervous little men who realized the definition of the word "amateur" as given by a bright child; "Amateur," what does that mean, I wonder?" and receiving no reply, "Well, I guess it's some one who isn't very mature." These worthies were perpetually rushing about and snapping their shutters before the desired ship was on the field, making two exposures on one plate, or fidgeting or talking to about them into a state of similar frenzy. There were experts too, who manned their cameras with the coolness of a veteran artilleryman, firing telling but harmless broadsides at the men-of-war Chicago, Brooklyn, Essex, Yantic, and others, and preserving their nonchalance even when the Despatch approached with the Presidential party, and the war-ships and steamers filled the air with the clamor of booming guns and shrieking whistles.

Thomas Winter was one of these. He was just focusing his instrument on the manning of the yards as the Despatch approached, when he noticed with some annoyance that a lady had stepped between him and his subject. Her face was turned towards the Despatch and he could not see her features; but there was something strangely familiar in her alert poise and the willowy grace of her figure as she bent to her work or leaned eagerly forward, intent on catching the most propitious moment. "Another humming-bird girl," was his first thought, instantly corrected by the conviction, "No, it's the same—the little photographer of the cloister in Toledo."

As the thought passed through his mind Eleanor turned and met his stare, for it could hardly be called anything else.

His hat was off in an instant. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed impulsively; "but I feel certain that you are the young lady with whom I exchanged cameras in Spain. Is not this your instrument?"

Eleanor acknowledged that it was. "I have used it ever since," he admitted, "but I don't think I have injured it"; and he proceeded to explain several little attachments and improvements which he had added. "You are quite welcome to them. I never would have taken the liberty to tinker with your camera," he continued frankly, "if I had had the most remote idea of ever meeting you again; but I hadn't the least clue, and while I was in Spain I could not supply myself with another camera. I argued, too, that as you had my detective, and as my lens was really a better one than yours, it didn't so much matter. After I reached home I found that I was much attached to the little machine, and so it happens that I have it with me today."

"If you are so fond of it, pray keep it," Eleanor replied lightly. Winter, however, insisted on restoring her property, and Eleanor accepted it gracefully, asking him to name an address to which his own camera might be sent, as she had kept it boxed and ready for expressage since the day on which she had discovered the mistake.

"You see," she said pleasantly, "that I did not share your feeling that we should never meet again."

Winter's heart bounded. "Pray, do not trouble yourself to return my detective, but allow me to call for it. I have your photographs to return. I must confess that I could not resist the temptation to print your roll. I believe that I have now made a clean breast of all my transgressions. The photographs came out remarkably well. May I be forgiven?"

"Certainly," replied Eleanor, with slight embarrassment, "since I must cry peccavi as well, for I had your negatives printed."

Winter suddenly remembered what those negatives were. "Then you have discovered another crime, and one, I fear, which you will not so easily pardon

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But Eleanor did not look in the least offended, only quizzical and tantalizing, as she said, "Really, there is nothing to sardon. There is no harm done, since I have the photographs, and you can't expect me to give them up under the circumstances."

"Surely, if you knew how highly I value them you could not refuse—" But at that instant Mr. Thurston approached, and Eleanor interrupted the plea with the exclamation, "Papa, this is the gentleman with whom I exchanged cameras in Toledo. He has just given me mine and kindly offers to call for his own."

"Delighted, my dear sir," said Mr. Thurston, cordially. "We are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and shall be glad to see you any evening."

The steamer struck the wharf with a gentle shock and with a smile and a nod Eleanor took her father's arm and was gone. It was not until the elation occasioned by this meeting had subsided that Winter realized that the lady, with all her apparent cordiality, had not given him her name. He fancied that he had discovered it in Toledo and that it was Thompson, but the suspicion that her neglect might be intentional threw a wet blanket on his triumph. "There may be half a dozen Thompsons at the Fifth Avenue," he argued, "and I may not find her again until I am a gray-haired man."

Fate was better to him than he feared. When he reached home, wearied and out of sorts, he was met by his sister Josie, who led him gaily to his supper and talked of her plans for the next day. "You surely haven't forgotten, Tom, that Eleanor Thurston is to spend the day with us. She is going to bring her camera; for, though they are at the Fifth Avenue, they have inside rooms, and their windows give no view of the procession."

Winter was about to reply that if Miss Thurston was coming he should make it a point to spend the day at the office, but the mention of the hotel caused him to alter his intention. Perhaps through his sister's friend he might gain a clue to her fellow-lodger, the maiden he had just found and lost.

Morning came, and crowds surged to Fifth Avenue to obtain places from which to view the military parade. Every doorstep swarmed with the lucky early-comers, and the side-walks were soon solid banks of human beings. Enterprising men and boys brought barrels and boxes, which they stationed close to the walls, renting them to people in the rear of the crowd that they might be able to see over the heads of those in front. Others, intent on making a penny, peddled cushions to those in the first rank, enabling them to sit upon the curbstones. As the crowd became more and more solid, and the mounted policemen found it impossible to keep the multitude to the sidewalks even by backing their horses against the front ranks, Josie grew more and more impatient.

"Eleanor will never be able to get across the street," she exclaimed. "She ought to have started earlier. The side streets are blocked with carts, and there are fifteen rows of people between the procession and those houses across the way. See how those behind push forward and the policemen beat them back. The people in the middle are simply wedged fast. Oh, where is Eleanor?"

"She has probably discovered the impossibility of reaching us, and has returned to the hotel," said Winter, as he arranged a tripod camera in the bay-window. He missed the little detective which he had carried so long, and this instrument, an old one, needed what he dominated "considerable tinkering to bring it up to the modern requirements."

"Why, don't you use your other camera?" Josie asked; but she did not notice that her brother failed to reply, for at that instant a marshal galloped up the avenue, and the gallant 7th Regiment made way with alacrity, not caring that its punctilious exactitude of line was broken or that a parade was thrown into disorder which had hitherto proceeded like clockwork, and whose marvelous precision was watched by the admiring eyes of thousands of fair women bending over the cornices and crowding the windows and balconies.

Personal vanity and esprit de corps were alike forgotten, for behind the marshal, rushing like a knight of old to the succor of the helpless and the distressed, came the ambulance of one of our large hospitals. There was no one in that vast crowd but felt a thrill of sympathy and pressed a little back to make way as the hatless driver clanged his gong and lashed the horse that was already exerting his utmost speed. The surgeon on the step was coolly examining a little case of instruments and bottles, and exactly opposite the Winter's house strangers were carrying to the front a young girl who had fainted in the press. The scene was an inspiring one as well as characteristic of the day, and Thomas Winter seized upon it with avidity. He focused on the ambulance just as the litter was lifted to its place, and the

white face of the unconscious girl was clearly silhouetted against the black mass of the crowd. He did not recognize the face, however, until the next morning when developing his negatives. Even then it was so tiny that he was in doubt. To be quite certain, he made a magic lantern slide from the negative and threw it, enlarged to life-size, upon the wall of his room. There was no possibility of mistaking the profile; it was that of the lady of the camera.

All scruples as to the propriety of inquiring for her vanished at once. He hurried to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and asked for Miss Thompson.

"Which one?" was the inevitable question.

"The one who fainted yesterday while witnessing the parade."

"You are a little mixed, I fear," was

the reply. "However, I'll send up your card."

Winter's card was returned by three Misses Thompson with the reiterated statement that they had not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance.

One clue remained. He knew the hospital served by the ambulance which he had photographed, and he presented himself at its door without delay. A surgeon here was more communicative. "Yesterday was a busy day for us," he replied to Winter's inquiries, "but let me see. A young lady living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was brought here by us at about noon. You have the wrong name. It must have been Miss Arkwright, who died of heart disease. You start—yes, we could do nothing for her. Life was extinct before she reached the hospital."

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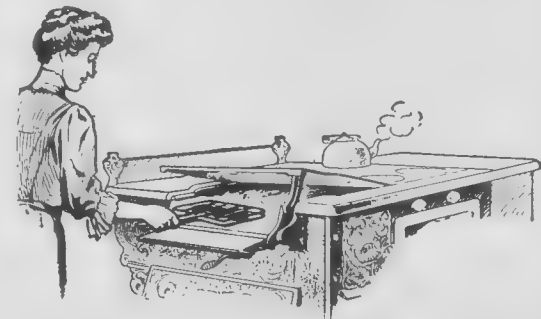
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This, then, was the end. Stunned and inexpressibly shocked, Winter returned to his home. There were merry voices in the parlor, but he went directly to his own room, and, sitting down with his head between his hands, tried to think. It was absurd to suppose that he loved this girl, whom he had seen but three times, and had spoken to but once. And yet he knew that here was a woman who had influenced him more strongly than any he had ever known; one whom, under other circumstances, he might have loved. As he thought gravely and sadly of the irony of fate which had suffered him to know her so well in so short a time and then to lose her, Josie fluttered into the room.

"Why are you moping here all the morning, Tom?" she exclaimed. "The civic parade is nearly over. The last floats are tottering past. Do come and photograph them. Eleanor is here. She had the greatest adventure yesterday. Started too late, and couldn't get to us on account of the crowd. Couldn't get home either, and fainted from exhaustion, the poor dear. She has read your story about the Magian's Tower and is dying to see you. Says that by the most mysterious coincidence you have had the same ideas on the subject that occurred to her when she was in Spain. But you don't seem to hear a word I say.

You act as if you had lost your last friend."

"I have, Josie," Winter replied impressively. "Darken the room, and I will show you a lantern slide that I have made. You will understand then why it is that I cannot go down to meet Miss Thurston to-day. That is the face of the only woman that I could have loved, and I have just received the news that she is dead, Josie. She died yesterday in front of this house before my very eyes and I did not know it."

Josie, awed and sympathetic, threw her arm around her brother and watched the image come out upon the screen. Suddenly she gave a little cry. "Why, Tom dear, that is Eleanor, and she isn't the least bit dead. She only fainted, and recovered as soon as she felt the motion of the ambulance. They did even take her to the hospital."

"Are you certain of this?" Winter asked, a great light shining in his face.

"Certain. Of course I am. There is no possibility of mistake. Come downstairs and judge for yourself. But, Tom dear," she cried, checking his impetuous start, "don't be too hopeful. I'm afraid you haven't the ghost of a chance. I taxed her with it, and I'm just about certain that she loves that other fellow—the one who photographed her in Toledo."

Seeking Investment.

The Water in the Stock, and the Water in the Wages. By George Carling.

TRY the law!" said Odell. "If you can't break a man any other way, you can do it by law—if you're ready to pay the price."

Odell was not a voluble man, but his remarks seldom needed explanation or repetition. They generally came as sharp as a bullet from a rifle, and as directly to the mark; but this time I did not catch his meaning, and told him so.

"Straitson makes a specialty of his patent hay-rakes, does he not?"

"He makes practically nothing else," I answered.

"There's a lot of old patent rights among our papers, Mr. Dubble. Hunt up something that antedates his—that covers a hay-rake of some kind—anything will do. Then sue him for infringement, and carry it up till you swamp him."

I gazed at him silently for a few moments; then he went on:

"It'll be an easy job. Straitson's at the critical point most young business men reach, where a fast-growing business, no matter how profitable, gets ahead of the capital. The majority of them never weather that point—unless they call in outside help quickly—and that Straitson won't do. A heavy lawsuit will down him. He can spare no

money for costs, and I take it that you're ready to throw in ten or twenty thousand."

I leaned back in my chair in bewilderment at the bluntness and—er—even brutality, as it seemed for the moment to me, of his suggestion, and before I could make any reply Odell was called away, so I settled down to argue it out with myself.

In my efforts to develop the Lorsford Implement Works, of which I now possessed almost the entire amount of stock, I had become deeply impressed with the importance of making some combination with Straitson. He was owner of a factory at Hoppel Falls, eighty miles north of Toonsville. Both of us were making hay-rakes—of different patterns, of course—and it was very evident that if one of these machines was thrown out, and our manufacturing facilities and energies confined to one style only, the machines could be built much more economically, and a considerable saving be also effected in the distribution. But Straitson had refused to entertain any proposition for combining, and had also declined a fair offer to sell out.

It was this condition of affairs which called forth Odell's suggestion. He was secretary of the Lorsford Implement Works, and naturally enthusiastic about their development.

I argued to myself this way: "Economic progress has ever been pitiless in its



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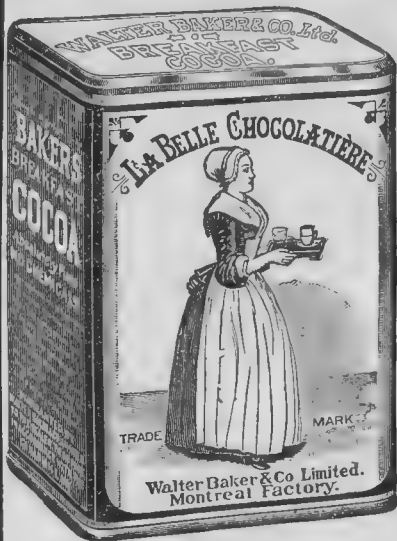
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sacrifices. The wishes of the few must give way before the welfare of the many. Here are the farmers, hard-working, industrious and frugal, who ought to have these supplies at as low a figure as the enterprise and skill of the manufacturer can reduce them. And here is Straitson, stubbornly blocking the way to a substantial saving of cost."

So I began to look for a patent to serve my purpose.

The old proprietor of our works, Lorsford, had been rather careless in his purchase of such things. Some had proved to be of value, but many were worthless. It was among the latter, however, that we found one upon which we concluded we could carry out our plan. It antedated Straitson's patent by some months, and described some kind of a rake—not in any way similar to his. Still, as Odell said, our opinion was not evidence. The courts were established to decide upon difference and similarity.

So I instructed our lawyers to commence suit against Straitson for infringement of this patent, calling for an accounting of the profits. While the lawyers were preparing the preliminary papers, I got Tilson to go over to Hoppel Falls for a few days. He had a slight acquaintance with a man who worked in Straitson's shipping-room and, by adroit management, he obtained from this fellow a list of the dealers who handled their goods—also, of all the customers to whom they had shipped direct during the previous year. This cost me a couple of hundred dol-

when Odell came into my office hastily one afternoon, exclaiming:

"The fight is over, Mr. Dubble!" And he laid the Hoppel Falls Daily Item before me. A prominent article stated that Straitson had disappeared—that he had raised all the cash he possibly could, and decamped, leaving his creditors to settle matters between themselves.

It was an unfortunate ending to his career. He was a bright, energetic young man, and if he had accepted my offers, and not stood in the way of the great wheels of progress, he might now have been a prosperous and useful citizen.

My patience and perseverance brought their reward. The creditors took their affairs into court, and in due time the plant was sold under its order. There was but little competition in the bidding, and when I had secured the whole thing, and figured out the totals, I found that my law-costs had proved a very satisfactory investment.

So at last matters were in the shape I wanted them, and when Rainsford asked me cheerfully what I was going to do with it all, my elation was so great that I perhaps overstepped my usual caution, and told him all my plans. True, he was my wife's father, and held a small block of stock in the Lorsford Implement Works so, of course, he was directly interested in the matter.

"Rainsford," said I, "I'll make these the biggest implement works in the country! I'll start up the Straitson plant at once, and with the two small

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A city or town must not only be introduced to the public, but also must be kept before the public. Communities which advertise their existence usually prosper. This truth is illustrated by the following barnyard philosophy, for which an unknown journalistic blacksmith is responsible:—

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She keeps the matter mum—she's like
A lot of advertisers I know,

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When she doth eggs produce
She publishes the fact abroad
Because—She's not a goose.

lars—at least Tilson said it did, but it's surprising how little dependence can be placed on men in such matters. However, it was worth that, and much more, for I caused circular letters to be addressed to all these customers, telling them of the commencement of the suit and notifying them that, as the Straitson rake was an infringement upon ours, we should look to them for royalties. This was only business.

Certainly this was a severe blow to Straitson, for, of course, the dealers would not handle his goods excepting under a satisfactory guarantee against all liability—and this was a pretty heavy proposition for a man of limited resources. Furthermore, it headed him off from obtaining any outside capital, if he attempted at last to do so.

But he put up a stubborn fight, engaging excellent talent to defend his case. We secured two of the keenest shrewdest practitioners whom we could find, and, although we had no hope of gaining our suit, our men knew how to conduct it satisfactorily. At the trial they introduced every technical point which could be brought in and wrangled over, and took numerous exceptions to the judges' rulings, thus piling up a mass of material for an appeal to a higher court. It was all very expensive, as, of course, such matters always are, but I consoled myself with the thought that Straitson had to meet as big a load as myself—that his checks had to be just as large, while his bank account was but a fraction of what I could command.

So the months passed, and we were drifting along toward the second trial,

shops here"—I had bought these months before—"and our Lorsford plant, there is capacity for handling thirty-five hundred men."

"How about the capital, Dick? What are you going to do about that?"

"I'll put in every drop of water that the thing will possibly hold!"

"You can put in one hundred to one," he retorted with a laugh. "Nobody will kick till you try to sell stock."

"I don't mean anything unreasonable, Rainsford. Now listen! These four plants have cost me \$900,000. Then there has been some expense. I've also been buying up a lot of patent rights. I don't know that they are good for anything in the way of manufacturing, but they didn't cost much, and they are good things to talk about and call assets and write stock upon. You can't deny that!"

He nodded knowingly, and I continued:

"It all foots up, in round figures, to nearly a million. Now, I propose to bring the four plants under one company, and capitalize at ten million."

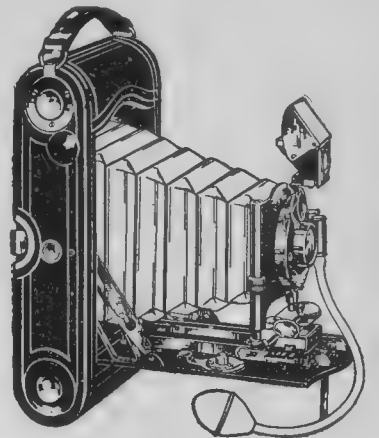
"It won't do, Dick! You can do that in car lines, or gas companies—wherever you have a big franchise—but you'll never float manufacturing stock as wet as that."

"I intend to show a dividend on that ten millions before offering one share to the public."

He stared at me in evident surprise, then shook his head doubtfully: "This thing isn't possible!"

"It is possible!" I said vehemently even slapping the table in my earnestness. "It is possible! There are but

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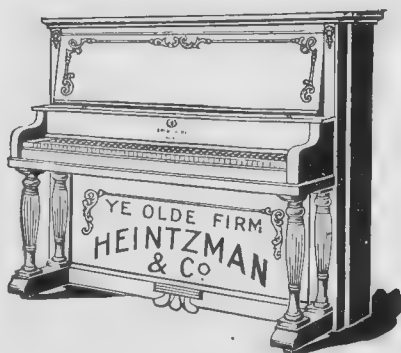
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two or three lines of manufacture that are run to-day anywhere near their limit of earning capacity. In all others there are loose ends somewhere. Either the plants are badly planned, or the equipment is not the most efficient, or else the labor is poorly handled. I'll put a few hundred thousand more into this, and I'll make it a model plant, and show a profit on ten millions."

"There's such a thing as going too far that way Dick."

"Those are my plans, Rainsford. I own, now, three-fourths of the Lorsford stock and the other three plants out right. I am determined to go on with all this, but I don't wish to force you. You've got \$100,000 in Lorsford, and if you don't agree with these plans heartily, I'll willingly buy you out—but I don't want you to go out, Rainsford! The Good Book says: 'Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse.'"

"I don't intend to go out, Dick, my boy; I've plenty of confidence in you. Go ahead, and I'll stay with you!"

"I'm heartily glad of that," said I fervently. "I must have a few of the best men with me, and you are one of them. Odell is a good man—a very useful man, indeed; and I've secured a treasure, I believe, in McGregor."

"Who's he?"

"He was superintendent of the Stratton factory, and, from what I've seen and heard of him, I consider him a more valuable acquisition than even the factory itself."

"Is he the big, black-bearded man who was in here talking with you yesterday? I caught a remark of his, Dick, which struck me rather forcibly."

"What was that?"

"I don't know what brought it up, but he said: 'There's no man living and working in any capacity but can do a little more than he is doing?'"

"Yes, that's McGregor!" I said with a laugh. "And I guess he means it and lives up to it, too!"

A few days after this I went over to Hoppel Falls with McGregor, to see about the reopening of the works there.

"I don't know much about financing," said McGregor; "it's never been in my line. Give me a good gang, and a proper plant, with up-to-date equipment, and I'll give you all the profit there is in the goods—every cent!"

"I'm disposed to be liberal about the equipment," I said. "I thoroughly appreciate the importance of that, and my intention is to consolidate all these factories into one big plant at Toonsville. Of course, in the meantime, it is understood that you take general supervision of them."

"That's putting your eggs all in one basket, Mr. Dubble," he quietly remarked. "If a big fire should occur at Toonsville, you would be crippled entirely, until you could rebuild. That's worth thinking about, but far more important is the fact that if you bunch your men together you can't handle them so well. They fraternize too much. Put your three Toonsville plants into one yard, and leave this alone—making additions here as business demands. Then you can play one off against the other."

"But there's a saving of expense in running them all together, Mac."

"That saving is small compared with the saving you can make in wages. Now, for instance, your Toonsville foundrymen are getting at least ten per cent. more than we've been paying here. You'd like to reduce that, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly, but that means a fight. They're strongly organized."

"That's it!" he retorted savagely. "And that's what we must always look out for. Now, our foundry here in Hoppel Falls has good capacity. Suppose I at once get a crew on and start up?"

As soon as we are in good running order here, you put your Toonsville men up against a ten per cent. cut. They'll strike, of course, and you at once send your patterns over here. We make the castings and ship them back. Then you give out information freely that you will move all your works here. That'll put the tradespeople on your side, and scare the rest of your hands thoroughly. Then you can jump on to the other little plants the same

way. You can work this thing, Mr. Dubble, so that, inside of a year, the Toonsville plant, as well as this, will be an open shop. By butting one against the other, you can adjust the pay in good shape."

I soon made up my mind that McGregor was right. In fact, his plan showed very bright possibilities of development. I therefore closed my mouth, absolutely, as to my plans for increasing the Toonsville works. I decided to bring the men into proper subjection first, and nothing would do that so effectively as to keep them guessing.

During the next few weeks I reorganized the four plants into one corporation, under the title of The Etna Implement Company—capital, ten millions: one million in six per cent. preferred stock, and nine millions common. A bonus of nine shares of common went with every share of preferred, and as I had furnished almost the entire capital, I, of course, took almost the entire stock issue in payment for my interests. Rainsford and Lorsford each held a small block, and I invited the former to take the presidency. Our organization was completed by the appointment of myself as vice-president, and Odell as secretary and treasurer.

Then I began to act on McGregor's suggestion regarding the men. A notice of a twelve per cent. reduction to the foundrymen was posted at the Toonsville Works, followed by a howl of defiance from them—and they went out. I was ready for this, and the same day shipped a carload of patterns to Hoppel Falls. McGregor jumped his men on to them at once, and was soon shipping back castings. I stood in well with our local papers—I always took care to do that—and they commented piteously on my announced intention to move all the work to the Falls. There was great consternation at this. The loss of the three factories, employing together nearly two thousand hands, would be a grievous blow to our little town.

When the foundrymen had cooled down and dispersed somewhat, I tackled the hands in the small tools shop, cutting them 10 per cent. Although some quit, the larger part stayed on. They were mostly old hands with families, and many had homes partly paid for. To them leaving the shop meant leaving the town, for I controlled the only employment open to them here. At the first talk of a strike I had ordered several freight cars to be put up on the siding, and announced that I would ship the machines at once to the Falls—and the men gave in without a struggle.

The beauties of McGregor's scheme developed as the months passed along. I closed up the two smaller plants at Toonsville, sending some of the men to the Falls, and taking the others into the big shop. Then we reopened the foundry and hired any man who came along—union or non-union—and soon had an efficient force at the reduced rates. When I had got this plant figured down pretty fine, McGregor tackled the wood-workers at his end with a rousing cut. He bluffed them with the threat that if they made any difficulty we should move everything over to Toonsville, and consolidate all the work at that point.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." We kept the men guessing and uncertain; and when the first year closed, both plants were running peacefully, both were open shops, and the scale of wages at Toonsville was brought down to as low a level as that at Hoppel Falls.

Altogether, I was well satisfied. And as we plunged into the new year, Mac showed no cessation of ability and resource.

He was tireless in my interests, indefatigable when it came to devising new ways of making a better showing in the factory. He would split one into halves, and then split the half that had not gone into our profits into quarters and the quarters into eighths.

One day he said to me:

"Those lumpers are getting too much, Mr. Dubble. We can drop them to twelve cents an hour."

I looked at him doubtfully. "That's getting it down pretty fine, McGregor, —seven-twenty a week!"

"It's enough!" he retorted savagely. "Every cent they get over a bare subsistence goes for drink. We may as well have that as the rum-sellers. It's better for the men, too."

This was the first time I had ever heard him say anything about the men's welfare. "I suppose you are right as to that, Mac. Do you think you can carry it out?"

"Sure of it! I'll tackle the Falls plant first."

There were about three hundred of these laborers at that end—unskilled workers, of course, many of them foreigners. They had no union, but when we posted our notice reducing the pay from sixteen to twelve cents they went out in a body. Mac telegraphed an order to a Chicago agency for three hundred strike-breakers. A two days after they arrived on a special train. There was some trouble at first—fights and stone-throwing, and little matters like that—but we provided our new men with quarters in the grounds for a couple of weeks, and after that things went on quietly as before. Later, our Toonsville laborers gave in without a struggle.

I was looking over the balance-sheet with Odell at the end of the second year when Rainsford came in. I could not help showing my elation. "You remember by prediction as to paying a dividend on the common stock, two years ago?" I inquired.

"I certainly do," he answered.

"And it's certainly done!" I retorted. "The regular profits are more than enough to pay the dividend on the preferred stock, and we've effected a saving on the pay-roll sufficient to pay five per cent. on the common."

"Impossible!"

"Nevertheless it's done, Rainsford. We've carried three thousand hands the past year—the average cut has been three dollars per week for each man, or a total of nearly four hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"And never had a strike!"

"Nothing serious. Of course, there has been a running fight right along, and there will probably continue to be but that's what Mac lives for."

"That's about what he said to me yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"I made some remarks about the excellent condition of our factories, and he said: 'Mr. Rainsford, it may be so, but I never see the things which are right—my training for fifteen years has been to see only the things which are wrong. That's all I'm ever looking for.'"

It was not long before he saw something wrong.

"Mr. Dubble," he said to me one morning, "there's something going on among the union men. I suspect they're gettin' the others into line."

"Is there no way, Mac?" I inquired, looking keenly at him, "of getting next to them—of finding out what goes on at their meetings?"

"There is! One of the men has been detected in stealing brasses and some small tools—he's recording secretary of the Ironworkers' Union, and if you wait here a little while you'll see that he accepts an engagement to become my secretary also."

McGregor telephoned out to the mill, ordering the man, Coombs, to come to the office. In a few moments he appeared. I'd noticed him before around the yards, an insignificant and rather under-sized man. Although he did not look to me as though he expected to be accused of theft, he was ill at ease—as, indeed, was any man whom McGregor called to the office.

"Coombs," said the superintendent, in a harsh, resonant voice, "you've been stealing from the company! We've got brasses back from Cohn's junk-shop, and an officer's on the way to your house now with a search warrant."

The suddenness and savageness of the charge extinguished the trifling show of courage and self-respect the man possessed. He turned gray—livid.

Mr. McGregor," he gasped, throwing out his arms appealingly, "you won't push me for this! It wasn't but a little I took, an' I'll make it good s'help me God, I will—I was hard up—awful hard up. The woman's bin sick

an' I couldn't make the wages meet no-how. There's been a doctor to pay, med'cine to get, an' five children to look out for—an' all out of eight dollars a week!"

He was looking now with terrified intensity into McGregor's eyes—looking for one little gleam of relenting pity. And thus looking he saw nothing which could afford him the slightest hope—nothing to relieve the horror and tenseness of his situation. He dropped on his knees, and upon them worked toward the superintendent's chair, grasping the arm convulsively.

"Mr. McGregor, I tell you my woman's bin sick—she's sick now—an' it'll kill her if you send me up! I didn't think of doin' wrong—it seemed so little—and I needed the few dimes Oh, God! how I needed them!"

"The evil bow before the good, and the wicked at the gate of the righteous." It was a pitiful scene, and I think that if I had been handling the man I might have been weak enough to have given him a dollar and sent him back to his job. But McGregor was unmoved.

"You're secretary of the union?" he demanded.

"I am. And what will they think of me?"

"You can go back to work," continued McGregor, "if you obey my orders."

"Go back to work? Obey your orders?" repeated the man in astonishment. He leaped to his feet, stammering out protestations of gratitude and docility, the tears starting from his eyes.

"You know where I live," the superintendent continued. "I shall expect to see you there to-night with the records of the union."

For a full half minute the man stood there speechless. The hunted, terrified look returned. "For the love of Heaven, Mr. McGregor, ask me something else! I didn't do that! I didn't! They'd kill me if they found it out! I can't play traitor to them—I'd as lief go to jail!"

"It's your choice," retorted McGregor grimly. "Go back to work now and think it over. If I don't see those records to-night you go to jail in the morning."

Coombs tottered toward the door, when McGregor stopped him.

"And hark you, Coombs, don't think you've got time to skip out, because I mean to have you, Coombs! I'll spend a thousand dollars, and the company will spend another, to bring you back. Now go!"

"Now," continued McGregor, as I watched the man unsteadily crossing the yard, "if you want to know what the union is planning, you'd better come around to my rooms this evening."

"I don't think I'll come around," I said slowly. "You can get all the information he's got."

Next morning McGregor greeted me hastily: "It's gone a little further than I thought. They're signing a good many of the non-union men, and they're figuring on all acting together—the metal-workers and the wood-workers and all of them. They are forming a Trades Council."

"Did you get the names of the leaders?"

"Yes, but we can't do much with them, I guess, without bringing on trouble."

"Wouldn't it be best," I inquired after a pause, "to precipitate that trouble at once?"

"They're in communication with the men at Hoppel Falls, and without doubt they understand each other so well now that they'll act together at both plants."

"Sympathetic strikes, eh?"

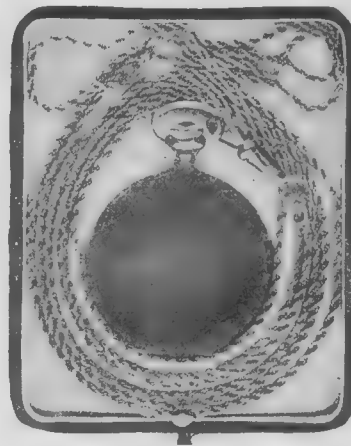
"That's their move, sure!"

"Can't we buy their leaders, Mac?"

"Probably. I want to smash these fellows, and I don't want to stop production one hour. But I'll never run a union shop. If I can't be boss, absolutely, I'll turn out and scrape gravel!"

I knew well that he meant this, and it all added to the gathering trouble. If I compromised with the men I should lose the best superintendent I'd ever known.

I was talking over the matter with



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Odell next morning when he remarked: "I expect Thorne is stirring them up a good deal."

"Thorne?" I puzzled over the name. It sounded familiar, but I could not place the man. Who is Thorne?"

"He's the Congressional candidate on the new Labor ticket."

"He's an outrageous and libellous demagogue!" sputtered Rainsford, who had just entered the room. He was very red in the face, and he slammed a newspaper against the desk as he spoke. "Here's the full report of his speech at Lincoln Hall last night. Listen to this:

"The Etna Implement Company requires an annual profit of \$500,000 to pay the dividend on its entire stock issue. Should they pay six per cent. only on the actual cash paid in, they would require but \$60,000, so that they are, in some way, earning \$440,000 more than the capital fairly and honestly calls for.

"Now this company, like thousands of others, is not a Trust. It has no monopoly on its products; it has to sell in open competition, and this large profit is not made by means of correspondingly high prices for its output, but is made by extorting from the wage-earners a large amount of work at smaller rates of pay. Some saving is no doubt made in their expense account by reason of the consolidation, but the larger part of that \$440,000 is wrung from the men, who are compelled to work for lower wages than before any stock was issued.

"How is it earned? By what process is it stolen from you men? It's as plain as the sun in the heavens. When McGregor took hold, the total pay-roll was about thirty-seven thousand dollars per week. Within a year it has reduced to less than twenty-nine thousand dollars! That reduction paid a five per cent. dividend on the entire issue of common stock—stock which had been given away for absolutely nothing! In these works there are over five hundred laborers receiving but seven dollars and twenty cents a week—twelve cents an hour—men with families to support, cut down to this rate, in order that the shareholders should have ten times as much as is their due!"

I glanced over at McGregor.

"Good ad' for me, Mr. Dubble!" he said with a laugh.

But Rainsford was furious. "You seem to take it rather flippantly, Mr. McGregor," he said sternly. "Listen:

"Look at this!" (Here Mr. Thorne flourished a common stock certificate issued by the Etna Implement Company.) "This is what those men call one hundred dollars and offer as Capital—a partner with your labor, entitled to a share of the profits—of no more value or cost than a common advertising handbill! It cost nothing, it is worth nothing. But there are ninety thousand of them issued which never contributed one cent. toward the plant. Ninety thousand which they are paying dividends on—thirty for every man on the pay-roll! And mark this, men! Every one of you is paying out of your wages five dollars on each one of them—one hundred and fifty dollars a year for every man in the works.

"Beside this worthless bond a counterfeit bill is almost spotless. That has but a short life—is soon detected, and is instantly put out of existence. Its reign of harm is quickly ended. This legalized monstrosity, issued under a charter from the Sovereign State of New Jersey, is never-ending in its disastrous effects. As long as you're a workingman you're taxed by this; and when you die, and the man who owns this dies, your son will continue paying the tax, and his son will continue spending it!"

"There, McGregor," said Rainsford hotly, "you may call that a good ad. I denounce it as a libel! Our duty—to our stockholders and ourselves—imperatively demands that we stop this fellow at once!"

I'd never seen Rainsford so hot. Presently I said:

"Rainsford! You've seen lots of such stuff as that before, but this impresses you particularly because our company is used as an illustration. It amounts to nothing. Two-thirds of the men who

heard that could not understand the points—and the remainder didn't believe them. It's just empty campaign talk."

"Far from being empty, Richard, it is full of promise for this fellow Thorne. I'm told that he is carrying the working men with him in a solid body!"

McGregor gave a very palpable snort, and Rainsford wheeled on him sharply:

"I tell you, McGregor, you underrate this matter entirely! Can you, for a moment, suppose that men will hear such incendiary talk as this and not do some thinking? Listen!—

"At the Chicago Conference on Trusts it was stated, on reliable authority, that the amount of stocks and bonds issued by all the Trusts amounted to eight thousand million dollars, although the intrinsic value of all their property was less than two thousand million, the difference—the stupendous sum of six thousand million—being simply printed paper, claimed by these men to be capital, upon which they are hungrily reaching for dividends—which must be earned, in great part, by their hundred of thousands of sorely driven employees.

"No company can possibly treat its men fairly and honestly that starts out with such dividend obligations as most of them do. Think of that six thousand millions of water, with a working capital of just one-fourth!"

"Mr. Rainsford," said McGregor steadily, "I've been with workingmen all my life, and I know them. Those figures and statements come glibly enough from Thorne, but the men do not fit the facts together in their own minds. I'll bet there are not ten per cent. of his hearers who could to-day, clearly and intelligibly, repeat his arguments. By to-morrow they'll be still more hazy, looking upon the whole thing as a bid for votes."

"And he'll get them, too!" asserted Rainsford. "I've watched him close, and believe he'll get the workingman's solid vote in this district!"

McGregor stepped forward, his eyes flashing: "There has never been any such thing as a solid Labor vote! It would be a keen and terribly effective tool if these fellows ever had sufficient sense to pick it up and use it—but they haven't! The men stand together in the unions and butt against each other at the polls. They'll starve themselves and their families in sympathetic strikes, and then slash each other's candidates in the primaries. They're shoulder to shoulder against their employers, and jiu jitsu over their franchises! Solid vote! Go into the shops or street and ask the first dozen you meet how they'll vote. You won't find one who's thinking of his own affairs, but they're all slopping over for the good of the country. They've got all the big party slogans ripping off their tongues, because they sound important. 'Free raw material' is of more importance to them than freedom from pinching economy, 'Home Trade' a bigger thing to talk about than home comfort and sufficiency. The iniquity of the 'other party' is more appalling to them than Thorne's guff about the iniquity of the mortgages on their wages. The Panama Canal is more worthy to engage the Titanic intellects of these brawny sons of toil than the alimentary canals of their families!"

It was McGregor who was now worked up, and we looked at him in some little wonderment, as, with flashing eyes and a great scorn in his tones, he went on:

"Those who ain't pounding on a bar over these ideas are going to vote the good old ticket their fathers and grandfathers voted—or, if they can't boast any fathers, they're making their own record: 'Threw my first vote for Lincoln, b'gosh, an' ain't never changed it sence, an' ain't a-goin' ter!' If they took up politics as they do their union matters, we might feel as though we ought to get busy, but there's no fear of that—their leaders'll head all that off!"

"Why?"

The question came from Odell, quick, sharp, and imperative.

"Odell," responded McGregor, "the union leaders will know that the moment they allow political discussion to get into the meetings they're up against

a proposition which will cause certain dissension and disruption!"

"Then why can't we, ourselves, make use of that condition?" demanded Odell.

"You've got something back of that," "Suppose I found a man—active and influential in the union—who would introduce resolutions in their meetings to support Thorne in a body?"

"That's a slashing good idea!" said Mac, after staring at the wall for a few moments. "A first-rate idea—if you can get the right fellow!"

"I think I can," asserted Odell.

"How much?" I inquired.

"Well, of course, I haven't spoken to him, yet, and so don't know his price. You all know Seldon?"

We nodded, and McGregor added: "Seldon would do if you can buy him. He's been very active in their new Trades' Council, and has been over to Hoppel Falls drumming up union matters at that end. Yes! He's got influence—lots of it!"

"He won't overdo it?" inquired Rainsford anxiously—"won't pull his crowd together so well as to send this Thorne to Washington?"

"That wouldn't be his job at all, Mr. Rainsford. His contract would be to get these union fellows mixed up, and fighting for their various parties—eh, Odell?"

"Certainly. I should have that thoroughly understood."

Odell told me afterward that he knew the bait to use for Seldon. The man was ambitious, and just then had a chance to buy a partnership in a small door and sash factory. He needed a thousand dollars, and Odell agreed to pay him that sum if he would carry out our plan, and especially break up the understanding between the Toonsville men and those at the Hoppel Falls shops.

Seldon proved to be clever and diplomatic. He first interested a few others in the idea of combining for Thorne, and having thus got sufficient backing, he introduced a motion in his own lodge to support the Labor party candidate in a body. There was some strife and dissension, but he won out. Then the other lodges comprising the Trades' Council rebelled. As McGregor predicted, they were furious at the idea that any of the fellows should arrange anything about the way they should vote—should lay a finger on their precious franchise! In the meantime, Seldon had gone over to the Falls. He was in the matter heart and soul now—bound to win his reward. He showed the men there the decision of his lodge to vote as one man, and made several speeches, urging them to join in, but they jeered at him and declared they were independent voters, finally threatening to run him out of town.

"Mischievous shall come upon mischief, and rumor shall be upon rumor." We got the local papers in both towns to comment on the matter in such a way as to excite still more bitterness among the men. I made an adroit move by contributing a hundred dollars to Thorne's campaign fund, stating in an open letter that I was in favor of legislation which would bring capital and labor into better relations. This was interpreted in an understanding between Thorne and myself—and he was suspected of treachery. Altogether, there was strife and bitterness—much discussion, and, I fear, much drinking. And, through it all, McGregor, watchful and eager for every chance, discharged the leading union men, as he could make opportunities, leaving the rank and file still more demoralized.

Seldon got his thousand dollars apart from the service he had been to us, it was worth the money to get so strong and aggressive a man out of the Trades' Council. And, of course, when he became a boss his views on labor matters changed.

Thorne's vote was cut to pieces. Personally, we cared little or nothing about his election or non-election. If he had gone to Washington, he'd have had a very different audience for his ridiculous views. But one of the old standard parties brought in their man—a safe man, "one" as Rainsford cheerfully said, "whose only knowledge of water was confined to the chaser which followed his whisky"

The Last of the Buffalo.

We are indebted to the Ideal Fence Co., Winnipeg, for an excellent colored picture of the government buffalo preserve at Wainwright, Alta, showing a number of the huge animals grazing peacefully behind an ideal wire fence.

There is something almost pathetic in the thought that these "lords of the prairie" who at one time had undisputed sway in the West, have been mercilessly hunted by man until now only a handful of these noble beasts survive. As a matter of fact, the buffalo would have been extinct years ago but for the government taking steps to preserve from harm the few specimens then extant.

Any of our subscribers desirous of obtaining one of these beautiful pictures, which incidentally are well worth framing, should write to the Ideal Fence Co., Winnipeg.

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"Waiter!" roared the diner.

The waiter looked intently out of the window, pretending he hadn't heard. The diner had already complained of his chops and his chips and his napkin, and Alphonse had had about enough of him.

"Waiter!"

Reluctantly Alphonse moved over.

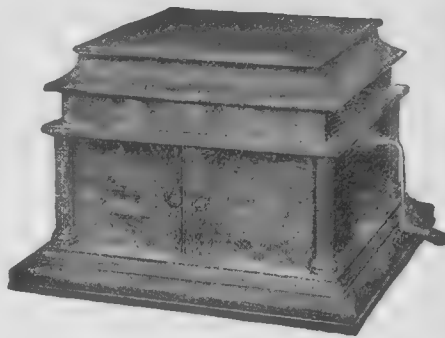
"Just look at the color of this water, waiter!" growled the diner. "It's not fit to drink!"

Critically the waiter raised the glass to the light, and examined it. Then, triumphantly, he set it down again.

"No, sir; you're deceiving yourself, sir," he said kindly. "That water's perfectly all right, sir. It's the glass what's dirty."

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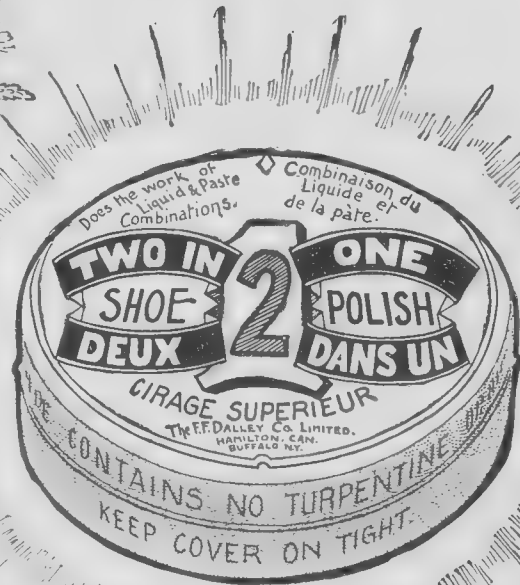
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Regina Cyclone.

"Out of the south cometh the whirl wind," says the Book of Job, "and cold out of the North." The visitation which came upon the city of Regina on the eve of Dominion Day, bringing a cloud over the country's birthday celebration—but a cloud through which shone gloriously the high spirit of determination and the splendidly optimistic energy of the people of Saskatchewan's capital—stands without precedent or parallel in the history of Canada. The serious damage wrought in the few minutes during which the fury of the cyclone raged served but to bring out proof of the stuff that the community of Regina is made of, and to bring out also proof of the sympathy that unites all the communities in this country of ours in a bond of brotherly feeling—sympathy demonstrated generously.

No sooner was the brief, but destructive frenzy of the storm spent than the people of Regina, with characteristic energy, with the optimism that comes from the knowledge of opportunity and with the energetic unitedness which is the strength enabling a community to triumph over any calamity, were at work to make their city more beautiful, progressive and prosperous than ever. Death had come on the wings of the storm to twenty-six people, not a few were injured, many homes were wrecked, churches and other

public buildings were destroyed or seriously damaged.

Regina fronted the present and the future with unconquerable determination. It was written by the ancient Greek sage that not stone and brick and mortar and wood made a city, but the brave, unconquerable hearts of the people. This is a truth of which Regina gives proof.

It had been very sultry for several days prior to Sunday, June 30, but in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, there were evidences of a storm brewing. A heavy black cloud arose in the southeast sky and another one in the northeast. These storms gravitated together, and finally met immediately south of the parliament buildings.

The result was that a funnel shaped cloud swooped down upon the city, taking an almost direct course from south to north. Everybody ran for shelter from the rain storm into the houses. A violent wind storm followed, which suddenly grew to great intensity, and before anyone had any idea of what was to happen, the area affected was thrown into a state of chaos.

It suddenly became dark, the electric lights flashed on and off, there was a hissing sound, and then the deluge. There was a sudden crashing of windows and a regular artillery of flying missiles,

parts of houses, verandahs, barns and fences were hurled against other buildings. The rain, which carried minute particles of dirt, swept into the houses carrying everything before it. Houses were tossed about like corks on the water. Families, panic-stricken, rushed to places of shelter, the more knowing ones to the cellar, the others into the central part of the house.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the crashing ceased, the wind died out, and everybody, stupified and dumfounded, looked upon a mass of wreckage where but five minutes before was the most beautiful part of the residential section of Regina. Canoes from Wascana lake were carried three-quarters of a mile and deposited in the public parks in a shattered condition; automobiles standing on the streets were turned upside down and carried bodily into lawns and deposited against foundations of ruined houses. In less than three minutes had left a path of devastation over three blocks wide and two miles long from north to south.

The centre of the storm was the beautiful Central Park. This beauty spot, the pride of the city, surrounded by the city's best churches and finest public buildings, was converted into a scene of wreck and confusion. The two hundred thousand dollar Metropolitan Methodist church was but a mass of twisted timbers, stone and smashed brick. The Sunday School had been dismissed about half an hour earlier or the loss of life in that one building alone would have reached into the hundreds. No one could have got out alive. Some of the stones weighing well on to a ton, were hurled from fifty to a hundred feet. On the opposite corner the Baptist church was unroofed and part of the wall hurled in, but part of the building is left standing. The Presbyterian Church facing the park was also badly wrecked. The roof was gone and two sides were smashed in, while the tower was in ruins.

As soon as the residents realized the disaster which had fallen upon them, they started the rescue work. Doctors and nurses hurried to the scene. They worked like horses. Every automobile in the city rushed to the scene of the disaster and picked their way through the wreckage which piled upon the streets. As fast as the injured were carried out of buildings they were rushed to the hospitals.

Buildings but a block from the scene of devastation were left practically untouched, having but a few windows broken. The first warning of the actual extent of the damage brought to those outside its scope was when three of the girls from the telephone exchange with one of the men working there, appeared in the doorway of one of the local morning papers, telling the occupants that the building was demolished. They were not believed at first, but repeated their tale of how the three girls had come right through from the second storey to the basement, carried down by the weight of a fifteen ton switchboard. They were miraculously but little injured and escaped from a basement window.

There were sixty girls in the Young Women's Christian Association building facing Central Park. One side of the building was torn out, the roof was whirled away and the windows were blown in and most of the furniture wrecked. How the girls escaped is a mystery. Miss Morton, secretary of the Y.W.C.A., said that she saw the storm coming and ran upstairs with several girls to put down the windows. "I had just got the windows shut when the storm hit us. The windows came through with a crash and I thought the building was going. It shook like a leaf. I ran into a closet and dragged several of the girls with me. It was all over in a minute. I thought certain the girls were all killed. Most of the girls, however, ran to the park and hid under the bushes. How they were not killed by the flying debris I cannot understand. Only three were injured and not seriously."

One of the most thrilling stories of the disaster is told by Matthew Hendryson: "I was in the club room at the rear of the Methodist church," he said, "when the storm broke. I ran to leave the building, but saw bricks flying through the air, through the door and window. I then ran back to see if any one was in the main body of the church. No one was there. I started madly to the Sunday school room, thinking some children were still there. However, it was empty. The noise was absolutely deafening. The



In the path of the cyclone, The top of the house, sitting in the foreground was carried for two blocks and none of the inmates were killed.

One Tractor Day Equals One Team-Month

AN I H C tractor saves time, and time is money. As an illustration, a 45-horse power Titan or Mogul drawing an engine gang turns as much ground in one hour as could be turned with a walking plow in a day. If necessary, a tractor will work twenty-four hours a day, doing almost a month's work for a team and walking plow.

An I H C tractor saves money. If your seed bed must be prepared at a certain date to insure a profitable harvest, the tractor way is the cheapest way to plow, harrow, and pack it. To hire extra teams and help to accomplish the same amount of work in the same time would cost far more than doing the work with a tractor. Furthermore, this saving holds as true of the harvest time as of planting, and on a small farm as well as on a great bonanza ranch. There are few farm machines that save as much time and money as a reliable

I H C Kerosene-Gasoline Tractor

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I H C tractors are made in various styles, and in 12, 15, 20, 25, and 45-horse power sizes, for use on large and

small farms. I H C general purpose engines are made in all styles and sizes from 1 to 50-horse power. They furnish power for pumping, sawing, grinding, running the cream separator, feed grinder, or any other farm machine to which power can be profitably applied. They do satisfactory work in mill, shop and factory. The I H C local agent will give you catalogues and full information. See him, or, write the nearest branch house.

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This shows the ruins on the morning following the cyclone. This area was covered with splendid residences that were swept to pieces by the force of the wind.

whole church rocked and it seemed as if the world were coming to an end.

"I ran back to the rear entrance and attempted to open the door. The wind was blowing so strongly that I hesitated with it partly open. Placing my knee against the door in that position I stood for a fraction of a second, when the whole side of the church collapsed, and fell in front of me, brushing me by a hair-breadth, with a mass of stone, brick and timbers, I then crawled out over the door

manifestation of the powerlessness of man before the might of the elemental natural forces. But the outstandingly and impressive thing in connection with the destructive visitation was the instant recognition by the people of Regina that it was for them by their faith and work to convert the calamity that had befallen their city into a fresh starting place for greater achievement than before in the growth of the material prosperity and the community spirit of



A spot where the cyclone wrought great damage. To the left is the ruins of the Methodist Church; next is the Y.W.C.A. building and at the extreme right is the Public Library.

that had acted as a shield over the ruins of the church. How I escaped I cannot comprehend. It was marvelous. As I look at the wrecked building now it seems impossible that I got out alive."

Many pages of the Western Home Monthly might be filled with the narratives of the Regina people, telling their experiences, and with accounts of the extraordinary doings of the cyclone. The amazing thing is that there were not more lives lost. It was a terrific

Regina. It has been the privilege of Governments, other cities, business concerns and individuals to contribute to the provision immediately begun in Regina for the immediate pressing needs of the many left homeless. The occasion has been one that has greatly quickened the sense of human comradeship, and it will prove of enduring influence both in that respect and in respect of the fine, inspiring example set by Regina's people under such a visitation.



Showing a corner of a vacant lot covered with debris after the cyclone. This gives some idea of the way in which the timber was carried about.



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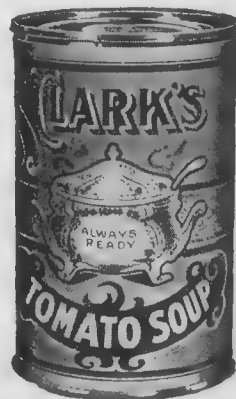
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192



SOUPS

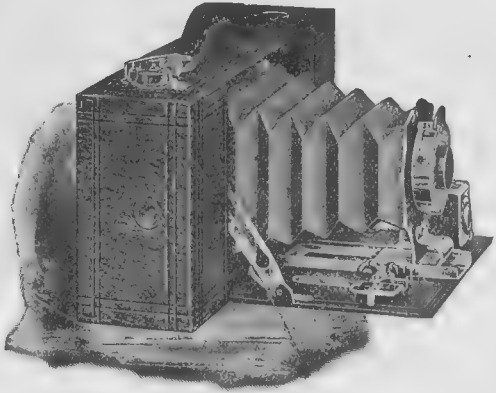
Nothing is so nice as a good Soup—generally speaking home-made Soups are nice—but you can't get them, and that's where the prepared Soups come in—CLARK'S SOUPS in pint containers are just the kind to have at hand. They are prepared just the same as in the best regulated homes, their flavors are individual and incomparable, and quality inimitable.

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Wild Life at Sea and Wild Men Ashore.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author.



WE stood on the beach and marvelled at the thundering surf that rushed like a squadron of wild horses up the boulder strewn shore. The wind was shrieking a furious accompaniment to the wild song of the sea.

In front of us the water of the Straits of Juan de Fuca was lashed into great white-topped combers by the gale. Far out we could see one of those rare sights nowadays — a full rigged ship—the Holt Hill, Greenock, Scotland, to Victoria, B.C. This little straits gale was simply fun to the big shapely

sheet and deck hamper—yes, and even the aged captain's life went out.

I spoke to one of the natty crew, as well as a set-up crew on this last of the great merchant marine, with officers in blue cloth and gilt buttons, with the men's prompt obedience to orders, as any I have seen in the rapidly growing navy of our southern neighbors..

I spoke to a midshipman — up went his hand to his cap instanter. "Rough time, lad, getting round the cape?"

"Rough, sir, was no name for it. You see those mountains"—pointing to the even now snow-capped Olympics that form the southern shore of the Straits of Fuca—"we were beating about for two months in seas something like



The Holt Hill.

white ship. Alas! she was of a rusty white when we saw her closely at the Outer Wharf. Take out your maps and look at that little cape, that sharp point that forms the southern extremity of the continent of South America—Cape Horn—the Cape of Storms, as the sailors call it, but plain Cape Horn to us landlubbers. Now, look well at this noble bark, almost the last of the full rigged ships that sail the seas, and judge of the severity of the storms of that dreaded cape when you hear the present captain in command of this tall, white ship tell me that it took sixty days to round the point (the ship left Greenock on January the eighth and docked at Victoria August the sixth)—sixty days in which sail and topmast,

them. You see, we are deep with bricks and liquor and miscellaneous. We made a good run to Staten Island, that's just around the corner of the cape in the Atlantic. Well, we set for the cape, and the captain—you know, sir, we lost our captain after this"—and the catch in his voice and the downcast eye spoke well of the memory in which the late captain, T. E. Parker, Commodore of the World's Merchant Marine (remember I am writing of a period several years ago)—what an honorable title to hold—"was the best man that ever sailed a ship, sir. Well, he put her to it, and he kept her at it for a whole week, but we never seemed to get ahead, and repair breakage and set new canvass. Look out for seas that wash-



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The Greek that catches sharks and his pet surf duck.

ed our decks — and that would have washed us over like chips. Why, sir, it's my theory that storms are born down there. Well, sir, the first thing we knew it was 'about ship' and back to Staten Island, for if the Holt can't make it no other ship can." And he set his cap yet more jauntily on his well poised head. "The second time we ran into worse gales than ever. 'Pon my word, sir, I thought the Holt, big as she is, would go clear over; she raked the seas with her yards as if she wanted to comb them down. Back we went again to Staten Island. Once more we set out with all repairs made, but the gales were waiting and they swept down on us worse than ever. Night and day it was pound and splash and ship big seas. In the very worst of it, you know, sir, the captain had been taken ill about the second time we tried to get around. While he lay in the chart room, sailing the ship, sir, and fighting the storm as no other man

Sallow Faces

Often Caused by Tea and Coffee Drinking.

How many persons realize that tea and coffee so disturb digestion that they produce a muddy, yellow complexion?

A ten days trial of Postum has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up a bad complexion.

A Washn. young lady tells her experience:

"All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles more or less.

"We all were sallow and troubled with pimples, breath bad, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves.

"We didn't realize that tea and coffee caused the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that.

"Although we started to make it, we all felt sure we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we tried Postum and were surprised to find it delicious.

"We read the statements on the pkg., got more and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We all were able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleaned off, and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

could he must needs get up to an instrument in the chart room. And he dropped dead, sir, at his post, sir. It seems strange, but no sooner had we buried the captain than the storm ceased. Do you think 'Davy Jones' must have made up his mind to have him sir?"

Mindful of the vein of superstition the fo'cle breeds, I answered him kindly. As I stepped again to the wharf and saw the many crews swinging on their boards, scraping the stormbeaten sides of the big ship, I thought of the body of their late captain suspended fathoms deep beneath almost the exact spot where he was wrecked in the Eller Bank and where he once before almost lost the Holt Hill.

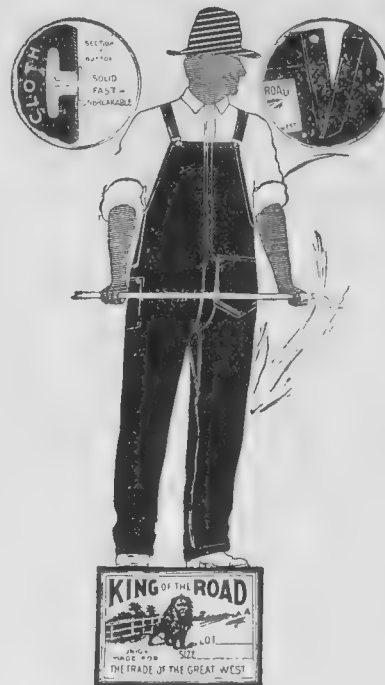
Mounting Pegasus, we leap to the secondary part of the title. There have been rumors galore of wild men seen on the mainland and on the islands of the Pacific Coast. The wildest I have myself seen were the lonely bachelors at the ends of the trails. During my natural history work we often penetrate far up some of the narrow arms of the sea that cut and intersect this picturesque rocky coast. In a tiny clearing, far off from all mankind, I met an ancient Irishman, hairy and old and rough, and he told me in his delightful brogue:

"Why, 'te islands be full of ould bachelors like me, ould chaps that can get nary a wife. Look at me." I was and intently). 'Here I have me one hundred and sixty, not much of it cleared. True for you, but what's the use. I get me bite. If I clear any more up the deer do be after ating it—every blade of it. If I goes and as much as looks at a woman' te fust thing she asks me is—how much money have yous got, but if she's as old as Metusala she won't have me." I can yet see his wee dug-out on the shore and hear him calling after us as we sped away, "'te world is full of ould bachelors."

Again—I found an old Swede, with a kind word of all his neighbors, living any means of communicating with his on a lonely little island far off from fellow man. When I lamented with him because of his isolation he told me. "I haf the geese and the ducks and the seals and the loons and the gulls; they don't tell lies about me." What was hidden behind the old man's deeply set eyes as he laughed after his speech my reader can guess at as well as I. It seems that these lonely dwellers on the islands of the coast have acquired a gentleness of speech, a shyness of manner, that might lead the casual observer to term them wild.

On several occasions wild men have been reported as seen gathering roots. Only a short time ago word was brought me that a really truly wild man, attired in the conventional garb of Nature, was seen spearing salmon in a nearby creek. My informant described him as hairy, dwarfed, nude (all these so-called wild men are al-

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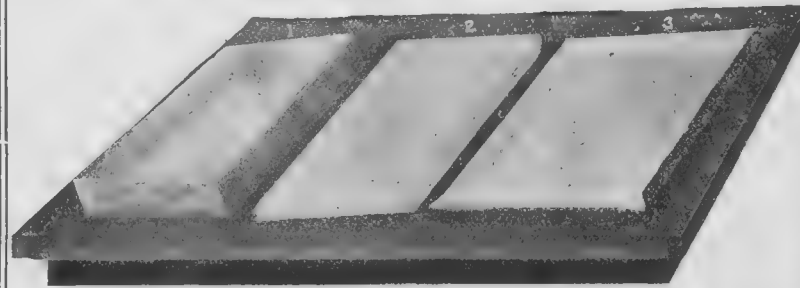
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as being one of the most useful and serviceable inventions for the farmer and citizen of the small town as well as the big city, and declare that the amount of butter secured from a quart of cream by the Taylor Butter Pan process is GREATER than is secured by the old churning process.

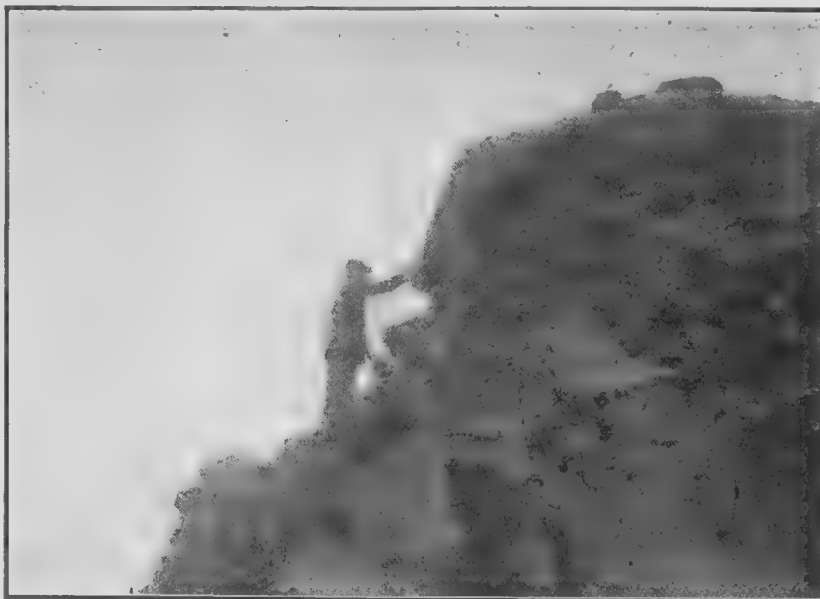
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ways hairy; they are so often seen taking fish, I suppose they are fishy, too). Well, I thought I would investigate this case. I found a poor coast Indian fishing, as did his forefathers from time immemorial. Really, I must not dwell upon it as at the best of times, and granting the utmost consideration, a spear cannot be said to constitute a very sufficient wardrobe.

In some of the more distant inlets, where the older members of the scattered remnants of the tribes of the Coast Indians yet dwell I have found men that could be truly called wild men. But, alas, they were only the afflicted of the tribe, ones so injured and neglected by the absence of all medical and sanitary care at birth that the weakminded had become much as the beast of the field. In some cases going so bent and crippled as to remind one forcibly of a quadruped. One poor thing that I saw come slowly creeping into a friend's house was uttering the most unnatural guttural sounds. Yet my hostess knew what he wanted. She made up the medicine, cut a bright flower and pinned it, with the bottle, on the front of his coat, and off the poor stricken one crept. So you see, it is not difficult for an Eastern writer, with an imagination, to describe these afflicted ones, these incensed men with long hair and beards — as wild men.

Of the wild men afloat truly their name is legion. This coast is the home of the "beachcomber," an occupation unknown in the East. Whole families live on the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. "Pirates" is at times too kindly a word. Everything is grist that comes to their mill. From the shellfish they gather on the "poor man's farm"—the seashore—to the great logs they steal from passing rafts, their harvest is huge and daily is it gathered. One of their dwellings resembles Robinson Crusoe's storehouse. I have seen dwellings and tables made of the costliest boards that ever graced a mansion—torn from some wreck half covered by the sands.



Egg Hunting.

Dainty hangings from some passenger steamer flapping against a white-washed wall — whitewashed mahogany as like as not. Sea-stained satin cushions, exquisitely carved handrails—used as a clotheshorse—and the pets they keep—dogs and cats, wild ducks and geese, seals and fishes. And the dried curries that fill these straggling coast dwellings—maybe there is a bit of liquor kept handy in case of visitors (with money), maybe not.

And what of the women of these strange men—Danes, Swedes, Icelanders, Finlanders. I stopped beside one sun-tanned—well, for this time I will call her woman—she was busily engaged in the delicate task of sawing a "cut" off a fir log of the slight diameter of seven feet. Her mate was on the 'tother side a lecture on 'Flies, their menace and down and asked me what I would give for her picture—the lady wanted just

two dollars. Bless her heart! And if my films had not all been laden with other, and more interesting animals, I would have taken her — not literally, saints forbid. She was coarser and rougher than almost any man I have met in late years. There are hundreds of families of these "wild men," these beachcombers, scattered from California to Alaska.

Home Economics.

As the thermometer was soaring between 90 and 100 on Saturday, June 29th, the meeting of the Swan Lake Home Economics was held on the lawn surrounding Mr. Wasey's house.

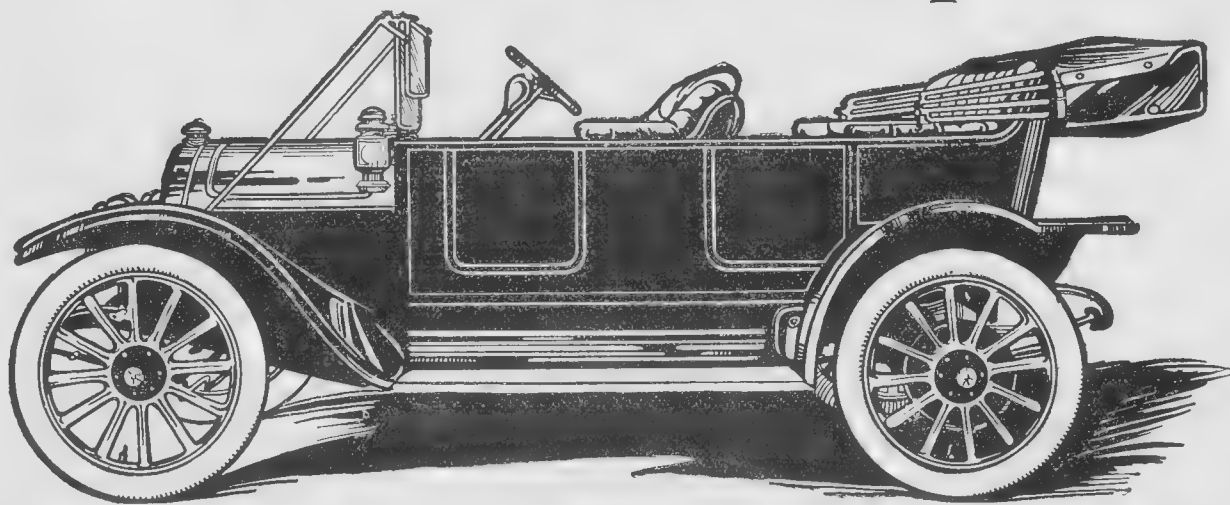
The first item on the programme was a lecture on 'Flies, their menace and how to get rid of them,' and was extremely interesting and instructive.

Dr. Rice pointed out the absolute necessity of beginning the fly crusade quite early in the year and stated that each fly was capable of reproducing 6 million of its species between the month of June and October, and each can carry 6 thousand disease germs in its mouth. Also it should be remembered that flies can travel quite a distance and are often the agents for spreading infection within a radius of 4 and 5 miles. There are three well defined sources of typhoid infection—flies, fingers and food and of these the fly is the worst and the most to be feared. Flies are also responsible in many cases for the spread of summer cholera which is so often fatal to young children.

Attention to strict cleanliness and the forbidding of all accumulations of rubbish, manure piles and collections of garbage and decaying matter are the best, and indeed the only means, of getting rid of the fly pest; also it must be borne in mind that the early flies, the progenitors of the countless swarms that threaten the health of the community later, are bred almost entirely in houses, they being so much warmer than the outside atmosphere in the beginning of the year, it follows that the killing of every fly as soon as it is discovered, and the scrupulous cleanliness of all dwelling places will do much to abate the fly nuisance. Formalin, lime and a strong solution of lye, are all excellent agents for destroying the fly maggots and should be freely used in all outhouses, and over all accumulations of rubbish pending their carriage to the nuisance ground, which should be arranged for at the earliest possible opportunity.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Rice for his most interesting paper, and then Mrs. Gardner was called upon to read her paper on 'How to keep Cool,' which was particularly appropriate for the afternoon. Mrs. Gardner pointed out that as the heat had to be borne, one very good way was to keep cool mentally; it was inevitable

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Robe and foot rails.

that all housekeepers should suffer from the heat in the summer but that it was unnecessary to add to existing discomfort by grumbling at it and so making it worse; the advisability of a light, easily digested diet, hot drinks rather than iced ones, living in the open air, closing doors and windows during the hot hours and opening them for the cool, were a few of the suggestions made by Mrs. Gardner; altogether it was a bright interesting little paper and was much appreciated.

Mrs. C. K. Wilson had kindly brought her gasoline iron and gave a demonstration on how to light and use it and explained its many advantages over the present system by making the worker independent of fuel during the hot

weather and enabling one to work without recharging or reheating for 3 hours.

Mrs. Hartwell, the Secretary, was then asked to give an account of the progress of the Improvement of the Cemetery scheme and she stated that the response to the appeal for funds had been most gratifying, the necessary \$100 being already almost gathered. It being mentioned that the work in the Cemetery was at a temporary standstill, the President, Mrs. Gordon, requested Mrs. Hartwell to see the gentlemen in charge of affairs to have the work pushed forward in all haste.

Lunch was then served and the members dispersed.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Among the many interesting women who this year attended the Canadian Industrial at Winnipeg there was one group with whom I Fair Visitors. came personally in contact of whom I think my readers would be interested in hearing a little.

The first was Laura Rose, now Mrs. W. F. Stephens, of Huntington, Que., who is the editor of the home page of the Canadian Farm, and whose book, "Farm Dairying" is now in its fourth edition. As Laura Rose, she was for 14 years instructor in farm dairying at Guelph and lectured and judged all over Eastern Canada and very considerably in British Columbia. Why we were never fortunate enough to have her in Manitoba I cannot tell. She showed me pictures of her newly completed home in Huntington. She and her husband planned it together, and it has every labor saving device and sanitary contrivance at present known to the house-building trade and a few that are the direct inspiration of the mistress. Every new device has been fully tested and Mrs. Stephens is always on the lookout for new things about which she may write in her page after she has submitted them to a practical test. She will be in the West for some time and will take in the Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon and Edmonton fairs, and quite probably some of my readers will be fortunate enough to meet with her.

Mrs. Grey is the wife of Charles Grey, the secretary of the Aberdeen-Angus Association of America. Before her marriage, which is so recent as last January, she was assistant professor of Home Economics at Ames Agricultural College, Iowa, where Miss McKay, a Manitoban, by the way, is Dean.

Mrs. Grey writes for the woman's section of Country Life in America and also does considerable amount of syndicate work on Home Economic subjects. She is city born and bred and all her men folk have been interested in machinery, and it was not until she went to Ames that she came directly in contact with country life. She knew absolutely nothing of live stock, though, as she herself says, from childhood she had lived in an atmosphere of piston rods, cylinders and the like. Like a true helpmeet, she has interested herself in her husband's business, and it is amazing what she already knows of the points and the history of live stock. Enough, in fact, to make many a woman blush who has been born and brought up on a farm and whose mother and grandmother before her were of the farm. Mrs. Grey also will accompany her husband to a number of Western fairs, as he will act as judge at some of them.

Mrs. George Bellows accompanied her husband, who came to judge Shorthorn cattle at the Winnipeg Industrial. He is a breeder of Shorthorns and also live stock auctioneer. Before her marriage Mrs. Bellows was a teacher and newspaper woman and she is a news-

paper woman yet. With her husband she reported the whole of the live stock section of the Trans-Atlantic Exposition, and at Winnipeg she spent a number of hours in the ring watching the stock and commenting upon them. She was tremendously interested in the splendid school exhibit made at Winnipeg and spent an entire morning going over it, finally pronouncing it the best in quality and among the largest she had ever seen, and she has seen all the large exhibits of this kind made in the United States.

Mrs. O. V. Battles is greatly devoted to the magnificent herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle owned by her husband; one of the largest and best herds in the United States. She knows Mrs. Battles. every animal in it, and, as she has no family, she goes with her husband to all the larger fairs where he exhibits. This is the first time they had made Winnipeg. She was a keen and interested spectator in the prize ring.

All of this group of women are more or less deeply interested in matters, which, some years ago, were supposed to interest men only. As I looked at them I felt that I had never met a more womanly group of women and had seldom seen a group better groomed or more appropriately and smartly gowned. It was a real pleasure to look at them as well as talk to them.

How many of my readers are planning for Lethbridge in October? A goodly number, I hope. The programme of the woman's section promises to be of great interest, but the chief advantage will be, I am sure, in the women getting together. I met a woman from Saskatchewan the other day and asked her how the Homemakers' Club was getting on in her district. She replied, "Not very well, but we are holding on." She is a woman of strong character and I am sure that they will not only "hold on," but will take a new start and do better. The spirit to hold on is a most valuable one in work of that kind. There are many interruptions in anything like outside work which women, more especially on the farms, in this badly womaned country, and the temptations to go slack and let go is great. Therefore one or two women in a club determined to "hold on" are invaluable.

Dear readers, I would like to say a word to you on this much discussed and often sadly misunderstood subject. The other day I chatted with a friend, a woman, who, with pen and tongue, has labored hard to secure improved laws for women, the dower, the right to homestead, etc. She had come back from a series of meetings in the country very much discouraged. Over and over again the women had begged her to do something towards getting these laws amended for them, but in every case when she had suggested to them to work for their own enfranchise-

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I H C Cream Separators will make good under the most severe skimming test. If you will compare their construction with that of any other separator you will see why. Extra strong shafts and spindles, spiral cut gears, phosphor bronze bushings, thorough protection against dirt or grit getting into the working parts, and perfect oiling facilities, are the features that make these separators good for long service.

I H C Cream Separators Dairymaid and Bluebell

are close skimmers and built to last, and at the same time are easy to clean and turn. The reasons are these:

The interior of the bowl is entirely free from intricate forms of construction. Every part has a plain, smooth surface, to which dirt and milk do not adhere. The dirt arrester chamber removes the undissolved impurities from the milk before separation begins.

Accurate designing and fitting of all moving parts, spiral cut gears, convenient crank, and thorough lubrication, make these separators easy to turn.

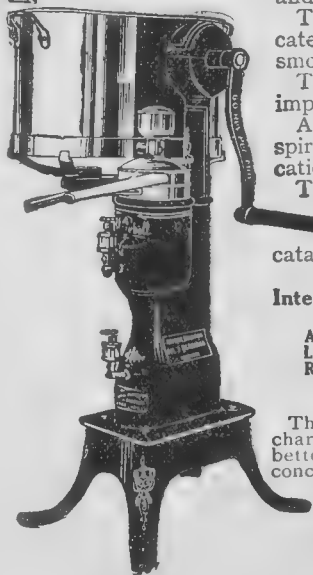
There are many other features worth your consideration. Ask the I H C agent handling these machines or write the nearest branch house for catalogue.

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At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton

I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizers, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U S A





Hudson's Bay Employees Picnic.

ment they had said, "Oh, we don't want to do that." Well, I do not know what my friend told them, but I know what I would have told them, and it is this, the possession of the franchise is the basic reform, get that and all these other things will be added unto you.

This is not an ideal world for men, but they have got matters in far better shape for their own comfort and well-being than have women, and they have been able to do so because they had votes and, governments had to take notice of them.

Above all, do not let any man stam-pede you on the franchise question because of anything that the papers say is being done by the Suffragettes in England. In the first place, you can full discount half of everything which they have been reported to have done that is of violent character; and, second, in using violence they are simply following the example of men from time immemorial. Personally I do not like these methods, and to us on this side of the water they seem futile, but the women who are carrying on this movement in Britain have exhausted every peaceable method; they are suffering wrongs in their persons and in their property about which we understand little or nothing. While I do not understand their reasons for employing these methods, I do understand they are fighting for a matter of simple justice and they are willing to suffer bonds and imprisonment, even death itself, if it will further the cause. No great reform has ever been won without martyrs to the cause, and without things being done which looked to the outsider as illogical, unreasonable, often insane.

Let me beg of you, dear women readers, even if you cannot sympathize with this movement for political liberty on the part of other women, at least do not sneer at it, as unfortunately so many women do, thinking thereby to make themselves more popular with men. Men may disapprove of suffrage and sneer at Suffragettes, but in their heart of hearts they do most cordially despise the woman who rounds on her own sex and makes fun of their attempts to secure liberties which she herself is too great a slave to tradition and convention to even want. It is no proof that suffrage for women is wrong because so many women do not want it. Thousands of slaves in the South did not want their freedom, but that did not make slavery right or the desire to break up slavery wrong, though it cost so many thousands of lives and so much money to do it.

Some women say, we don't want the responsibility of the vote, let men make the laws. If that is your attitude you should accept without question the laws which men make; you should not seek to have them altered, for that would be illogical. You cannot shirk responsibility by saying you don't want it. Every woman who declares she does not want the responsibility of helping to make the laws is making hers. If, to that extent responsible for the injustices, yes, even the crimes committed in the name of existing laws, because she has not made an honest endeavor to secure the power to help in changing them.

Once more this page is open, and I would be more than glad to hear from my readers on this subject. — E. Cora Lind.

The Hudson's Bay Co. Mail order Picnic.

Shopping by mail has become a modern and most satisfactory way of obtaining the luxuries and necessities of life for the people outside the largest centres. In this connection the Hudson's Bay Company have come to the front and the efficiency and reliability of their mail order department is now second to none. No amount of money has been spared by the management to make shopping by mail easy and safe for their customers outside the city of Winnipeg. The handling of hundreds of mail orders every day has become a science and the growth of this branch of the Hudson's Bay Co. only proves that quick and accurate service is appreciated by the general buying public.

The afternoon of Saturday, July 13, was celebrated by the staff of the mail order department by a picnic and sports at Winnipeg beach. The staff left Winnipeg at two o'clock via C. P. R. in three private cars and a most enjoyable afternoon and evening was spent. The following was the programme as carried out:—

Train Amusements.

1, Ladies, hat making; 2, Gentlemen, doll dressing.

Water Sports.

3, Ladies' wading race, 100 yards; 4, ladies' swimming race, 50 yards.

Land Sports.

5, girls' race, 20 yards; 6, single men's race, 100 yards; 7, married men's race, 100 yards; 9, ladies' egg and spoon race, 50 yards; 10, gent's sack race, 50 yards; 11, ladies' three-legged race, 50 yards; 12, gent's boots and shoes, 50 yards; 13, lady and gent's needle and thread race, 50 yards; 14, tug of war



Buy I H C Wagons for True Economy

YOU cannot farm without a wagon any more than you can keep house without a stove. It is something you need every day. You work it harder than anything else on the farm, and when the old one wears out you have to get a new one at once.

Figure out how many bushels of corn, wheat, or oats, or how many bales of cotton it takes to keep you in wagons, and then see how much you save when you buy a wagon that lasts longer than the average.

It is an easy thing to do, even though all wagons which are painted alike look alike. The difference in wagons is underneath the paint. It is the material and workmanship, as well as the paint of I H C wagons

Hamilton Petrolia

Old Dominion Chatham

which make them the best wagon investment for any farmer.

We tell you plainly what material goes into every part of our wagons, and we want every purchaser to convince himself before buying, that when I H C wagons are advertised as having oak or birch hubs, maple axles, and long leaf yellow pine box bottoms, these are the materials actually used.

Such care is taken in the construction of the I H C wagons, and in the culling of the materials which go into them, that when a wagon reaches a farmer's barn, that farmer has one of the best wearing, easiest running farm wagons that skilled labor can make or that money can buy. There is no need to speculate in buying a wagon. Wear and tear and length of service are the points to go by. I H C wagons are made for nation-wide uses, with special features adapted to local conditions. Wherever sold they are right, and ready for use in that locality. The I H C wagon agent in your town sells the wagon best suited to your neighborhood. Ask him to go over the wagons with you. Ask him for I H C wagon literature, or write the nearest branch house.

Western Canadian Branches

International Harvester Company of America

(Incorporated)

At Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Weyburn, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.



(ladies); 15, tug of war (gents.); 16, ladies and gents.; 17, 100 yard handicap—children 50 yards, ladies 25 yards, gent's scratch. Starter, Mr. J. R. Myers; judges, Miss Masters, Mr. Hardiman and Mr. Moscarella.

After the races were held the refreshment committee arranged the picnic table in a most appetizing manner and all sat down to a hearty supper. The committee are to be congratulated upon

the way everything was conducted. The picture illustrates some of the party, and was taken as the committee was trying to round-up the rest of the staff to take part in the races. After the prizes were presented to the various winners, the happy party embarked in their private cars and were brought safely back to Winnipeg without having had an accident to mar the pleasure of the day.

Load Your Own Cars and Fill Your Granary with a

New Taggart Portable Elevator

Entirely Strengthened and Remodelled

Will Save its Costs in One Season

It is a back saver, time saver, money saver. It will save three men's time and two teams at least.

For loading cars and filling granaries—operated by gasoline engine which sits on front end of skids.

We can supply engine, if wanted, or fit elevators to be run by your own engine by giving us speed and size of pulley.

Will elevate from 500 to 1,000 bushels of wheat per hour according to power.

We also have a Horse Power outfit complete, called our Junior Star. Only a few of them left.

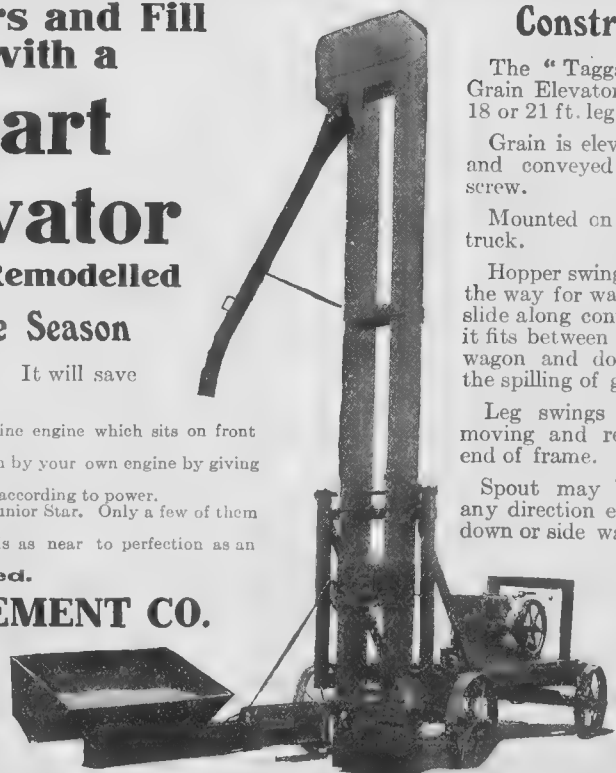
Our 1912 Model has improved Gearing and Frame and is as near to perfection as an elevator can be made for convenience and capacity.

Write for descriptive circular. Agents Wanted.

THE HARMER IMPLEMENT CO.

Winnipeg

This cut shows Elevator mounted on truck, with leg up and Hopper swung back to let team drive up alongside of Elevator.



Construction

The "Taggart" Portable Grain Elevator is built with 18 or 21 ft. leg.

Grain is elevated by cups and conveyed by worm screw.

Mounted on skids or farm truck.

Hopper swings back out of the way for wagon, and will slide along conveyor so that it fits between the wheels of wagon and does away with the spilling of grain.

Leg swings down when moving and rests on front end of frame.

Spout may be swung in any direction either up and down or side ways.

Our Prices Are Right

Facts about Fruit Growing.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Leslie Hart.

Do you, men of the prairies, ever dream of possessing an orchard in one of British Columbia's fertile valleys, and if you do, I suppose you judge it by the various booklets and advertisements sent out by interested land companies and real estate men. If this is the case, I am sure you must have a very exalted idea of the possibilities of fruit growing, as also of our climate—such, for instance, as taking an afternoon nap on the verandah on a mid-winter's day; and in the summer time doing likewise, while the orchard looks after itself and the dollars come rolling home. At least, that is the kind of idea I had before entering the land of promise.

Now, I think it is a great pity that so much exaggeration should be used to boost a country that is on its own merits proving itself more each year to be one of the leading horticultural

advantages, and what would not look perfect in such a case?

We will take the question of capital and land first. As a rule, I think, the amount of capital required is underestimated. Good fruit land in the Okanagan now costs, in bush, \$300 an acre, and I will base expenses on 10 acres, as from ten to fifteen acres of well cared for orchard is far better than a larger one only half cared for. The first expenses will then be as follows:—

10 acres of land at \$300 an acre.....	\$3,000
Clearing same at \$50 an acre.....	500
Breaking at \$6 an acre.....	60
500 trees at 25 cents each.....	125
Planting at 8 cents a tree.....	40

Total \$3,725

Now, generally, they give estimates such as these and say nothing about further expenses, whereas this is only



Athlmer, B.C., showing Water Frontage on Columbia River.

countries of the world, and therefore I am attempting in this article to give a few of the real facts as seen by one who has worked in the fruit districts and who has no interest in the country beyond a thorough liking for it—and a great belief in its present and future possibilities. Perhaps, after all, these booklets do not so much exaggerate as it at first appears; they simply give all the good points they can rake together and none of the disad-

just the first expense in laying out the orchard. Of course, these figures are based on having everything done by outside help. Naturally, if you clear the land yourself you can save considerably, which also applies to the planting. Then there is the question of a house, which can cost anything from \$1,000 up, and finally you have to take into consideration the upkeep of the orchard until it comes into bearing. If the orchard is to do its best it will have to be well looked after, plowed either in the fall or spring, and cultivated continually through the season, which, if an outside team has to be employed, will cost from \$15 to \$20 an acre each year. Spraying is another item, but luckily not a very heavy one in B.C. as yet, as we have no pests, and, of course, the first year or two this will not be much of an expense. In fact, neither spraying nor pruning are very serious expenses until the orchard is giving some return. But we must not forget the question of water; rates for irrigation water run at from \$4 to \$5 per acre per annum, and for domestic water, say, about \$30 a year. I could mention further expense, fencing, for instance, but such things are not considered in the usual estimates.

Yes, you will say, but according to the booklets, I can grow sufficient in the way of small fruits and crops to cover all expenses, and the trees are represented as bringing in dividends from four years up. This brings me to the point—that I find most grievous fault with in these same booklets, for, generally speaking, crops cannot be made to pay on the bench lands and these latter are the only lands adapted for the best fruit growing. Crops, such as potatoes and onions will not pay to grow at all, but small fruits, more especially strawberries, if the growers understand them, can be made to yield fair returns; but it is of no

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of insurance is now held in force by The Great-West Life Assurance Company,—protecting 34,000 well-satisfied Policy-holders.

This Business has been effected in less than twenty years.

There are the best of reasons for this notable success. Low rates and high profits are two of the reasons.

Ask for personal rates.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE: - - WINNIPEG

A Memo Book—free on request.

use growing them on a large scale, as there is not a sufficient market. Poultry also will help the expenses a little, providing always they are managed in a thoroughly business-like way.

Once more we will return to the booklets. No doubt you will have seen big returns given for onions and potatoes, and these figures are not fictitious, but the crops happened to be grown on bottom land, which is quite unsuitable for growing fruit. This little fact the authors of the booklets consider too trifling to mention. As for the bearing, what an orchard will bear in four years is hardly worth considering, but at six years it should yield enough to cover orchard expenses, and from the seventh year should yield paying crops. It is difficult to say exactly what a full bearing orchard should yield, but I think an average gross return would be \$400 to \$500 an acre, although I have met fruit men who preferred to put it at \$300 to \$400. It is the long wait before the first returns can be looked for that many find so hard, at least as far as family men are concerned. A single man who has the necessary capital to cover all first expenses can easily pay his way by working around, as wages are good and labor always in demand. The main thing to be known is that you must not put any hope in raising crops to cover expenses.

I will say here that these particulars are more especially for the southern half of the Okanagan Valley. Now, as regards climate, and that is no doubt one of the chief attractions to you Northwest farmer, the summer is magnificent, dry and very sunny, and the temperature does not often go above 90 in the shade, and we have none of those dry, hot winds that you get in the prairies. The fall is a delightful season, such grand sunny days and so refreshingly cool, and although the winter perhaps is not quite so mild as they would have you believe, yet I judge you people of the Northwest would hardly call it cold. This winter, for instance, the coldest we have had is 5 degrees below zero, and that on two nights only; while for weeks on end we have had no frost at all. At the same time, we do not have a winter like this every year, for last winter it went to 25 degrees below for one night, and we had seven days of zero weather altogether. The snowfall varies very con-



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Cost \$12.85

Big Ben is the result of 26 years of fine clock making. The first Big Ben cost \$12.85 to make. The first hundred cost \$6.50 each. But the great demand has brought the price down to everyone's pocketbook.

Buy Him Now
for \$3.00

Big Ben is hand-built, like a fine, thin-model watch, and "time checked" for 140 hours for accuracy. 1,055 skilled watch-makers build Big Ben—the clock that's the pride of the famous Westclox Community of La Salle, Illinois.

2,500 Big Bens now leave the factory every 10 hours and the demand gets bigger daily. Big Ben has ticked himself into popular favor because he is built right, runs right and is priced right.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. If you cannot find him at yours send us \$3.00 today and we will send him by return express, duty charges prepaid.

Big Ben

WESTCLOX, La Salle, Illinois

See Open Top Tub Room to Work

See How the Wringer is Attached

89W

MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

The Wringer Board extends from the side, out of the way of the cover. This allows practically the whole top of the tub to open up—makes it easy to put in and take out clothes.

No other washer has as large an opening. No other washer can be worked with crank handle at side as well as top lever.

Do you use Maxwell's "Favorite"—the churn that makes quality butter?

Write us for catalogues if your dealer does not handle them.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, ST. MARY'S, Ont.
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Classified Want Ads.

For the benefit of our subscribers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we commence with this issue a Classified column of Condensed Want advertisements which we trust will prove of interest and convenience. Rates on such advertising will be 3c per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c.

For Sale

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR LAND. One 40 H.P. Flour City Gasoline Engine, 10 plow John Deere gang and 36 x 64 Aultman Taylor Separator. For particulars address Lock Box 145 Elbow, Sask.

SPORTSMEN TAKE NOTICE.—I have a fine Bunch of Liver and White Pointer Pups, 2 months old. \$7 each. Parents good bird dogs. J. Frame, Chamberlain, Sask.

Fruit and Farm Lands

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS in fine valley on main line B.C. Cedar fence posts in carlots. Write Postmaster, Malakwa.

Help Wanted

MEN AND WOMEN.—I will start you in the mail order business, making from \$25.00 to \$40.00 weekly. No canvassing. For particulars send stamp. Wallace W. Smith, London, Ont.

WE HAVE VACANCIES for representatives in several Western towns and villages. Pleasant, interesting work and good pay. Write for particulars. Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want good agents everywhere to sell our beautiful 16 in. x 22 in. s.s. Titanic picture, suitable for framing. Sells like "Wild Fire." No canvassing. Everybody wants one. Agents are already coming money. Send 25c for sample picture and terms. Get started at once while the horror at "The Great Disaster" is on everyone's lips. Tinscott Publishing Co., Sydney N.S. Canada.

NEW DEALERS:—The Western Home Monthly is in active demand everywhere and we can make you a very attractive offer on a trial order. Full particulars regarding discounts on request. Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Miscellaneous

12 COLORED VIEWS, 52-page magazine, world-wide exchange offer, all for 10c. Round World Postcard Club, Dayton, Ohio.

100 ENVELOPES printed for 50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Samples free on request. Address The Anderson Press, Net of Lakes, Sask.

BROTHER—Accidentally discovered root will cure both tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. E. N. Stokes, Mookaw, Florida.

MUSIC LOVERS try this sweet song of the West "Little Laughing Girlie Meg," sent post paid by the writer for 25c. J. Duff, Mekiwin, Man.

GET A COPY of Canada's Invitation Waltzes. This is a beautiful waltz, published by the Globe Music Co., 1193 Broadway, New York. 15 cents for one copy or 7 copies for one dollar.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA WINNIPEG

Offers courses leading to Degrees in Arts, Science, Medicine, Law, Civil and Electrical Engineering. The faculty consists of twenty-seven professors, lecturers and demonstrators, and six colleges are affiliated. A wider range of courses is offered in Arts than ever before, also excellent course in Medicine with facilities for clinical work that are surpassed in few institutions on the continent. The course of study for degree of B.Sc. has just been instituted. For terms of admission, details of courses, curricula of studies, information as to fees, etc., apply to

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Practical Auto School, 661 Beaver St., N. Y. City

siderably. Some years we do not get more than 8 to 10 inches, while another year we should have two feet. I may add that these figures for the snow-fall apply only to the southern Okanagan, a much heavier fall being usual in the northern half of the valley and in the Shuswap districts. I think it would be well here to give a few details of this latter district, as it is somewhat different to the Okanagan.

Sicamous, on the main C. P. R. line and also on Shuswap Lake, is the gateway to the Okanagan Valley which runs south from here, while these new districts, of which Talman Arm is the oldest lie to the west and along the shores of the Shuswap Lakes. For a man with less capital these districts are likely to be more suitable than the Okanagan, as land is considerably cheaper and no irrigation is required, while, at the same time, crops can be raised here as a help towards expenses. In my opinion, anyone who is thinking of going in for fruit growing should spend some time in looking round these various districts before making a choice. Too many run into buying, seemingly forgetting that there are many waiting for them, only too glad to sell them a piece of land they have no use for. The cities and towns are, generally speaking, excellent, good hotel accommodation, splendid stores, while all professional needs are well catered for, and I think it is generally acknowledged that the school system in British Columbia is one of the best in Canada.

I have endeavored in this short article to give you facts about fruit growing as it actually is without the garnishings of the real estate men. Nothing can be all-perfect as they would have us believe, but taken on the whole, the fruit grower has a pretty good time of it and certainly has not the same hardships that his brothers of the Northwest have to put up with. As a last word, I should like to mention the articles written by a lady journalist, who went through this country last year, in which she stated that a lady could start and keep up a fruit ranch with a capital of \$2,000. Such a statement is too absurd to need comment, but as it might receive credence in some quarters I think it is time it was contradicted.

Scold Your Wife.

If you wake up feeling bad,
Scold your wife;
If the weather makes you sad,
Scold your wife;
If your collar button slides
Into some dark nook and hides,
As you move with angry strides,
Scold your wife.

If the coffee's cold or flat,
Scold your wife;
If your chop has too much fat,
Scold your wife;
If you chance to get your sleeve
In the butter, do not heave
Soft sighs or in silence grieve—
Scold your wife.

If your hat has gone astray,
Scold your wife;
If you're late upon the way,
Scold your wife;
If the day brings any loss,
If you fail to please the boss.
Journey homeward, feeling cross—
Scold your wife.

Never mind what ills she bears—
Scold your wife;
Add your own to all her cares—
Scold your wife;
That's the way to get along;
She is weak and you are strong;
Every time a thing goes wrong,
Scold your wife.

—Anon.

Fire-proof Granaries.

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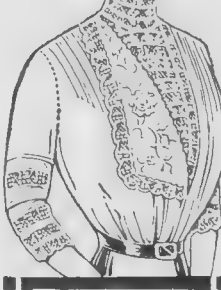
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The Man Who Dared to Disobey.

The great soldier is the man who, as a subordinate, on all ordinary occasions obeys orders implicitly, but who, when the great emergency arrives, knows that to save the day and his country he must disobey. He breaks his orders on his own responsibility, knowing that the result alone will justify him. Failure would be his ruin. Success may immortalise him. And, if he is great, he knows that he shall succeed. One of the members of the Russian Imperial Cabinet, Monsieur Witte, Minister of Finance, is one of the most powerful and important men in the empire. Highly esteemed and trusted by the Emperor, he is respected and honored by the representatives of foreign Powers. Yet Monsieur Witte is of humble origin—a fact which in Russia, where every circumstance favors the man of noble blood above the plebeian, has counted for much against him. Monsieur Witte in his early life, after an imperfect education, was made station-master at a small and unimportant railway station in Southern Russia. The war between Russia and Turkey arose, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers had to be transported into Roumania and Bulgaria. One day Monsieur Witte, at his station, received telegraphic instructions to make certain arrangements in connection with the passage of these troops along the line. In Russia orders from a high source connected with the affairs of the government are terrible things, not to be disobeyed. But this young man saw that obedience in the present instance would create great confusion if not positive disaster. His superiors had told him to do the wrong thing. He ventured to violate his instructions and to do the right thing. The president of the railway summoned the young man before him and asked why he had presumed to disobey his telegraphic orders in a matter of such vast con-

sequence. Monsieur Witte told him why and convinced him that he was right, and that the orders were wrong. Instead of removing or punishing him, the chief of the road promoted him. Afterward, this railway president, Monsieur Wichnegradski, was called to St. Petersburg to assume a place in the Imperial Cabinet. Remembering the man who had so successfully disobeyed, he sent for him and gave him a post under him. After that Monsieur Witte's advancement was rapid, and he rose to occupy the highest "business" position in the empire—that of Minister of Finance.

A Lesson in Agony.

Rose Watkins, considered by Edwin Booth one of the best Juliets who had ever played in his support, made her debut with Charlotte Cushman's company. Amy Lee, Mrs. Watkins' daughter, tells this story of her mother's first appearance:

"I think the play was Jane Shore. My mother was obliged to rush upon the stage and, at the sight of Miss Cushman, start back with a cry of terror. On the first night she was so overcome with stage-fright that she couldn't utter a sound. The scene was a flat failure. But, contrary to her expectation, she was not dismissed.

"You will do all right to-morrow night, Rose," said the star.

"When, on the following evening, mother made her entrance, Miss Cushman caught her by the wrist and jabbed a hatpin clear through her arm. Naturally—very naturally—mother let out a blood-curdling shriek. The scene was a tremendous success.

"Very good," commented Miss Cushman, after the curtain calls. "Now you are in a fair way to become a great actress."

A Remedy for Bilious Headache.—To those subject to bilious headache, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and so act upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at sometime subject to biliousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

A JAPANESE METHODIST PEER.

A news item of exceptional interest from Japan announced a couple of weeks ago the elevation of Mr. Soroku Ebara, by His Majesty the Emperor, to the House of Peers. Mr. Ebara was one of the first converts made in Japan by a Canadian Methodist missionary, Rev. Dr. Meacham. He is a speaker of great ability, and is known as the Bryan of Japan. By all accounts, he has played a unique part in the advancement of his country. He was a charter member of the House of Representatives when that body came into existence twenty years ago, and continued to be a leading figure when the constitutional monarchy was established in Japan, and continued a leading member of the House until a short time ago, when he retired. John Wesley said, "I take the whole world for my parish." But Japan was to all intents and purposes outside the world then—that is, outside the world that most English-speaking people meant when they said "the world."

THE QUEST FOR RUBBER.

As a source of human cruelty and human suffering, of man's inhumanity to man, rubber has been in the modern world what gold was in the days of Cortez. Devilish work is now reported from Peru. A tribe of natives, simple and harmless, has been fiendishly treated by the rubber companies. The facts have become known through an investigation, conducted by Sir Roger Casement, under instruction from the British Government. A British company has been buying this rubber from Peru, the directors and shareholders being wholly unaware, as the Government of Peru was, of the methods employed to secure the crude rubber. The facts, as brought to the knowledge of the world by Sir Roger Casement, are sickening. South American adventurers and British negroes from the Barbadoes have been enslaving the Indians, treating them with the most horrible cruelty, inflicting punishments of medieval cruelty, torturing and committing red murder. The adventurers have been compelling the Indians to work, sparing neither women nor children, and collecting from the Company's agents at the coast their reward in cash. The discovery should bring prompt reform, and if there is any law under which the guilty can be punished, they should not escape.

A YOUNG MAN'S MISHAP.

A Winnipeg paper, in reporting recently the case of a young man who had been injured on the street one evening and taken to his boarding house in an unconscious condition, said that "the people of the house said further that he was a quiet and strictly sober young man, and for this reason he had become acquainted with but few people in Winnipeg." What the people of the house intended to say, and what the reporter had in mind to report them as having said, is, of course, quite plain. But the wording might have been improved upon. It is satisfactory to note that the young man recovered from his injuries. Let us hope that by this time he has a circle of friends whom he has attracted by his sober habits.

THE LIGHT IS SPREADING.

An interesting instance of how strongly a myth can take hold of the people in parts of continental Europe, is afforded by the explanation, recently dealt with by a leading scientific writer, of a belief which several years ago spread among North German peasants, that all Roman Catholic children with light hair and blue eyes were to be sent out of the country—to Russia, said some, while others declared that the German Emperor had been playing cards with the Sultan of Turkey and had staked and lost forty thousand fair haired, blue-eyed children; it was said that there were Moors travelling about in covered carts to collect the youngsters, and that the schoolmasters were helping. For a time the popular excitement was serious. Parents kept their children from school and hid them. The cause of it all was that the Anthropological Society of Berlin, with no thought of the commotion it was to stir up, had, in order to secure certain scientific data, induced the authorities to undertake a census of the local schools, certain of the questions put having reference to the color of the children's hair, skin and eyes. The spread of modern enlightenment, penetrating even the most remote parts, is rapidly making it impossible that such mistaken ideas can prevail, and will in time, as we must hope, lessen the possibility of war. In past centuries, how many hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed in wars, which were fought for causes, in regard to which the masses of the population were as completely astray as the North German peasants were in believing that the German Emperor and the Turkish Sultan had played a game of cards, with forty thousand children a side as the stakes!

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

From Los Angeles and other cities in the States, on the Pacific coast, have come recently stories of tragic endings of marriages of white women to Japanese men. The record is shocking, but not surprising. In every essential, husband and wife must differ in such a union.

They are products of widely divergent civilizations. In their ancestry there have been no points of similarity of training and habits. The husband comes of a race that looks down on women; and this is only one of the fundamental differences between the two. Religion, social customs, temperament, racial characteristics, all afford points of the widest divergence. No matter where such an unequally-yoked couple make their home, the wife is destined to social ostracism; and this, of itself, must sooner or later darken her life. The traditional attitude of all races towards such marriages of couples of different races, is based upon recognition of their undesirability.

A UNIQUE FIGURE.

The German Emperor has added to many activities that of commercial traveller. He has been endeavoring to secure from the Czar some portion of the contract for Russia's new warships. What success attended his efforts is not known as yet, but he unquestionably displayed all the push and eloquence characteristic of his new profession. What an extraordinary part he has played in world politics. On succeeding to the throne, his first act was to dismiss Bismarck—an action signalized so memorably by Punch's famous cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot." He has had a strenuous time of it during all the years that he has been Emperor, numbering now close upon twenty-five. He has been regarded as a medieval war-lord transplanted into these times, but he has never heard a gunshot of actual warfare. His interests are multifarious. He preaches learnedly on the Bible and social reform, and dabbles in artistic and literary work, often with most ludicrous results. He occasionally leads an orchestra. He lectures everybody. He is ridiculed both in Germany and in other lands, but merely strikes a still more imposing attitude and pursues his Imperial way. He is supremely self-confident, and entirely happy in his approval of himself.

THE BROADER SPIRIT.

In a school history in use in the United States, beneath the illustration portraying the death of General Wolfe, are the words: "The Death of the Young Soldier Who Saved America to the English-speaking Race." Many historians have argued that if it had not been for Wolfe's capture of Quebec, the French, a first-class fighting race, would have established themselves on this continent, and possibly there would be no United States—at any rate, the United States would cover a smaller share of North America, as the string of French forts down the Ohio valley hemmed in the English colonists. The school histories in the United States no longer show any signs of the old spirit that used to make the Fourth of July a tail-twisting occasion. They are taking more of the true view that what that day stands for was, and is, rightly considered, a development in the evolution of the English-speaking race.

THE WINDS OF THE WEST.

That the climate of this continent is producing a race which in physical and mental efficiency promises to be distinctly more efficient than the races of the other continents, is the remarkable theory which was set forth a couple of weeks ago by Prof. Willis Moore, of the United States Weather Bureau, in a lecture before a scientific society in London. He bases his theory on the assertion that the north-west winds of this continent, blowing with great velocity from an extreme altitude of vast electrical potentiality, release more ozone in the proper state for human breathing than is to be found anywhere else in the world. The theory is, at any rate, an interesting one, and should make us Western Canadians realize, if we accept it, that we can no more help being energetic that we can help breathing. Prof. Moore points out that the continental climate of this continent, especially the climate of the prairies, differs from the "marine" climates of Europe, in that most of the winds originate over land areas and "carry oxygen, which is readily transmitted into ozone by electricity, whereas the marine winds of the British Isles and the chief countries of Europe are lacking in the means for releasing this virile element." Which sounds exceedingly recondit. But what about the Vikings? They breathed "Marine" winds all their lives, and nobody would ever think of saying that they were at all lacking in energy. And how about those modern maritime peoples, the British and the Japanese?

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

A flag is really more a question of sentiment than of any arbitrary rules of heraldry or officialism. History tells of how men have—with reasons sufficient to give their lives for—hoisted a woman's petticoat and a blacksmith's apron, as a standard, and have followed "the flag" to victory or death. "Time doth consecrate"—yes, and usage becomes law—and certain it is that the red ensign, with the Union Jack next the staff and the arms of the Dominion in the "fly," though originally a marine flag, has come to be recognized on land as well as on sea as the national flag of Canada. And so the letter which the Colonial Secretary has sent out from London to Ottawa, announcing that that flag is intended to be used only on Canadian merchant vessels,

and that Canada has no distinctive flag, cannot be regarded as disposing of the matter finally. No doubt the Colonial Secretary is technically correct in his announcement. But you can be technically correct, and actually all in the wrong. And as to the technical correctness in this case, the Dominion Parliament ought to take action without delay to give Canada a flag whose correctness cannot be questioned technically or in other way, as Australia and New Zealand have their national flags. Against the Canadian flag—that is the red ensign, with the Dominion coat of arms—there is the objection, which is really an objection to the Dominion coat of arms, as it stands. The symbols of only the first four provinces are shown—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. There is nothing on the coat of arms to indicate that Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia form part of the Dominion. And this is the coat of arms on the new Canadian gold coins! As to the flag, why not have, in place of the coat of arms in the fly, a white maple leaf?

CANADIANS' CONSUMPTION OF LIQUOR.

Comment is being made of the figures of liquor drinking in Canada, set forth in a bulletin just issued by the Inland Revenue Department. They show a marked increase in the consumption of liquor per head throughout the Dominion last year, as compared with previous years. "Either Canadians are becoming a much thirstier people," says the Montreal Gazette, to quote one typical piece of comment, "or recent newcomers must be a particularly thirsty lot." As a matter of fact, there has not been as much increase as the figures show. The explanation is that the total quantity of liquors consumed last year has been divided by 7,423,000 which is the census population, to get the consumption per head; whereas last year the quantity was divided by 7,901,000, which was an assumed estimate of the population, made before the census was taken. The consumption of spirits last year was, in reality, barely in excess of the average for the past forty-two years, and the consumption of wine less. The consumption of beer was nearly double the average for the forty-two years. But in regard to that average, it must be remembered that for several years past it has been figured out on an estimate of the Dominion's population, which was above the mark. Compare the Canadian figures with those for five chief countries of the world, showing gallons consumed per head of the population per year:

	Spirits	Wine	Beer
Canada.....	1.030	.114	6.598
United States.....	1.512	.076	21.873
Great Britain.....	1.295	.037	33.356
Germany.....	1.909	.175	27.434
France.....	2.429	3.355	7.228
Russia.....	1.721	.250	1.517

It is thus plain that Canadians drink less spirits than the people of the five other countries named in the above table, less beer than any except the Russians, and less wine than any except the people of Great Britain and of the United States.

BADLY NEEDED REFORM.

One matter to which President Taft has given special attention is the necessity of a reform of procedure in criminal cases throughout the United States, more especially in regard to murder cases. He appointed a commission of eminent jurists to report upon the advantages of the procedure in the British Courts, and has declared himself earnestly in favor of the commission's recommendations that the British model should be followed in the United States. The comparative immunity from punishment allowed to murderers in the United States is the result of extreme regard by the courts for technicalities. Mexico is the only country with a worse murder record. The number of murders in the United States, in proportion to population, is ten times that of Canada, fourteen times that of Great Britain, twenty-five times that of Germany, eight times that of Australia and eight times that of Japan. Taking the statistics of the past five years, for every ten murders in the United States, only one murderer has been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment, and only one murderer for every eighty murders has suffered the death penalty. Lawyers defending murderers in the United States polish up a thousand little points of pleading, practice and evidence, and fire these at the judge, who has to decide off-hand. If he falls into a single technical error, no matter how trivial, or how far removed from the question of guilt or innocence, an appeal is taken and a new trial is ordered. In British courts, on the contrary, all errors of form are brushed aside, unless they can be shown to have caused an actual miscarriage of justice.

IN PRAISE OF GOOD COOKERY

The most beneficent and useful persons are those who know how to provide a good cuisine, and the art of cookery is the greatest and most useful of arts. It has had as notable inspirations of genius as the highbrow arts of music, literature and painting. The masters of the culinary art, who have produced celestial cookery and given to the world priceless recipes, deserve and will in due time achieve as great renown as the greatest masters of the other arts. If all literature was destroyed save cookbooks the human race would not be so badly off.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

IDEAS.

Few men think, unless compelled to do so by pressure of circumstance. Herein is the value of trouble in every form; it compels men to think. Men on small salaries work for a living. Men on large salaries think for a living. It is easier to work than it is to think. It is easier to move a piano from cellar to garret than it is to master the mysteries of the keyboard. The "thinkers," when they get through, ride in the parlor-car. Think! Thought measures the distance between barbarism and civilization. Dr. Hillis says:—"When Lubbock had fed the chief in the South Sea Islands, he began to ask him questions, but within ten minutes the savage was sound asleep. When awakened, the old chief said: "Ideas make me so sleepy."

CRITICISM.

At twenty-one, we are all critics. And to most of us at that age the universe does not appear to be absolutely perfect. We imagine we can make a suggestion or two—and perhaps we can. But see to it that you make your suggestion, kindly. The era of modern hymnology began after this fashion: We quote a paragraph out of "English Men of Letters," concerning Rev. Isaac Watts:—"His term of study closed at Stoke Newington, Watts, still little more than a youth, returned for some time to his father's house at Southampton. Worshipping with the congregation there, under the ministry of the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson, he felt that the psalmody was far beneath the beauty and dignity of a Christian service. He was requested to produce something better, and the following Sabbath the service was concluded with what is now the first hymn of the first book; and a stirring hymn it is—as an ascription of praise or worship, and as a confession of faith it is remarkably comprehensive and complete.

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown."

CHARACTER.

What do you stand for in your own community? I have no doubt that a commercial agency could give me your financial "rating," if you have any—but what do you stand for socially, morally and spiritually? You stand for something, and that something is known, noticed and registered. How do you like the description in the following lines:—"A metropolitan paper lately made reference to the death of a prominent citizen. It stated his name and mentioned his family. The family was historic. Then it gave the various social organizations with which he had been connected. The article concluded with the words: "He was a well-known patron of the turf; he was one of the best connoisseurs of wines in America, and was always present at every first night at the theater and opera."

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Within certain natural limitations, you can do anything you please with your body. You can expand your lungs, round out your neck, remove the wrinkles from your face, increase the volume of your voice, strengthen the muscles of your back, make and keep your digestion normal, and add days to your life and a secret joy to your existence. Here is an eloquent passage which strikes the right key:—"Ben Hur! the galley slave! see him pull at the oar! How that beam bends as he pulls! Neither the Roman nor the lash could make a stubborn Jew pull like that. He pulls for his own sake. He wants strength; and day by day he feels his muscles harden and sees those sinews enlarge. But he knows that rowing at the same oar always must mean a one-sided development, and he must be perfect. So he calls for the captain and asks to be placed for a time as a rower on the other side of the ship. His request is granted. And when the galley is wrecked and Hur is free, he stands erect, a perfect specimen of manhood. Yes! he was living to meet Messala, the Roman, to take life for life, and he knew that to meet him he would need to be enlarged on every side."

COMMON SENSE.

Common Sense is the foundation on which the religious instinct rests. Because men cannot get along without a God, therefore, religion holds a unique universal sway from age to age. Men leave the church, but even when they do, they carry a certain, well defined religious instinct with them. "I once met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ; and he said he should have become an infidel, but for three things: 'First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley

where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters'—and he said it with tears in his eyes. "They have no protector but myself. I would they should die rather than I should leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it the teachings of the Gospel."

ROOM AT THE TOP.

There is a golden key—its name is Quality. There is a secret known to every child of genius—it is revealed in that word Quality. There is a password to be spoken at the entrance of the Temple of Fame—and that mystic word is Quality. Quality lends atmosphere to the picture, fire to the diamond, bloom to the peach, sheen to the silk, grace to the body, beauty to the gesture and modulation to the voice. Quality commands gold, preference, social position and fame. When Daniel Webster was told that the field of law was overrun with barristers, and that he should not think of turning his attention to such a crowded arena, he significantly replied, "There is room enough at the top."

SECOND PLACE.

Always be willing to be regarded as a "second choice." So-and-so was preferred, but not being available they have offered the position to you. Take it, take it gladly. Go in, if need be, on the second floor, and if you possess grip and grit, you may, by and by, preside on the first floor. The main point is to—get in, get in and you will get on. Behold the history of the evolution of a great preacher and evangelist. "There came into existence in due time, from converts of the North Market Hall Mission Sunday School, the Illinois Street Church, organized by ministers of all the denominations connected with the Y.M.C.A., except the Episcopal Church. The Chicago Avenue Church is its lineal descendant. Mr. Moody procured theological students to preach for this church, until on one providential day in the calendar of his services, said student did not appear, and Moody was compelled to preach the sermon, as his first. After that he was the regular pastor."

A MISTAKE.

Be careful what you write. When you write a letter, write it for the world. Imagine that letter, if you please, in the hand of your worst enemy—for your best friend may become your worst enemy. Imagine it spread out in the columns of the daily newspaper. Be careful what you write! Be careful what you sign! On the evening after the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, wrote a certain letter, the contents of which have not been disclosed; some years afterwards, he paid a hundred guineas to get it back again. On getting it, he instantly burned it, exclaiming that when he wrote it, he must have been the greatest idiot on the face of the earth!

REVERENCE.

Reverence is a sign of a great soul. It is the soul's response to those elements in historic institutions, monuments, personalities and famous things and places, which arouses and gives birth to the poetic instinct. The man who does not reverence God is a fool. The man who does not reverence man has small respect for himself. Cultivate the spirit of reverence. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "I have a little plant in my mind called reverence, and I go to worship that it may be watered."

"SHORT CUTS."

"Short cuts" are usually across unoccupied corner lots, dusty on dry days and impassable on wet days—roads which are borrowed from the hand of favoring circumstance, and which must, soon or late, pass out of general use. I prefer the sidewalk, for, here, I have a right to walk, and, here, the community guarantees me a certain measure of protection. The business methods keep to the sidewalk and avoid the short cut. Remember the words of Horace Greeley:—"The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it."

RETROSPECT.

Don't be discouraged with yourself. Remember that self-disappointment is, in itself, a sign of progress. Strange, if you could be satisfied with the feeble attainments of ten or fifteen years ago. Face your past and be resolute concerning the future. Trollope had an experience. He records it thus:—"Early in life, at the age of fifteen, I had commenced the dangerous habit of keeping a journal, and this I maintained for ten years. The volumes remained in my possession unregarded—never looked at—till 1870, when I examined them, and, with many blushes, destroyed them.

They convicted me of folly, ignorance, indiscretion, idleness, extravagance and conceit. But they had habituated me to the rapid use of pen and ink, and taught me how to express myself with facility."

YOUR MOTHER.

Have some regard for your mother's feelings. She has speculated on your future and "gambled" on your success. She has already made more sacrifices for your welfare than, probably, anybody else will ever make, and she would risk her last dollar for you, if any mistake, blunder or crime, on your part, should call for such an investment. Oh, how different are young men in their treatment of the one who gave them birth. An observing writer, remarks:—"A mother once told me that her two sons, who were the joy of her life, differed only in one particular from one another. She discovered the difference when they were both away from home. She was able to trust one a little more than the other. One of them she knew confidently to be quite safe wherever he might be; the other she was not quite so sure about. One relied solely on his power of character and his sense of security in the keeping of God. The other relied a little too much on his own cleverness and strength of will. And it was this latter fact that gave the mother anxiety. Her own heart defined the difference and told her that the only safety was in the strength of a pure life. A good man is safe anywhere."

THE VISION SPLENDID.

There comes an hour to every youth and maiden—an hour of destiny. It may be easily recognized, for it brings a vision, a dream, a new hope, an unexpected glimpse of future possibilities. To act upon that inspiration is to enter, by a noble decision, upon a new career. I find such an hour in the biography of almost every great man. It is the beginning of all that is worth while. An admirer of Gladstone says:—"It was while a student at Christ Church, Oxford, that Gladstone became thoroughly aroused as to the necessity of redeeming the time and making the best investment of his life as a student, declaring, 'The time for half-measures and trifling and pottering, in which I have so long indulged myself, is now gone by, and I must do or die.' Then came his intellectual new birth, and so that character which is a completely fashioned will. Cherished be the memory of the able and stimulating tutor in mathematics, Saunders by name, with whom young Gladstone spent a summer at Cuddesdon and 'found himself.'"

LUCK.

Things don't happen by luck. There is a law of chance, but even chance is governed by law. Everything can be reduced to a science, and in thus being reduced, can be lifted almost into the realm of the miraculous. There is a science for preaching, farming, painting, singing and every other department of human effort. There is always a "best way" of doing things, and always will be. "Success is the reward of endeavor," not of accident. Rufus Choate, when some one remarked that great achievements often resulted from chance, thundered out. "Nonsense! As well talk of dropping the alphabet and picking up the Iliad."

THE RIGHT SIDE.

Don't try and be brilliant—brilliance does not come by "trying." Just try and be true, right and sincere. When you are passing on between fifty and seventy years of age—and you will be there sooner than you expect—nothing will bring you more joy, peace and satisfaction than the inward conviction that you have lived a noble life, and that your influence has been on the right side. Sir Walter Scott returned to Abbotsford to die. "I have seen much," he said on his return, "but nothing like my own house—give me one turn more." One of the last things he uttered, in one of his lucid intervals, was worthy of him. "I have been," he said, "perhaps the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out."

KEEP COOL.

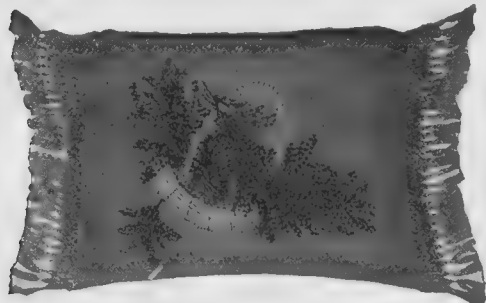
Have faith in God. You are not responsible for being here, but you are responsible to the beings who put you here. No deadly bullet can touch you so long as God needs your presence on this planet. When God pronounces a final "Well Done" on your early endeavor then welcome the bullet if it be God's messenger. Man is immortal till his work is done. After the battle of Manassas, Captain Imboden called upon Stonewall Jackson, who was severely wounded. "How is it, general," asked the captain, "you can keep so cool in such a storm of shell and bullets?" He replied in low and earnest tones, "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed."

Embroideries.

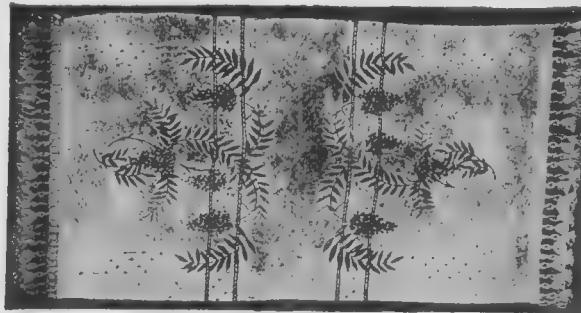
The year of 1912 has brought forward many new and beautiful ideas for embroideries, and they are quite different but all seem to be easily adapted to different materials. To one of these needlework novelties has been given a name which is very descriptive, this is called the Wood Bead Embroidery. It is a handsome imported embroidery entirely new. The large wood beads are the ones that are used for this work and it is peculiarly adapted to fruit

A beautiful centrepiece 27 inches in size matches the scarf and cushion illustrated, want of space will not permit us to show this, but we are sure many of our readers will be interested and embroider a complete matched set.

Another example of the Wood Bead Embroidery is the cushion No. 6510 which shows a beautiful arrangement of pepper berries which may be worked either in reds or browns. The basket may be formed by covering the stamped



No. 6510 Cushion 60 cents.



No. 7169 Scarf 22x54 \$1.50.

designs both in regard to color effect and size. This embroidery is so realistic that it cannot fail to become popular and another thing in its favor is that one has only to slip a bead over the needle fasten down through the material and a berry is produced.

The design illustrated shows a beautiful arrangement of Mountain Ash worked in reddish shades of beads and the remainder of the design is embroidered with Royal Floss using leaf greens and reddish browns. The straight bands which form the background for the graceful groups of berries are couched with rope silk using black, green and Japanese gold.

lines with strands of roping which consists of a small twisted cord and makes a most effective finish, or the basket may be embroidered solidly in shades of golden brown using silks and working in solid padded satin stitch. Further information regarding the embroidering of the above designs may be furnished on the receipt of a stamped envelope.

Beads may be supplied at 15 cents per hundred, silks to embroider at 55 cents per dozen and fringe to finish at 60 cents per yard.

A child's mushroom hat is a most practical idea as it may be stamped on either pique or linen embroidered with a simple but effective

design. The advantages of this hat may be readily seen as it consists of two separate pieces, the crown is buttoned to brim portion and it will be noticed that the latter laces so that when this is laundered one only has to remove the ribbon unbutton the crown and a few moments will transform this pretty hat again fresh and dainty.

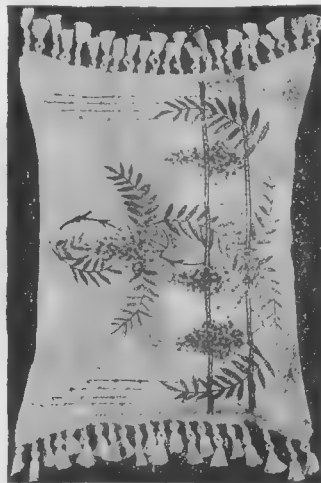
The dainty muslin kimona illustrated will appeal to many women during the hot summer days, this garment may be made as elaborate as one chooses by dainty frilling of lace and pretty ribbon ties, sheer fine lawn is the material upon which this is stamped, this garment



No. 8521 Kimona 75 cents.

is not made up but is supplied stamped only.

The prices quoted in these columns are for stamped or tinted linens only,



8185 Cushion 60 cents.

as we do not supply embroidered articles.

For further information regarding any of the articles described in these columns, address Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. L., Montreal, P.Q.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives.—Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelec's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

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Florida Water

Every woman who has used Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, finds it

indispensable for her daily comfort and has given it a permanent place on her dressing table. She finds especially delightful its reviving effect in the bath.

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BEAUTIFUL EYES

Famous Professor of Chemistry Offers Free, Secret How to Have Strong, Healthy, Beautiful Eyes

Many with Weak Eyes Can Throw Away Their Glasses

EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS Can Also Be Made Beautiful

Without beautiful eyes, no one is really beautiful, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please or appear forceful.

Without strong eyes no one can enjoy life to the utmost. Those whose eyes are weak and those who have to wear glasses are greatly handicapped in life's race.



Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of a famous Professor of Chemistry at an English University, you may have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

Better still, Professor Smith's scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and make their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides cleaning the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright, healthy and beautiful, write today, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply, (please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith, Dept. 998 B. N., Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.

Send Us \$1.00



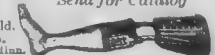
receive by return mail, postpaid, three beautiful wash dresses for girls from 2 to 8. One is of fine white lawn, one is of blue dotted muslin and the other is of blue checked gingham made just as pictured, trimmed with braid. Add 10c for postage. Single dress prepaid 38c.

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For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the new HEATHER EMBROIDERY.

We will give you FREE, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that our ART EMBROIDERY SILKS are the best made.

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Its wonderful fineness, softness and lightness and the flower-like delicacy of its perfumes, make it a delightful accessory to the toilet, nursery or bath. It comes in the box with the non-leaking, easily opened, patented Hinged-cover.



Note the Patented Hinged-cover Box
Four odors, Violet, Carnation, Rose—fragrant as the flowers themselves—and Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume.

May we send you this dainty, silver-plated Vanity Box?



Williams' Vanity Box is a dainty, handsome and durable article, made of substantial material, extra heavily silver-plated; it has a Hinged-cover, a Concentrating Mirror, and French Powder Puff. It is not a flimsy, ornate advertising novelty, but an article of genuine value.

How to get the Vanity Box

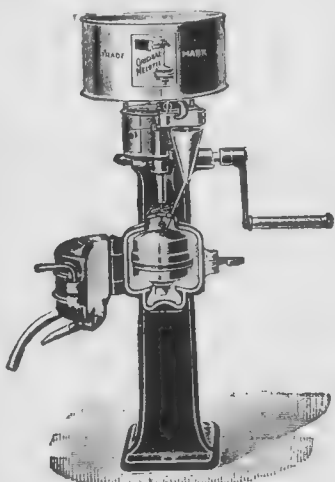
Simply buy a box of Williams' Talc Powder, any odor, send us the name of the dealer from whom you bought it, the date of purchase, and ten 2-cent stamps (20 cents), and we will send the Vanity Box to you at once.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Maple Avenue, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps, Etc.

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The "Melotte" skims **more** milk with **less** power in **less** time and under all conditions more effectively than other Cream Separators. In



addition to the foregoing advantages made possible only by "Melotte" construction, our expert precision in manufacturing—our infinite care in assembly and finish—the use of only the very best of everything—makes the "Melotte" an ideal Cream Separator, thoroughly good throughout.

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Fashions and Patterns.



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



FASHIONABLE SUMMER COSTUME

The panier makes one of the very latest features of fashion. In its later development, it is graceful and attractive and many charming gowns are made in this style. It is especially well adapted to foulards, taffetas and other soft silks, but it is being used for materials of many kinds. The gown illustrated combines one of the new flowered silks with plain

which the yoke has been omitted, it would become adapted to dinner and evening wear. In whatever way it is treated, it is charming in a picturesque and interesting way.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ of a yard 44 inches wide, for the full portion, ¼ of a yard 18 inches wide for the yoke and 5½ yards of lace; for



7218—Fancy Blouse
7434—Panier Skirt
7335—Over Waist or Juniper

7202—Plain Guimpe
7431—Straight Tunic Skirt with Two-piece Foundation.

taffeta, the trimming being of lace, the yoke of net, and the full portions of the blouse of chiffon. The panier can be made after the manner shown on the figure or with closed front and wide bands as shown in the small view, while the skirt can be made in walking or round length and finished at the high or the natural waist line. As illustrated, the panier makes part of a charming costume. Made with the longer skirt and with a blouse from

the panier will be needed 3½ yards 27 inches wide or 2½ 36 or 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of silk for bands and 3½ yards of lace; and for the foundation skirt, 3 yards 27 inches, or 2½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of blouse 7218 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust measure, of skirt 7434 in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure.

Over-blouses of taffeta worn with

I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

But I Banished it Forever, never to Return,
By Simple Home Method.

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO CURE
YOURS TOO.

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was indeed a sight from the exasperating growth and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance.



Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Society Leader who so generously publishes the particulars of her cure.

There are many things advertised for Superfluous hair and I think I tried them all, but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin.

But, notwithstanding all my years of disappointment, today there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms, or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a Professor of Chemistry at an English University. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness, that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness and will tell broad-cast to all who are afflicted, how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name stating whether Mrs. or Miss and address, and a two cent stamp for return postage addressed to Miss Elinor Chapelle Sec'y, 998 St-Denis St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive my complete experience and advice by return mail.

lingerie gowns are among the smartest of all things this season. All sorts of pretty colors are used for their making, and they are extremely attractive and very generally becoming. The one illustrated is perfectly simple, closing at the shoulder and under-arm. It includes a peplum that can be adjusted at either the higher or the natural waist line. The guimpe beneath is a simple one with the kimono sleeves that are general favorites. The tunic, or upper skirt, is straight, consequently, it suits flouncing and bordered

36 or 44 inches wide; for the guimpe, 4½ yards 18 inches wide or 1½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; for the tunic, 2 yards of flouncing 38 inches wide; and for the foundation skirt, 3 yards 27 inches or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, to make as illustrated for the band attached to the lower edge will be required ¾ of a yard 27 inches wide.

The May Manton patterns of waist 7335 and of guimpe 7292 are both cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure; of skirt 7431 in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure.



Fashionable Summer Costumes.

7269—Skirt with Tunic Effect.

7483—Blouse for Misses and Small Women.

7468—Fancy Blouse.

7474—Five-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women.

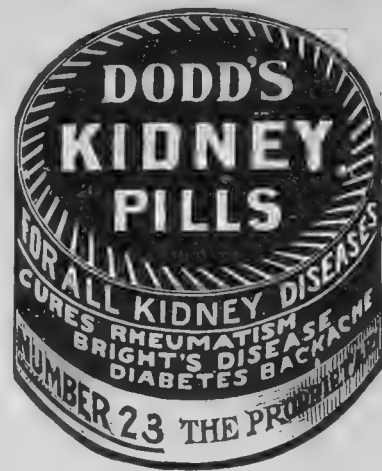
FASHIONABLE SUMMER COSTUME

Silk and linen unquestionably are the two most fashionable materials of the summer. The gown to the left is made of flowered foulard over plain, while the girl's frock is made of linen, and each one is typical of the best that the season has to offer.

The foulard gown includes many attractive features. The blouse is quite a novel one with over-lapped fronts and a smoothly fitting peplum. It can be made with

materials peculiarly well, but it can be made from plain material trimmed with equal success. In this case, the tunic is arranged over an entire two-piece skirt, but if liked, this under skirt can be omitted and a straight band stitched to the tunic beneath the lower edge. The skirt as well as the over-blouse can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line.

For the medium size, the over-blouse will require 1½ yards of material 21 or 27 inches wide, or 1½ yards of material



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ABSORBINE, JR., liniment for mankind. For Strains, Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Gout. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered.

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Write for our catalogue, containing full descriptions and prices of

Switches, Toupees, Transformations, Curls, Waves, Bangs, Wigs, Pompadours, etc.

OUR AUGUST SPECIAL

Beautiful Switch, any shade,
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Seaman & Petersen

NEW YORK HAIR STORE,
283 Smith St. Winnipeg

I QUICKLY CURED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

You May Cure Yours too by a Simple
Remedy Learned from the Japanese.

I Will Give the Benefit of My Experience to
Anyone Free of Charge

Ever since I was a little girl, I was cursed with a growth of Superfluous Hair. I didn't mind it so much then, but when I grew to young-womanhood, the humiliation grew upon me until it became almost a nightmare. It finally got to the point where I was ashamed to go out of the house, and



at the coming of a stranger, I wanted to run and hide my face. The thing preyed on my mind until there were times when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, and I often thought life a burden. I tried every sort of powder, paste, cream, lotion and remedy that I could lay hold of—even the painful electric needle—but to no avail. The hair not only would not leave, but it grew worse.

What I suffered under the needle, I can't describe. One day a friend who had travelled much, recommended a simple little remedy learned from the Japanese. It removed the hair at once and without pain, and in a few days I was the happiest girl in America. The hair had disappeared. It left no scar, and it didn't hurt at all. Today my face is still free from any trace of it.

I am so happy at my own success that I want every other woman to have the chance to remove the ugly disfiguring hair from her face, neck and arms so that they can go into society or to business, free from embarrassment, able to wear short sleeves, and go without a veil. All who want to destroy their growth as I did may secure full particulars to enable them to do likewise, free of charge, by just sending me a two-cent stamp—that's all I ask—just to pay actual postage for reply in plain sealed envelope. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss and address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, Suite 998 BL-118 East 28th St., New York City, N. Y.

SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT: As the method above referred to has been endorsed by doctors, true specialists and many other publishers, we advise all readers thus afflicted to take advantage of Mrs. Osgood's offer and write her at once at above address.

SEND THIS AD. WITH \$3

For a pair of Men's British Chrome Calf Boots. Biggest value anywhere. Sizes 6 to 11. Damp-proof leather. "Easy comfort" last. Blucher out Triple wax-stitched uppers, double reinforced English oak soles, solid leather heels and counters.

A good looking and good wearing boot for work days and all days. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price includes delivery to you. Send for free catalogue.

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SCOTTISH WHOLESALE SPECIALTY CO.
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the open neck illustrated or it can be made high in the neck by the addition of a little chemisette and stock collar. These sleeves are opened to allow the under sleeves to fall through the openings and they are very pretty treated in that way, but plain ones can be made with rolled-over cuffs as finish, if the clashed effect is not liked. The skirt gives the tunic effect, yet it is all in one, the over portion being stitched to the lower. Altogether the gown is a smart and distinctive one, yet quite simple, involving no difficulties in the making.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, or 2 yards 36, or 44 inches wide with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18 inches wide for the under sleeves and 1 yard 18 for the collar; the upper portion of the skirt will require 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, or 36, or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide; the lower portion 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards any width. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7468 is cut in all sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7269, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The young girl's dress is finished with laced edges that are distinctly new and distinctly smart and it includes a skirt in the new envelope style. Linen is a favorite material of warm weather and an excellent one for this model but it, nevertheless, can be reproduced from taffeta or cotton material or any summer material that may be liked. The blouse is a very simple one with the sleeves sewed to the armholes and a big sailor collar, and the skirt is cut in five gores. At the sides, there are inverted plaits, the back forms a box plait and the fronts are over-lapped. If the laces are not liked, both blouse and skirt can be left plain and the closing made with buttons and button-holes or invisibly as liked.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and trimming; the skirt will require 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36 or 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. The full width of the lower edge of the skirt is 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards; but when the plaits are laid, it measures only 2 yards.

The May Manton patterns 7488 and 7474 are cut in sizes for Misses of 16 and 18 years.

The above pattern will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents for each.

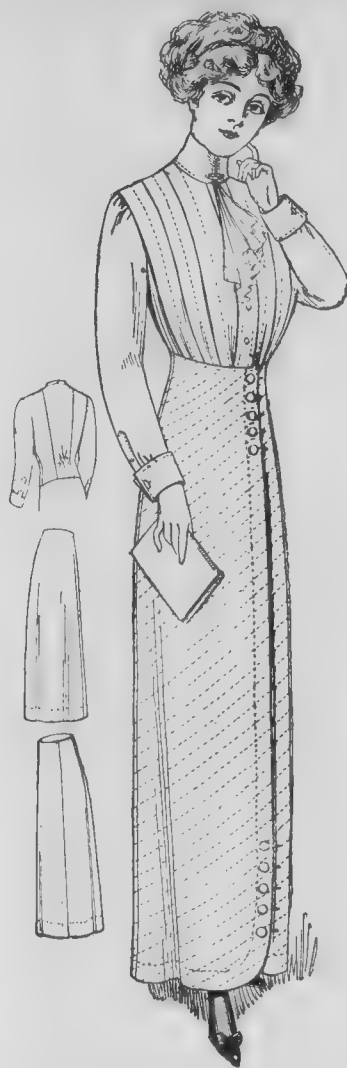
FOR MID-SUMMER MORNINGS.

No entire garment ever quite takes the place of the separate waist and skirt for there are many occasions that this particular costume suits better than any other. This waist is one of the new ones that can be made with soft rolled-over cuffs or with the plain stiff ones and it can be worn with a soft high collar or with any separate stock or collar, as may be liked. It is tucked to give the slender lines to the figure and it is altogether smart. The skirt is made in only three pieces but the front portions are over-lapped, and this over-lapping is a favorite and an attractive feature. The lower edges can be round or straight but the curved effects is new, smart and pretty. This skirt is made of ivory serge and the waist is white linen, but the skirt is adapted to all materials that can be made in the tailored style and the waist to silk and flannel as well as to linen and to cotton. For travelling and for the mountains where the mornings are always cool, wash flannel and taffeta are favorite materials. For the cooler waist, tub silk as well as linen lawn and the like, can be used. There is a tub crepe that is new and effective that makes a practical as well as extremely pretty waist for wear with the odd skirt and the tailored suit. If the high waist line is not liked, the skirt can be cut off and finished at the natural line and worn with any belt.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; the skirt 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7484 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7236 in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

FOR MID-SUMMER MORNINGS.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
484 Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist,
36 to 46 bust.
7236 Three-Piece Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.

A SIMPLE FROCK OF LINEN.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7488 Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

7471 Four-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

A SIMPLE FROCK OF LINEN.

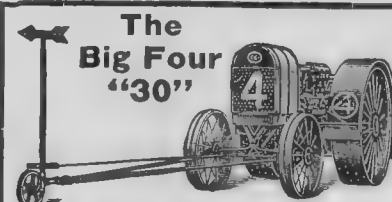
No girl ever has too many linen dresses for her summer wardrobe. Here is one that combines with its usefulness and simplicity some other very attractive features. The blouse is made in two portions with set-in sleeves and a big sailor collar. It is closed at the left of the front by means of lacing and the sleeves are opened and laced to harmonize with this treatment. The skirt is made in four pieces in tunic style and the lower portion is joined to the upper to give the appearance of a separate under skirt. Both fronts and backs are over-lapped in envelope style but may be made either pointed or straight. The skirt may be finished at either the high or the natural waist line. In the illustration, the material is white linen and the lower portion of the skirt, the collar and trimming bands on the blouse are of black and white stripes. The cords, which are used for the lacing, are of black. The skirt is adjusted at the high waist line, making, in effect, a one-piece dress, and this fact, added to the short sleeves and open neck, makes the frock thoroughly comfortable and easy to slip on and off. If a material that requires less laundering is desired, pongee with trimming of brown would be very pretty and very serviceable. For simple morning wear, gingham or chambray in solid color with trimming of material stripped in white and the color of the dress, would be very pretty. The collar may be of the solid material with a band of the striped. If the colored used, the cords would be pretty material is either of white or of color to match the dress. In any case, the frock is exceedingly smart and attractive.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming and 2 yards of cord for the laces; the skirt 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide for the upper portion, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or 44 inches side for the lower portion. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The May Manton patterns 7488 and 7471 are both cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Successful College.

The "Success Business College" of Winnipeg is announcing the opening of The Fall Term on Monday August 26th 1912. Since opening, three years ago, the College has met with great success. During the past year the total enrollment was 840 students. The large catalogue of the College is being sent free to all who are interested.



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The Big Four "30" is the safest, surest, most economical and efficient threshing power in the world. Has many advantages over the steam engine. No water to watch, no steam to keep up, no fire and no danger of any kind. Motor runs smoothly hour after hour without attention. One man runs separator and engine. Engine and separator can be set so that wind will blow directly from engine to separator, which helps separator handle grain and makes a lot of difference to the pitchers. Only a small crew is required, instead of old-time large crews.

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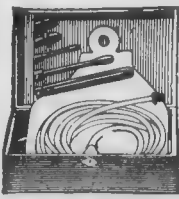
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Sunday Reading.

Trials.

Written for Western Home Monthly by
Thos. A. Spackman.

If you meet with disappointment
As you travel o'er your way,
Just sing a song of gladness
That will turn the night to day.

If your brightest hopes are shattered
And all earthly friends have gone,
Try to make the world look happy
Cheer up—sing a little song.

What's the good of being down-
hearted,
When the trials cross your path?
They may prove to you a blessing,
When the clouds have flown and
past.

If life's road looked worn and rugged
As o'er the mountain rocks we trod,
Think upon the glorious blessings
That are given man of God.

And after life's story's over,
When the troubles cease to call,
You may thank Him for those trials
When you see and know it all.

Now, and Then.

In the current "London City Mission Magazine," one of the missionaries, who works among the men at the London Docks, tells a remarkable story of a man named "Cuss." "In physique he was a strong, burly fellow, with features coarse and vulgar, showing very distinctly the terrible havoc of small-pox. He was a man to be avoided at night, and civilly addressed by day, and when under the influence of drink he was a very undesirable member of any company. He was tolerated, but feared, by the habitués of dock-land. He would occasionally stand outside a group of men at hearing distance and listen to the story of the Cross, but did not appear in any way to take an interest.

"I missed him. Casuals and registered men are often missed. They may be drafted from one quay to another, and be sent from one dock to another, so that many months or years may come and go without my ever meeting the same men again.

"While passing through a recreation ground in the vicinity of the docks, a man passed me at whom I would not have looked a second time had it not been that the voice was strangely familiar to me. As he moved to a particular seat, on which a woman, pale faced, and of delicate health, sat, near a bed of mignonette, he greeted her with: 'Hullo, my hearty! I've come. The kettle is on the fire. If you are ready, we'll now go home to tea. I've got some nice fresh strawberries for you.' 'I'm so glad you've come, Dick. I began to feel tired,' she said plaintively. Looking up at him, with a sweet smile, I saw her eyes were opened, but, alas! she was blind. 'I do so enjoy the scent of the flowers,' said she. 'I'm glad of it. I wish you could see how beautiful they look, all so nice and fresh after the rain. It would do you good,' was the reply. (Turning her darkened eyeballs towards him she said softly, 'Do you know, Dick, what I would look at most if I could see? It would be at your face. You don't know how I long to see it once more. It would be sweeter by far than all the flowers to me.' 'Well, dear, there ain't much to see in me, anyhow,' said he. 'But then you are so good and kind to come and fetch me. It isn't like it used to be, you know, Dick, when the public house was the first place, and home the last place to come to. But things have altered, and I'm so happy with you now,' was her reply. He gave her his arm, and they walked away quietly.

"It dawned upon me that the man was 'Cuss,' the cursing, swearing dock-er; but his voice had lost much of its harshness. . . . Then he told the story of his conversion, how he was in

the grip of the devil, and led captive by Satan at his will. It was the old, but glorious, story of the Gospel, being the 'power of God unto salvation unto all them that believe.'"

Don't Neglect the Pattern.

You know that, when you are learning to write in the copy-book, it is all-important for you to take the top line for your pattern. If, after writing your first line, you begin to copy yourself you will get further and further away from the pattern. And you, little girls, when you are getting into the mysteries of crochet or some such work, you have found out that it will not do to neglect the design. Our text to-day tells us the same thing. If you want to be good—to do right, and be gentle, and live bravely and nobly—you must carefully follow the pattern.

And we have a Pattern without a fault. He "did no sin;" no deceit of any kind was found in His mouth; He never threatened men because of any personal injury He suffered for them; He went on trusting God, doing His work, and loving men and women in spite of all their faults and sins.

But a good pattern has to be studied and followed, or else it will only condemn the poor work that has been done. Miss Phoebe Cary, one of the two American sisters who have given us many sweet songs, has a parable story about a weaver neglecting the pattern. It was a beautiful pattern, bright with many colors, which was one day hung before him. But he was indifferent or tired, and his mind began wandering away from the shuttle and the threads. And he became sad and disheartened; and as he looked down on the ground he forgot his home and his wife; far-away thoughts filled his mind, and his tears fell on the threads before he knew. When his wife came in she recalled him to his work, but she saw that the work was spoilt, and what would they do for their daily bread?

"And then the weaver looked, and saw His work must be undone:
For the threads were wrong, and the colors dimmed,
Where the bitter tears had run.

"'Alack! alack!' said the weaver,
'And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!'"

He had been copying his own mistakes, and making them worse and worse.

But what if the same thing happen to any of us in weaving our entire character? If anyone thinks of some fault of his to-day, and says—"It does not look so bad, and anyhow I did the same thing yesterday," he is neglecting the pattern.

Jesus Christ never said—"I am not going to be very careful what I say or what I do to-day; I will make up for it to-morrow." Every day He lived His life at the best. Will you look steadily at the Pattern? If after looking at it you begin to feel that it is too good for you to try and follow it, you must remember that Christ is more than a beautiful Pattern. If you go on from the text a verse or two, you will read what He did to help us all to copy his example: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Is not that wonderful love? He had wrought a perfect pattern; but He knew that our hands would be weak and unskilful, and that even when we tried our best there would still be some faults and stains. And He died, washing away in His own blood all our many sins. He asks us to do more than we can do by ourselves, in order that He may win us to seek His help and taste His love. When we say—"This is too bright, too good, too much for us," He replies—"But not too much for you and Me

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"We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith and hope and love—
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above!"

Three Remarkable Books.

The three most remarkable books in the world were prepared without pen, ink, type, or paper. One is a Prayer-book manufactured by a firm of weavers at Lyons, France. It is woven of the purest silk, the letters appearing in black on a white background, a black border surrounding the page; and with such nicety is the work done that, in spite of the difficulty of weaving such a pattern, the letters are perfectly regular in shape and clear to the eye. The book is now said to be in the Government library at Paris. Another very remarkable book, also said to be in Paris, is a homily of some mediaeval monk, whose name does not appear on its title page. Its pages are of vellum, and the letters composing the words are cut in the material, the work having been done either with a very small, sharp knife, or pair of exceedingly delicate scissors. The vellum pages are interleaved with very thick blue paper, so that the letters appear blue. It is said now to be the property of the descendants of Prince de Ligne. The third book which came not from the printer's hands is a Swedish translation of the four Gospels. The pages are parchment; the letters are cut from very thick silver leaf and fastened to the pages with a cement that has successfully withstood the test of time. The initial letters are of gold leaf, very thick, and fastened to the pages in the manner mentioned. The age of the work is unknown, neither does it bear the name of the laborious toiler, who, probably, during years of time, patiently cut letter after letter and fastened them in order on his pages.

The Loving Father.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Robt. E. Gullins, Winnipeg.

Christian, when thy ways seem darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hasten,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief or care,
But before thy Father hastening,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee,
When the fierce wild storm is past,
But God only can console thee
When it breaks upon thee first.
Go with words, or tears, or silence,
Only lay them at His feet,
Thou shalt prove how great His pity
And His tenderness, how sweet.

All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
All thy tears by him are counted,
One too much there cannot be.
And, if, whilst they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Dressing the Hair for the Night.

It is very important that the hair should receive proper attention before retiring to rest. A celebrated hair-specialist advocated brushing the head for ten minutes with long, sweeping strokes; others consider combing extremely stimulating; and it is practised very generally by the girls of Italy, whose dark locks are proverbially thick and massive. It is curious, but chance proved that when a precious tortoise-shell comb became unfit for further use, and one made of black vulcanite was substituted, the hair showed marked signs of improvement. Probably the vulcanite supplied electricity to the scalp, which the tortoise-shell was not capable of doing.

It is wise to rest contented (if money is an object) with a humble, plain-backed brush, provided the bristles are good. Appearance should be a secondary affair. Cheap silver-backed brushes are seldom of first quality where bristles are concerned. It is easy to tell which are the right sort. Bad bristles are flat, short and even, as though cut with a machine, while the best are long and uneven.

When washing your hairbrush perform the operation quickly, and keep the back out of the water as much as possible. Shake the bristles in a good lukewarm lather, then rinse in plain water, and finally dip into cold water, as this keeps them stiff. Brushes ought not to be dried near a fire, as the wood, or even ivory is liable to crack and split asunder. If placed slanting on a window sill, in a draught, but not in the sun, the conditions are ideal.

When the hair is thoroughly groomed for the night, the lucky girl with curls needs only a ribbon to tie it in, and her hair will gain great advantage from the absolute freedom it enjoys; but lanky hair will give more trouble. The locks must be curled artificially, and hot tongs in the morning are the worst means to employ. Therefore, it remains for the crimping to be done at night. Perhaps a girl is visiting and sharing a room with a girl friend, and does not want to look a guy.

Now here is quite a nice way of dressing the hair for the night. Gather it all upon the top of the head, and comb down a thin proportion over the neck, ears and face. Knot the rest up tightly, out of the way for the moment. Curlers

are hard and ugly, but in place of these take a hairpin and a lock of hair, damped a little with water or Eau-de-Cologne. Place the hair between the prongs of the hairpin, which lies near the head, and twist the hair first round one prong, then between, and then round the other prong to form a wave. When you have wound all the hair up in this way, just hairpin it flat to the head, and it cannot unwind. A beautiful crimp will be the result in the morning, and there is no discomfort. When you have a little array of hairpins all round your head untwist the knot on the top and push the hair forward loosely to hide them, and fasten the knot again with a hairpin on which has been tied a dainty little ribbon bow. Your curling arrangements will not be "en evidence," and the coiffure will be quite charming.

The Foolish Boy.

Harry was seated at the dining room table, deeply interested in counting his money, which he was saving for a new rifle. Annie, his little sister, came into the room and, looking at him closely, said:

"Harry, where did you get that money?"

"Money grows on trees," he answered. "If you plant a penny the tree will bear pennies, and you can get all the money you want."

Harry was always proud when he could fool his sisters and playmates. When Harry had left the room Annie went and got his money and, going outside, she got a spade and went down in the garden and planted the money.

The next morning the ground was covered with snow. After dinner Harry went to put a dime which his father had given him in his pocket-book, but found it empty. He said:

"Annie, have you taken my money?" She answered, "Oh yes, Harry, I planted it down in the garden so that I would grow, then you wouldn't have to wait so long for your rifle."

Of course, Harry felt sorry, but this taught him a lesson.



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A Wayside Experience.

"So this is to be the scene of my summer's work," thought Lorna Dale, glancing about her with a look of mingled amusement and dismay. A dusty school-room, two rows of ancient desks, uncurtained windows, through whose torn shades the hot June sun was pouring relentlessly. These were what met her gaze. She turned to the much more pleasing sight visible from the window near her—the green, flower-strewn prairie dotted at intervals with houses.

Along the dusty trail toiled two little figures, laden with dinner pails, slates and primers. She watched them until they entered the porch, where they left their hats and lunches, before they walked into the room, and solemnly took their respective places, casting shy glances from time to time at the "new teacher." Lorna felt a desire to laugh at the demure little mortals, but judged it wise to restrain her mirth. Before long, six other pupils arrived on the scene and the work of the day began.

Such a day! As Lorna thought it over in her room that night, she laughed one moment and sighed the next. How strange it all seemed to the city girl—the unusual work, the unfamiliar surroundings. She glanced around the room; it was small, bare and cheerless, and as she surveyed it the feeling of depression with which she had battled all afternoon, settled down in full gloom. But her natural buoyancy soon reasserted itself and she sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "I'll see if I can't brighten up this den of mine a wee bit!" When the treasures of her trunk were brought forth and arranged about the room, it took on a much cosier air. She lingered longest over her books, fondly handling the daintily-bound volumes as she had placed them in their glass case. "They'll be my best friends this summer," she thought, "there is one advantage in coming away out here to teach—I'll have lots of time for reading. I mean to spend almost every evening in this room with my books.

"Oh, I don't see how you can bear it!" exclaimed Lorna, in pitying tones. "I should want to die right away, were I in your place. I know I should."

It was just a week later, and Lorna was sitting by a bed on which lay a young girl, frail and wasted, whose face, with its lines of pain and its large wistful eyes, mutely told its tale of suffering. Lorna had just learned that the invalid had lain there since her eighth year—ten long years—she could hardly realize it. "How dreadful it must be! and yet—" she hesitated. "You don't seem to mind very much."

"No," rejoined the other, gently, "I am quite used to it and I am nearly always contented. Occasionally a dark hour comes, and then I have to think hard of every pleasant thing I know. A year ago they took me to the hospital and tried to cure me and for a time the doctors had great hopes of a successful operation. How life widened for me! I cannot tell you of all the strange new hopes and thoughts that came to me, nor how bitterly hard it was to give them all up when at last we found it was all in vain. Oh, the disappointment of that day! After a peep into the possible it was hard to come back to the real. However," she added, brightly, "that is all over and I am contented again."

"How do you manage to pass the time?" asked Lorna. "Do you read?"

"Sometimes, but my hands are not strong enough to hold a book for any length of time. When mother's time is free, she always spends it in reading to me, but she is generally busy."

"Do you care much for books?"

"Oh, very much," was the quick reply. "If only I could read all the time, I should be quite happy."

A sudden impulse came to Lorna. Should she offer to come and read to Miss Merle in the evenings? Instantly self rose up in opposition. Lorna felt that she would much rather have her time to herself, for she could read much faster if alone and would be free to follow her own tastes. Besides, the prospect of walking a mile every evening was not particularly attractive. While she listened absently to Miss Merle, a

sharp struggle went on in her mind. But finally her better nature conquered. "She is just my age and has never had any of the pleasures that have filled my life. Surely I should share a little of my sunshine with her."

Without waiting to change her mind, Lorna made the proposal and the look of delight that lighted the dark eyes of the invalid was enough. A consultation regarding the choice of books followed, and Lorna found, to her surprise, that Miss Merle knew and admired most of her favorite authors.

They chose Mrs. Browning's poems for their first study, and the next evening Lorna appeared with the volume. What a pleasant evening the two girls spent! and many more followed. Every evening, rain or shine, found Lorna at her self-appointed task, and before long she enjoyed the readings quite as much as did the invalid. What pleasant discussions the two girls had over "Aurora Leigh," and Whittier's Indian Legends, and Lowell's New England tales. Then, often, in the long summer twilight, the book would be closed and the two girls talked as only girls can. Lorna told incidents of college life, of lectures, sleigh-rides, conversats, skating parties and the many other pleasures of college days, and Edna enjoyed it as a child does a fairy tale, for it was all new and wonderful to her. Every day the friendship deepened, and each found the companionship of the other a source of great pleasure.

So the days and weeks and months sped by, and at length there remained a week before Lorna must return to College. Both friends dreaded the parting, Lorna almost as much as Edna, though to her it meant going home.

"I wish you would stay with me tonight, Lorna," said Edna, as her companion rose to go. "I have a kind of presentiment tonight, and I want you to stay. It is not often that I yield to fancies"—and she half smiled—"so I know you'll indulge me in this."

"Why, of course," Lorna replied, readily. "Of course, I'll stay with you. I'll be quite comfortable on the couch in the next room."

"She resumed her reading, but in a short time Edna said: 'I am so tired: I think I'll try to go right to sleep. Somehow,' she added, wistfully, 'I am always tired now.'"

"It is this dull summer weather, dear; when it is over you'll be yourself again. Now, you must go right to sleep and you'll feel better after a good night's rest. Good night, my love."

Long after midnight Lorna was awakened by a wild, weird cry, and as she sprang up, a light flashed into the room and Edna's mother stood beside her. At sight of her white, drawn face and grief-darkened eyes, a nameless, chilling fear fell on Lorna. "Oh, what is it?" she cried. "Edna? Is anything wrong with Edna?"

"Come," the mother said, and with swift steps they went to Edna's bed.

"Why, she is sleeping so peacefully," said Lorna; "what is wrong?" As she spoke, she placed her hand gently on Edna's brow, but instantly withdrew it with a cry, "Why, how cold she is!"

"Aye, she is dead," said the mother brokenly. "A few moments ago I awoke, and some impulse, I could not tell what, urged me to come in here. I found her just as she is now. She must have died while she slept," she added, softly, "she looks as though she were only asleep."

She did, indeed. Lorna stood by the bed in a maze. Could it really be true, or was it only a frightful dream from which she would waken presently to find her friend unchanged? In all her happy, sheltered girlhood, death had never before crossed her path, and here his touch was so light and gentle that she could see no trace of it in the peaceful face before her. It was the moans of the grief-stricken mother that brought Lorna to the realization of the truth. She who had hitherto seemed to Lorna so reserved and self-contained was now sobbing in a very abandonment of grief as she hung over the still, dead form, mourning for her only child. Edna clasped the bowed form in her arms, and by her own grief gave the only comfort possible—the priceless one of sympathy. Together they watched by the dead

during the long hours of that awful night. How the scene burnt itself on Lorna's memory—the homely, familiar details of the room, the waxen figure in its strange stillness, the anguished face of the mother, and the dim lamp-light over all.

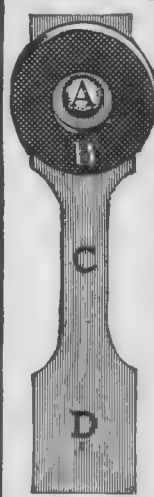
During the next week, through the details of the funeral, and for a few days after, Lorna remained with the lonely mother. When she at length returned to the city, it was with a feeling

that she had been to the very edge of the spirit land and life could never be quite the same to her again. Her college mates wondered at the indefinable change in Lorna—she was so much more gentle and thoughtful. She told them very briefly of her summer's work, but she could not tell the inner details—they were too sacred. Only to her mother did she reveal the whole story of the life and death of the friend whose character had so influenced her own.

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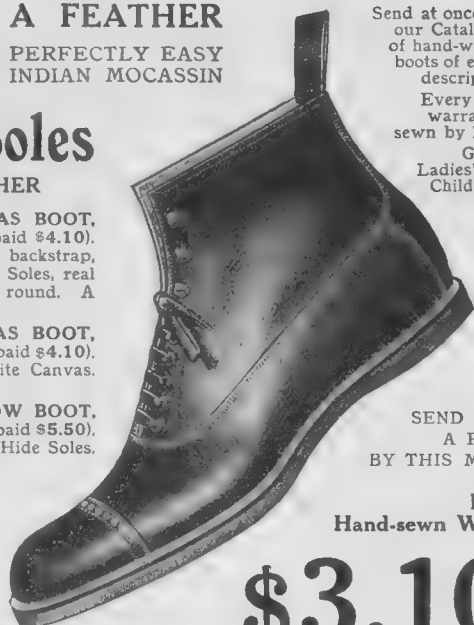
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About the Farm.

The Colt's First Summer.

A young colt is a complex problem involving anxiety, hope, pleasure and promise. The youngster comes into the world with probably less natural vigor than does any other farm animal. Mortality among foals is many times greater than among calves, pigs or even lambs. Under man's domestications the danger of losing young colts has increased. Pregnant mares are often fed and cared for improperly, which materially reduces their vigor. This has a corresponding effect upon the offspring. A second disadvantage of domestication is that in artificial, unnatural conditions under which mares and colts are kept disease germs that would sap and destroy the life of the youngster often lurk by millions in dark and obscure corners, cracks and crevices. Well may the owner be anxious lest some dire scourge cut short the life of the foal. Coupled with anxiety, however, there is hope that the youngster will develop and become the pride of the farm. Pleasure there certainly is in raising colts. Next to the babies in the household nothing is so much admired, loved and petted as is a friendly young colt.

Navel trouble is the ever-present danger at foaling time and shortly after. As almost everybody knows, that awful colt affliction is a germ infection that gains entrance through the broken end of the navel cord. Absolute cleanliness and thorough disinfection are the

practice and no ill effects have resulted. Such has also been the experience of many others.

One thing upon which all agree is that the colt should not follow the mare. Any one who has observed a weary-limbed, heavy-headed youngster following up and down the corn rows beneath a scorching sun will see the folly of such a practice. The colt will soon learn to stay in a box stall or small well-enclosed lot. Where two or more colts can be kept together they make excellent company for each other. When the youngsters are confined during the day care must be taken that exercise is provided. They may, in most cases, be turned out for the night, or at least during the evening.

Food, exercise and rest are the prime requisites of successful colt growth and development. In addition to getting milk the youngster will begin at the age of a month or less to nibble at the feed in his mother's box. After that a low box may be put up where he may eat at will. Growth is so much more rapid during the first year that proper and sufficient feeding cannot be overemphasized. Weights of colts at the age of twelve months have proved that the youngster makes half or a little larger proportion of his finished weight during the first year. Judgment should be used in selecting the feed. Bone and muscle-making foods are required. Oats and bran, together with alfalfa or clover, for roughage,



In a Dutch pasture field.

only means of prevention. Stalls in well-lighted barns which have been kept thoroughly cleansed and disinfected are not likely to carry infection. The dangers of infection are reduced to a minimum when the broken navel cord is dipped twice daily in a proper disinfectant.

Growth is an element of prime consideration. At first the mother's milk is the only source of food supply. There are good mothers and poor mothers. The choice can be made in this respect only at breeding time. We must consider the mares that have colts now and do our best with them. The mare must be in a healthy, vigorous condition and have plenty of nutritious feed. She needs outside exercise and sunshine for herself as well as for her foal. There is no time in the feeding of farm stock when regularity is more important. Feeding the mare when she is warm, changing suddenly from dry feed to pasture and giving too rich feed often produce disorders in the foal that delay development.

The Three Prime Requisites.

Whether a mare with a foal should do regular field work is often debated. There are several arguments in favor of her doing it. She needs exercise for the sake of her own health; and no one will deny that it is an economical procedure. A further fact is that thousands of our biggest and best horses were reared by mothers that did light farm work regularly. On the other hand, many mares have been injured and many colts have been stunted by injudicious use of mares at work. It is always practicable to give them the lighter and slower work and often shorter hours. I have followed that

furnish about what is required. On pasture exercise and rest need but little attention. The youngster will romp and play when Nature gives him inclination. When tired he will lie down to rest and to give his natural powers a chance to build up his body. The matter of rest will often require more attention than will the exercise. It is seldom that a colt will not take sufficient exercise. On the other hand flies and other annoyances may pester him so that he will be unable to take sufficient rest. A shed is needed in most pastures, where the mares and colts will be protected from the scorching sun. The shed and its surroundings must be kept clean or it will become a breeding-place for flies, which will make it worse than useless.

Accidents are to be guarded against. The most common form of injury, and the one that causes far heavier loss than any other is barbed wire cuts. Many of the leading horse breeders are fencing their farms with woven wire. This will pay. A bad scar or blemish reduces the selling value materially. Especially is this true in the case of purebreds. It is impossible to sell a purebred horse for half the real value if there are bad scars of wire cuts present. Broken stalls or mangers in the barn or shed are other possible sources of injury that require a little care to avoid. The feet need attention during the first year more than during any other time of the horse's life. Crooked feet that year will often mean crooked legs for life. The legs lack hardness and curve very easily. Crooked limbs may be helped immensely by judicious trimming during the first six months while they are still plastic.

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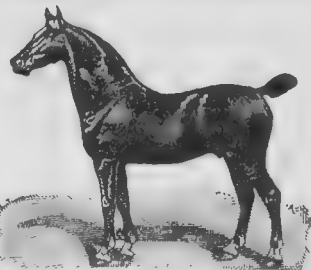
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tention the first year. It is the proper time to begin the colt's education. If the youngster is one of those fortunate ones that are born on small farms where there are several boys that love good stock, he will not lack human companionship. Whatever the circumstances, he should have some handling the first year—much of it, in fact. He will respond much more readily than in later life; and it may be added that the one who indulges in this early training will enjoy the task much more than if he were handling a big, unruly three-year-old. A young colt always seems proud to wear a nice, neat, comfortably fitting halter in the pasture. It is a very easy matter to teach him to walk freely and easily beside a man. The handling and rasping of the feet will make him more companionable also.

How Best to Set a Hen.

Provide a nest box out of thin lumber sixteen inches square and fifteen inches high with top covered; cut the front of box down to six inches from the bottom, hinge a door on the front that will swing up and fasten. When the door is down it serves as a bridge for the hen to walk into the nest without breaking the eggs; bore a few holes in the sides near the top of the box for ventilation, and it is ready for the nest.



Part of two years growth of Poplar, Ash, etc., in the dry Belt of Alberta.

Preparing the Nest.

Put in three or four inches of moist earth thoroughly sifted and shape out a shallow nest, then put in a good supply of straw or hay cut fine and the nest is ready for the hen. The use of moist earth is indispensable to a successful hatch.

Set the hen at night on china eggs and let her set until she becomes wonted to the nest, and will come off and go back on the nest readily.

Now dust the hen and nest thoroughly with Persian Insect Powder. Use only the Persian Insect Powder procurable at any drug store, as it is harmless to the hen and little chicks. Put in the eggs for hatching, not over fifteen to the largest hen. A setting of fifteen eggs is a large setting for a hen to successfully cover and hatch, and it would be preferable if such a large setting could be divided and set under two hens. The result would be far more satisfactory. If the eggs have been shipped very far they must be unpacked and let them rest twenty-four hours before setting, to allow them to settle to their normal condition.

The hen must be set in a building where none but setting hens are allowed. On the floor in front of the nest should be placed corn and sometimes a little wheat, but corn should be the principal food on account of its heat producing qualities. While the hen is setting always have fresh water and crystal grit close by the corn, and a

box of road dust or hard coal ashes in which the hen can dust.

Airing the Eggs.

Have a regular hour each day to open the door of the nest box and let the hen come off to exceed fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. She must be watched at first, and if she does not go back on the nest by that time she must be put back and the door closed. Most hens will soon learn to come off the nest when the door is opened and go back at the proper time.

Care of the Eggs.

Every day when the hen comes off the nest the eggs must be examined; if any should be broken all must be taken out of the nest and those that are fouled must be washed with warm water at a temperature of about 103 degrees and wiped dry with a cloth; the nest must be replaced with clean, fresh straw and the eggs put back as soon as possible.

If the contents of a broken egg are allowed to remain on the eggs they will not hatch but rot, as it closes the pores of the shell and the germ dies.

Keeping the Nest in Shape.

The eggs must be taken out of the nest occasionally and the nest filled up with the soft material, so the nest will not get too deep and cause the eggs to roll together too closely. The nest should at all times be so hollow that



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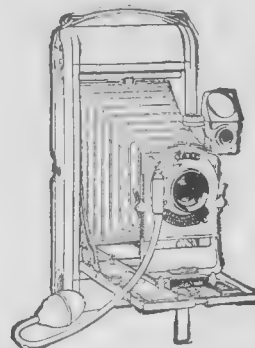
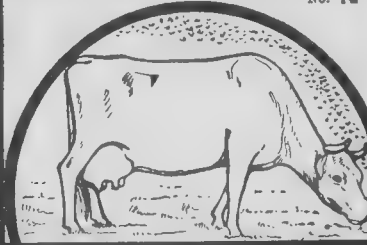
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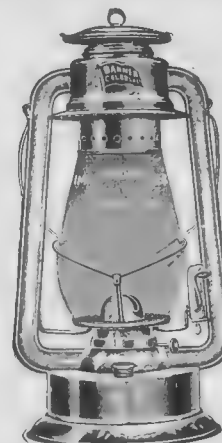


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\$3.75—FIELD RACE or MARINE GLASSES \$25 Military Binocular (by Lefalor), as supplied to Officers in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; wide field; saddle-made case; sacrifice, \$3.75.

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\$2.75 (WORTH \$15). FASHIONABLE Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain, solid links, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great bargain; sacrifice \$2.75; another, heavier; sacrifice, \$3.25.

\$3.75—LADY'S \$15 18-ct. Gold Government hall-marked, five-stone half-loop real Diamond Ring; perfectly matched stones, extremely fine quality; sacrifice, \$3.75.

\$4.75—LADY'S \$25 18-ct. Solid Gold hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-loop Ring, claw setting, large, beautiful, faultless stones; sacrifice, \$4.75.

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\$4.25—MASSIVE \$20 Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; sacrifice, \$4.25.

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and shut up at night, rat proof with a slat door to let down on the inside to keep the hen in when the chicks are small. Pieces of boards must be fitted in the corners of the coop to make them octagon instead of a square corner. Square corners in a coop are death to the chicks when small, they often being crowded in a corner and smothered by the hen.

This coop must be set on cleats to keep it from the ground at least two inches and a wire run attached the width of the coop, and five or six feet long, which is rat and rat proof. With such a coop, with the door closed every night, you will not be raising chicks for rats and cats to eat.

When the eggs are all hatched that will, take the hen off and feed her, dust her again with insect powder, also dust the chicks; use none but Persian Insect Powder, as it will not injure the little chicks. Place the hen and chicks in the coop with plenty of dry chaff on the bottom. Shut the door to keep it dark, so the hen will brood the chicks and not become uneasy; thirty-six to forty-eight hours after the chicks are hatched place a shingle covered with fine, sharp sand before the hen and sprinkle it with stale bread crumbs rolled in sand. This is the first feed for the chicks

From this time on feed nothing but dry feed, such as bread crumbs, pin-head or steel cut oatmeal, millet seed, cracked wheat, etc., or what is better,

the eyes and fairly high, manifesting good sense.

His mouth would be large and his jaws muscular and strong, equipping him with food-grinding power.

His head would be small and short, not fleshy. This would mean a short, thick body.

His neck would be short, thick and set firmly between his shoulders. This would insure a solid body.

His shoulders would be heavy and well covered with flesh, giving smoothness of form to fore quarters.

His fore legs would be strong, straight and set wide apart. The chest would be wide, deep and thick through the heart, giving plenty of lung power.

His girth would be large and full behind the withers, showing meat portions. His back would be short for early maturing, straight to give good support, and broad to give room for good flesh.

His ribs would be well arched and sufficiently sprung for digestive organs to have free play.

His hips would be wide and thick; the rump long and wide, and the thighs heavy. This would mean steak-yielding qualities.

There is no question but what a steer of this description would feed out well when put in the yards and, furthermore, when properly finished he would unquestionably top the market. It must be remembered, however, that an animal of this type is not the result



Water Nymphs.

some of the prepared chick food now on the market.

Always have fresh water before them in little fountains so the chicks can drink, but not get their feet wet.

Faithfully follow these instructions in setting the hen, place the brood in a coop as above described, move the coop and water on to fresh ground every day, feed no wet food, everything dry, and you will raise nice strong chicks that will be a pleasure to you instead of a disappointment.

The high state of perfection which incubators and brooders have attained in the last decade is wonderful, and the old setting hen sadly contemplates the onward march of science and invention that is fast taking from the greatest pleasure of her life, but the fact still remains that the brooder has yet to be invented that will supply the life-giving warmth and magnetism to little chicks

Characteristics of a Good Steer.

In many localities of the grain belt it is more difficult to find a good type of beef steer than it was twenty-five years ago. This may be accounted for in two ways. In the first place, the development of the range country undermined, for the time being, breeding operations in the central west, while in the second place, the development of the dairy industry has meant the introduction of a type of cattle that are not good beef makers. The principal characteristics of a good steer are described in this way:

His eyes would be bright, clear and full, indicating vitality and strength.

His forehead would be full between

of an accident, but must indeed inherit beef-making tendencies, not from a single ancestor, but from a line of ancestors.

The Choice of a Driving Horse.

By F. B. Swingle.

In spite of the popularity of motor cars there are thousands who will never forego the pleasure of driving a good horse. There is a keen zest in the control and management of the animal that many do not find in the operation of a machine. Consequently there is always a brisk demand for suitable saddle and carriage horses. In this decade there are few persons who have had enough experience to select wisely a "sound and true" family horse, saddler, or single driver. In the old days this used to be the phrase of honor among horsemen, and a horse offered for sale as "sound and true" brought the highest bids of any in the stable.

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A good plan is to look at the horse first as he stands in the stable. First impressions are usually strong, and you may decide then and there that you do not want the animal. If the impression is favorable then examine him as if you expected to find him possessed of all the ills to which horseflesh is heir. Press his hip and make him stand over. He should step sidewise gently and easily; if he hops or straddles over he has stringhalt or something similar. Notice whether he stands squarely on his feet or whether he turns one of them to relieve it. Make a slight movement at his head to see if he flies back on the tie rope. Notice whether he is tied with an unusually heavy rope; if so, inquire the reason. Test his eyesight by bringing the finger close to the eye. Perhaps he will not wink until you touch the lashes—he may be blind in that eye.

Take him out and harness him yourself. Drive him round at a good clip, then jump out and listen to his breathing. Unhitch him and take care of him yourself. If the owner calls particular attention to some slight fault or blemish on one side of the animal look well to the opposite side, unless you know your man to be honest. It is asking a good deal to require a man to warrant sound and true the horse he sells, but he may be willing to let you use the animal for a week. In this case you may feel safe in buying; if he refuses you will probably not want the

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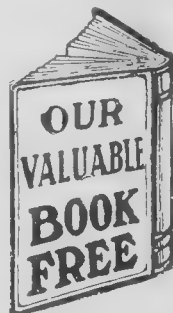
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It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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animal. Find out if you can why he wishes to sell that particular horse. It may be that he needs the money, or it may be that he desires to rid himself of a burden. In the latter case you will naturally not want the animal.

The Country Gentlewoman

From the Country Gentleman.

"Mother's sick and we want you to come over and show us what to do." This was the announcement made by the son, who came from a neighboring farmhouse one winter when the hard-worked farmer's wife had finally succumbed to a long-pending illness—an illness which was finally traced to exposure from driving to the market, 12 miles away. Not until the men folk of the family were compelled to cook their own meals and make their own beds did they realize how serious is the situation when the woman in the farm home becomes ill. With all the training of farm boys in many homes the men are almost helpless when obliged to care for themselves without the direction of a housekeeper. In this instance three members of the family and three hired men had been depending absolutely upon this one frail woman, and not until she was obliged to take to her bed did they even think of the injustice that had been done her, or the improper balance in their household duties which they obliged her to maintain. It would not be fair to say that she shirked her duty; rather she encouraged them to depend upon her, and she would never have complained had not illness obliged her to give up her work. This emancipation through illness has been the lesson which has had to drop on many farm homes before the need of some careful consideration of the labor problem in the household has been realized. The lesson has in many cases been as important to the housewife herself as to the men folk, since she has in many instances to acknowledge that her home needs attention.

Why Farmers' Homes are Unhandy.

Just before I married, my father moved to a city and turned his farm over to the boys, leaving them practically in entire charge. They were both newly married and had established homes of their own with considerable handicap in the way of mortgages and unpaid loans. Though the city into which we moved was progressive in many respects it was not growing, and the only homes to be rented were the old houses without modern conveniences. It is the new growth in cities that has made us appreciate these new things, and in every old city there are thousands of homes that have no more conveniences than the average farmhouse. The place we went into was without modern plumbing or water supply. We had only a cistern and a hydrant in the back yard and there was no arrangement to carry our sewage except into a small cesspool. Though we had been used to these things in the country, it did not take us long to realize that in the city we must have conveniences because of the lack of sanitary accommodations which might affect not only ourselves but our neighbors. In the country the cleansing sunshine has in itself offset many of the results of a lack of sanitation.

Most of our farmhouses are old buildings except a few modern ones that are being built, which are entirely equal to the city house of the same value. The pioneers deny themselves conveniences simply to keep down the first cost. Too often in comparing country and city homes we criticise unduly these old houses and the people occupying them without remembering that the farm household has become used to a certain routine and does not feel the need of many sanitary changes. When my father built a house in the city he put in no heating system except a stove, for the simple reason that he wanted a stove near him where he could see it and where he could put his feet upon the hearth when they got cold. He had not been trained to sitting before the radiator, and my mother

could see no advantage in going down into the cellar to attend to a furnace after looking over the base-burner in the sitting room. Moreover, the cost of these conveniences had something to do with it. It amuses me to see many city folks go out on a summer vacation and spend several months in a bungalow with primitive conveniences and then tell how much they enjoyed it. If they were obliged to live in a similar house on a farm they would long bewail the lack of what they considered essential conveniences.

Farming as a Partnership.

The farm home is a family partnership; and it is a partnership in a way in which no other business is. The business of the place is brought into the family circle every day, and the success of the farm as a business enterprise immediately affects the home. There is hardly any parallel to this except in the small, old-fashioned store where the storekeeper owned the building and lived upstairs with the family, who assisted in tending the counter. If he failed to make a profit from his store operations, he said: "Well, I have had a good home at least." This is the same attitude which many farmers take when crops do not turn out well. There is not much use in talking about farm improvements until the business of the place is on a basis that enables one to make some expenditures. The women members of the family are just as ready as the men to deny themselves things that they sometimes consider luxuries in order to aid the business success of the farm. In fact, they are the most self-denying; but they are not to blame, since in a business that sometimes yields little or no cash returns the whole success depends upon keeping down expenses, and in practising these small economies most women are superior to men.

When I came to appreciate the importance of small conveniences and had spent some time in the city home I could see wherein the work of the farmer's wife might be made much easier. But again we cannot blame her for not having these conveniences. The average farmer's wife goes to town less than twice a month. She arrives in the forenoon and has certain purchases to make. She spends as much time as she can in buying as she has planned, then after a hasty lunch and a few more hours to complete her purchases is off for home. She has no time to visit other shops or to look for conveniences or the things she has not planned to get before leaving home. Therefore she is dependent upon the suggestions she gets from her women's magazines or from what she sees in other farmhouses; and these are precious few. In recent years when I have visited my country sisters I have always spent an hour or so at the kitchen counters of a department store before starting for the farm and have picked up a lot of little things for five and ten cents each to give the girls. Some of these small gifts accord more satisfaction than would an investment of a thousand times the cost in some improvement in the home. Again you cannot blame the farm woman for not having these things; for the means of distribution do not bring them to her attention.

Is Help to be Had?

In most country communities the servant problem is not serious; for in the country there are few servants. In the South there are plenty of colored girls in some sections and in parts of the East foreign girls may be found; but on the whole servant girls do not abound in farming communities. This means that the average farm home is a one-woman proposition. She must do her own work with the assistance of her daughters or the country wife of the hired man. A good deal is said in favor of the married hired man on farms if his wife helps; but the wives have something to say about this, and in most cases it is a veto. Besides this, men must have homes of their own; and one household is enough for any woman. It is almost hopeless to look to the outside for help for the average farmer's wife. Even in cases of illness, my sisters have been obliged to import

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girls from a distance at excessive wages and a promise of a limited term of employment and a return to their original places with expenses paid. The hope of help from the outside is hardly worth considering.

Why Country Women Stay at Home.

A woman of my acquaintance, intelligent, industrious and not lacking in the social instinct, wrote me that she had not been to town for three months and had been away from the farm only twice. She did not need to explain why, because I know that community perfectly and the simple reason was that there was nothing to go to. There were three churches within two miles of her home, and an itinerant pastor preached in one of the three at least once a month; but the churches were cold and in severe winters the fires were started on Saturday night. By Sunday the building was warm, to be sure, but the musty smell was enough to keep out even the most fervently religious. The trip meant a drive in the cold of more than two miles over muddy or snow-drifted roads, and any sane person would have been obliged to reflect that the effort was hardly worth while. The ministers who preached were divinity students from a near-by school who accepted these pastorates simply for the practice they could get. This is not a backwoods community either, but one of the richest in one of our leading agricultural sections.

I have visited and lived in many farm homes, have listened to hundreds of addresses by the "uplifters," and have attended women's courses at the agricultural colleges and women institutes; and I cannot see how any reasonable person who knows the farmer's wife's attitude and circumstances can blame her for her surroundings. The trouble is with the entire agricultural community. It needs reorganization, which must be conducted carefully step by step by people who know what they are doing. We have a number of "better-farming" experts who are taking up the problems of local communities, and we need some "better-housekeeping" experts who will study the conditions in farm homes and introduce improvements that will be acceptable. Thus far the most active agencies I have observed have been the grange, the farmers' institutes that have women's sections, and the farmers' clubs, especially those that give equal attention to the interests of the home.

The grange is organized on a fundamentally correct basis, because in it men and women are equal they hold office alike and their votes are the same. A delegate to a state or national grange is always accompanied by his wife and they have two votes; she votes as she pleases, especially if she is a good patron. All of the operations of the grange involve social as well as educational features and it is not all corn-and-hog talk as is the case in so many of our institutes. The best institutes, like those of Wisconsin, New York, and some other states, provide a section for the farmer's wife; and they are doing a great deal of good, because the farm women themselves participate in the discussions. The new type of farmers' club, like those of Michigan and Iowa, is providing a place for the women. It is unreasonable to blame the country woman for her surroundings, especially since so often she has not had a share in the discussion and is not responsible for the conditions in which she is found.

The Hope in Machinery.

Just as the machine has come to the aid of the one-man farm, so it must come to the aid of the one-woman household; and with the use of machinery must come some training in handling it. I thought to please a friend in the country by buying her a new device for use in canning. It was not expensive, but I had found it a great labor-saver. A later visit disclosed this gift packed away on the shelf of the pantry with the paper label still pasted on it, showing that it had never been used. I frankly asked why it was not in commission and with some embarrassment my friend replied that she was "afraid of the wheels on the contraption." After a demonstra-



NEEPAWA, MAN.

Home of George R. Belton. On this lawn and garden grow Ontario maples, plums and apple trees, and small fruits such as gooseberries, raspberries, currants and other fruits.

tion by me it went into regular use and now is nearly worn out. I had seen the device demonstrated by a canning expert. Is the farmer's wife to be blamed if she does not use some of these new "fixings" which require a demonstration to show how to work them?

Self-Help the Best Remedy.

The improvement which has come in conditions in farm homes has nearly all been the result of the experience and agitation of intelligent farm women rather than of those who are full-time students of home economics or sociology. There are plenty of ideas circulated for the purpose of helping solve the country woman's problems, but what is needed is some means of

adapting them intimately to her daily life and showing her how she may use the many suggestions. This is where the travelling demonstrator will play a large part. The best proof of this is the success which has attended the farmers' institute cooking schools, now conducted in several states. Though a small part of the programme is devoted to the chemistry of cooking and the like, the exercises that actually take hold of women and give them the greatest help are the demonstrations of how to follow the simple recipes with reasonable assurance of success.

The woman's course and the woman's institute are all well enough and should be more widely developed, but they reach only a very few of the hundreds of people who need help. The more

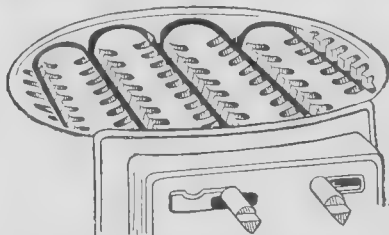
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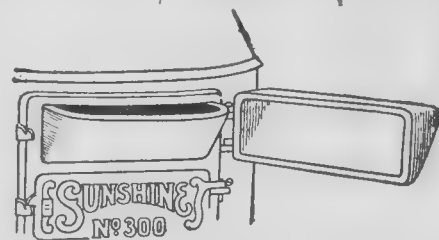
And the short, strong teeth of "Sunshine" grates simply grind up clinkers. The "Sunshine" Furnace is the best as far as grate construction goes.

Shaking an ordinary furnace is hard, back-breaking labor. You don't need to shake the "Sunshine"—you simply rock

it and the ashes drop into the ash-pan. A child can easily rock the grates of a "Sunshine"—merely another reason why you should buy a "Sunshine" Furnace.

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The ordinary furnace has (a water-pan hidden somewhere about) the base. There, it cannot carry out the purpose for which the water-pan was devised. The water-pan of the "Sunshine" Furnace is placed scientifically above the



radiator near the dome—the heat laps up the water, before being diffused all over the house. It contains the same amount of moisture as the air of a balmy June day. Plainly, as far as the water-pan is concerned, the "Sunshine" is the furnace you should buy.

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vital point of contact is through the schools, and when our country schools are adequately equipped with kitchens and cooking appliances so that the daughters may learn and carry home recipes which result in more palatable foods for the everyday menu, then a more universal improvement may be seen.

Perhaps the greatest single factor to bring about these reforms is the means of transportation which is summed up in the one essential—good roads; for when the country woman mixes socially with city women, it will be much easier to disseminate ideas. The two points of attack must be the rural school and the rural highway, and it does not require much search to find country communities which have been transformed into wide-awake centres through these two channels.

The Crows Nest.

A. L. Burton.

I stood in the ancient valley of the Pass, the narrow river sparkling in the morning sun—singing strange songs as the shallow water trickled and fell among the numerous pebbles that lay in the winding course that ages had made for it.

The same stream purred and murmured on its way hundreds of years ago; the some old sentinel stood yonder guarding the peaceful valley—bare, jagged, with its scanty mantle of ancient snow; the same winds blew softly through the valley of peace; when, hark, what is that strange, crowding rushing struggle? The crackling, bending underwood! 'Tis the strange hurrying of an unarmed and swarthy race. There they rush forth, beside the river's course, and up its shallow waters; hurrying, hasting, on and on; horses splattered and weary; tired and frightened women and children. But

the cry is "On! On to the Mount!" And at nightfall, at last, inside the ancient Pass, protected by the hoary, nameless mountain, they fall prostrate, in soothing heavy sleep.

And morning comes, and the old mountain's rugged breast stands pure and beautiful, crimsoned in the first rays that touch its lofty head. And the sleepers breathe heavily in the dark shadowed valley below.

And the day went by, and soft filmy curtains of night spread over the giant valley. The soft moon bathed the old mountain in the misty, massive grandeur.

Another tribe, fierce and warlike, bivouacked under the shelter of the Old Sentinel. And that tribe of yesterday are gone; only their graves are yonder under the crest of that calm, ancient, silent mountain that saw—and knows, but breathes no word to man's inhuman ear, of that dread night of the long ago.

The scene is changed. The silent cemetery, rude and undefined, lies below us; its white fenced tracts, its green sward, and, alas, its new earth-covered mounds. Far below the "Old Man" glistens in many a silvery curve; the grimy trains rumble over their polished steel, but here is silence—the very quiet of Death.

The Tower of Siloam has often fallen, now killing its thousands—or again crushing its ghastly few. Here lie its victims—in one immense sepulchre. True their union has remembered them in death; built a fence about their dust; guarding from curious trespass and oblivion—what they could not guard from danger and death. Here they sleep secure, who toiled side by side—"And in death they were not divided."

These were aliens, too, afar from the land of their birth; buried many hours a day in the grimy, damp murk of a sulphurous mine. Some knew the joy of home and prattling babe; but most knew only that ruder joy; that savage

break in the dull monotony of their uneventful life—the wild revelry of a drunken brawl—and violent sleeplessness. They worked,—they slept,—they ate,—and then they died—all in a moment, the blinding flash,—and one by one they sank beside their toil,—nor knew their end.

And now they sleep beside this softly gliding stream; the great mountains hold them forever in its bosom; the great trees sigh and bend above them. Silence is here, and softest music—and rest! Peaceful rest that knows no shrill and hurried waking, nor call to weary "shift." Others assume their task; are goaded forth at morning light—poor cattle dumb! But thus the world moves on, and brazen-headed industry grinds out its human toll, its dark red product—crushed life!—and broken hopes—and human blood! Thus the speechless, hoary peaks, that gleam clear-cut against the morning sheen, and wear beneath such downy changing verdure, carry, too,— "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." These pre-historic pioneers, that hold in silence the distant, ageless past, and give to us such joy and merriment, hold, too, a deep, dark melancholy; a grey-blue background of sacred holy lore. And so I tread their proud and rugged crests with awe, and gaze in reverence toward their lofty brow; and fear above their chasms; and peer in trembling thought across their lonely giant vales, that stretch below in broken leagues of faintest shimmering blue. And when the darkness falls, and these old monsters heave their huge, dark forms against the illimitable, starry spaces and in the hush of twilight, whisper strange tales of dear, dead days; broken hopes; and empty ageless aspirations—the puny toil of men—turned to ashes. H

"Like snow upon the Desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

Thus it has been. But now the forest is gone; huge trains rumble through the valley. Towns and villages have grown up, with their straight streets, and their business blocks; their roar of commerce and the smoke of industry. The mountains yield their grimy products. A new people have come; the very earth is changed. But that little river runs on in its ancient way, and the mountain stands guard as of old; and all the secret, the mystery, the romance of an ancient day are buried there forever, in its silent, ageless bosom.

For the Boys.

The Wide Awake gives the following story, which is all the better for being true: "Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their leisure every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose: each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When the invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved from a tenement house into a brownstone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working at the same trade, at the same wages, finding fault with the fate that had made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor." Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

If a cough makes your night sleepless and weary it will worry you a good deal, and with good cause. To dispel the worry and give yourself rest try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It exerts a soothing influence on the air passages and allays the irritation that leads to inflammation. It will subdue the most stubborn cough or cold, and eventually eradicate it from the system, as a trial of it will prove to you.

Will you be one of the 108 farmers who will receive our Prize Contest checks?



THERE will be twelve cash prizes in each of the nine provinces (108 in all) in the 1912 Prize Contest for Canadian Farmers.

The 1911 Contest was so successful in awakening interest in the use of Concrete on the farm, that a second contest, in which three times as many prizes are offered, was decided upon for this year.

The Contest this year is divided into three classes, "A," "B," and "C," and there will be four prizes in each class. (First prize, \$50; Second prize, \$25; Third prize, \$15; Fourth prize, \$10.)

Thus there are three \$50 Prizes, three \$25 Prizes, three \$15 prizes, and three \$10 Prizes, for each province.

DESCRIPTION OF CLASSES

In Each Class there will be First, Second, Third and Fourth Prizes (\$50, \$25, \$15, and \$10) for Each Province.

CLASS "A"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who use most "Canada" Cement on their farms in the year 1912.

CLASS "B"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who send photographs of the best concrete work done with "Canada" Cement on their farms in 1912.

CLASS "C"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who send in the best description, telling how any piece of concrete work was done with "Canada" Cement. (Entries for this prize must be accompanied by photographs of the work.)

Don't think that you must use a large quantity of cement in order to win a prize. The quantity of cement used does not count in Classes "B" and "C." Many of last year's prize winners used very little cement.

When you enter the Contest, you have a chance to win a cash prize of \$50 as well as the certainty that you will add a permanent improvement to your farm. If you haven't a copy, be sure and ask for our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." It will not only suggest many improvements that you can use in entering the Contest, but will tell you all about the use of concrete on the farm.

Just write your name and address on the attached coupon, or use a postal card, and we will send full particulars of the Prize Contest and a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete" to you absolutely free.

Address Publicity Manager

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COUPON

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LIMITED
Herald Building, Montreal

Please send me full particulars of the 1912 Farmers' Prize Contest, and a free copy of your book "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

Name

Address

Correspondence.

We invite our subscribers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print. We would point out that we cannot send names and addresses of our contributors to these columns, but any one wishing to communicate with any of the letter writers should send us a letter in a stamped envelope, which we will address and send to the party named. We receive a great many letters, both for publication and to be forwarded from persons who are not subscribers, and we wish to say that so great is the work incurred that we really cannot promise to publish or forward any letters from non-subscribers. We think this only fair to our large number of subscribers, as they should be given the prior use of this column.

over the wire like the fire flies that glance in the dusk at home. Have I been painting a gruesome picture of the operator's life? I didn't mean to do that. For I will now tell of the swift rivers which abound with trout and salmon, the range of low hills which are full of deer, bear and sheep; in fact, any wild animals, even to the grizzly, which should be enough to satisfy the keenest of hunters. So with hunting, fishing, riding and working we operators soon pass 365 days without knowing where they go to. It is true we often get the "blues," but who doesn't? It is, as Service says:

Faintly as from a star,
Voices come over the line,
Like voices of ghosts afar,
Not in this world of mine.

But even that is some comfort in the long winter evenings, when one is tired reading newspapers that were print-



Please, do have a bite!

A Telegraph Operator.

Northern B.C., June, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers, — May I have a little space to say "Hello!" and how much I appreciate the pages of your wonderful paper. Need I say how wise I think Pearl Hamilton and Jas. L. Gordon are, for if one saw how eagerly I turn to those pages they would know. Now, let me tell you what I do and where I live. If any reader can imagine a rolling country dotted with lakes, brooks and rivers, thickly set with jack pine and cottonwood in places, here and there a deep gorge, where in years gone by a torrent of water had rushed toward the sea, leaving in its wake rocks piled high and trees, once so straight and tall, now left leaning over the cliffs, as if weeping for the days of long ago. Somewhere in a valley near by is a wooden shack with a sign that reads "Telegraph Office." It is not unlike other shacks, but for the fact that it has something about it which makes one think that there is another country besides the North, for is it not the one connecting link with the outer world? In this shack day after day I sit and take the messages that flash

ed months ago, probably most of its columns have gone over the line. I have worked for the Yukon Telegraph for two years, and I am not yet in my twenties. The more I do of the work the better I like it: the sound of the relay is music to my ear. The people around here are old-timers, most of their forefathers were Hudson's Bay men. Many a tale they tell of early days on the coast and in the interior; tales that have been handed down from father to son. It would take too long to tell you the hardships some of these men went through before they settled down to the quiet life of ranching. When one looks at the stern worn faces they think that their wills must have been of iron and their power of endurance something more than one finds in the men of to-day. Here is an example: In the early days an Australian followed the old Cariboo Road from Ashcroft, wheeling before him a wheelbarrow which contained all his earthly belongings, and some provisions, so that he might camp out along the roads, as wayside houses in those days were "far and few between." Some months later he took up a hundred and sixty acres of land near the Fraser River. This he toiled on for

Sensational Revelations

Medal Presented to the Discoverer of Sequarine, the Wonderful New Principle of Organic Life.

Mystic Serum which Cures Nervous and Organic Diseases and makes the Old Young. More Swift and Effective than any Remedy hitherto known.

For a number of years scientists have been vainly seeking for a principle of organic life which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of the most deeply learned to unearth—viz., the primary force or element which is the factor of natural disease immunity within the human body. When Professor Brown-Sequard, LL.D. (Camb.), F.R.S., and F.R.C.P. (London), announced that after laborious experiments he had discovered this greatly sought vital principle in the form of a serum, he created a sensation such as rarely agitates the minds of scientists.

The new serum, named Sequarine in honour of the discoverer, is regarded by physicians as a wonderful new weapon with which to combat disease and prolong life, and its discovery is spoken of as one of the greatest triumphs in the history of medical science. It is certainly of more practical value than any serum hitherto known. Those present at the meeting of the Paris Biological Society, where the Professor revealed the composition and explained the action of Sequarine, expressed the opinion that this serum will render obsolete the present methods of treating many diseases.

Its diversity of application was found so great as to be almost beyond belief while its swiftness and certainty in curing every case were truly wonderful. It is a nerve food, blood purifier, and a corrector of functional disorders at the same time. **MARVELLOUS CURATIVE POWERS.**

Experiments and tests made by physicians resulted in astonishing revelations of the marvellous curative powers inherent in Sequarine.

It was found efficacious in a very wide range of diseases, among which were the following:—

Nervousness,	Dyspepsia,
Neurasthenia,	Liver Complaints,
Anaemia,	Indigestion,
Rheumatism,	Paralysis,
Gout, Sciatica,	General Weakness,
Kidney Disease,	Influenza,
Diabetes,	Pulmonary
Dropsy,	Troubles.

A doctor observed that one of the many advantages of treatment with Sequarine is that no violent or harmful drug is introduced into the system when taking it. This remarkable remedy is purely an animal extract, and its use can in no case be otherwise than beneficial. Every organ and nerve centre of the body is favourably affected by it.

OLD PEOPLE MADE TO LOOK AND FEEL YOUNG.

At a meeting of the tenth Congress of Medicine held in Geneva, Dr. Doyen, the great French scientist, said: "Preservation of his life through several centuries depends solely on man. By multiplying the white corpuscles in the blood (phagocytes) we increase the co-efficient of vital resistance and can estimate its value. This new departure in Therapeutics will soon come to the front." Part of the great curative and healing power of Sequarine resides in the fact that when taken into the body it increases the number of phagocytes with startling rapidity. In addition to its highly beneficial action in multiplying the blood corpuscles, Sequarine causes increased nerve potency and very active tissue respiration and purification. This accounts for its being a specific for diseases of such widely different character



BROWN-SEQUARD,
F.R.S., F.R.C.P., London,
Professor of Medicine at the
College of France, the discoverer
of Sequarine and founder of
modern serum-therapy.

Sequarine is, in fact the staminal force within the body which decreases gradually in volume as old age approaches, thereby permitting diminution of physical and mental power which result in the phenomenon known as "the weakness of old age." By introducing it into the system the aged, or prematurely aged, may actually cause a return of the feeling of youthful strength and buoyancy. In the words of Professor Goizet:—"Sequarine is a restorative of strength and not a stimulant. It increases the patient's vitality and at the same time cures

his complaint." This serum is in fact a source of life more powerful than the interchange of blood or any remedy in use to fight against old age and illness. Mankind will in the near future regard this Serum as one of the principal factors in life prolongation and health preservation. It will then be found in every home just as bread and other necessities are to-day.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Sequarine will cure any ailment which causes a general weakness of the whole organism. In order to disseminate knowledge of its peculiar potency and properties a book has been prepared which gives the distinctive qualities, actions, and uses of Sequarine. Copies of this book may be obtained free of charge by writing for it.

The Sequarine book is a gift well worth having. It tells how this wonderful serum was discovered, gives details of Dr. Brown-Sequard's experiments to determine its powers, and tells how, after learning its manner of action, he startled a gathering of the world's most famous men of thought by demonstrating its almost miraculous properties. It relates why the greatest of the world's physicians regard the discovery of Sequarine as the most important addition to medical science since Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, and why they eagerly adopted Sequarine as an entirely new force with which to combat disease and prolong life. It gives instances of cures effected which would be incredible but for the status of those who certify them.

Last, but not least, the free Sequarine Book describes fully the diseases for which this serum is an infallible remedy, reveals the secret of its composition, and tells how anyone may obtain Sequarine and take the Sequarine Serum treatment in the privacy of home. The treatment is as simple and agreeable as it is swift and effective.

Sufferers from any ailment who wish to enjoy again the superb power of that perfect health which is the companion of a flawless digestive system, pure and rich blood, and a steady and powerful nervous organism, are especially invited to apply for this interesting and instructive book. In it will be found much valuable information which has never before been published—information which, if acted upon, will surely mean a restoration to health.

The Booklet can be obtained free from C. RICHTER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 59-61 New Oxford Street, London, England.

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada



You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

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Strong Once More

ELECTRICITY CURES WHERE DRUGS FAIL



Get Some Life Into You

What's the use in dragging your eyes about like a wooden man. Feel like a man of spirit. Away with the pains and aches: off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old and had one foot in the grave. Come and let me put life into your nerves: let me give you a new

supply of youthful energy. Let me make you feel like throwing your chest out, and your head up, saying to yourself, "I'M A MAN!" Let me give you back the old feeling of youthful fire, vim and courage. I can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt so slow and poky as you do now. Act today. Life is sweet, so enjoy every minute.

This is the Way to Feel

The men who had given up hope, who thought there was no cure for them, until they came upon Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. Now they are full of life and overflowing with joyous spirits. Pains are gone, weakness has gone, and full vigor is in every action.

Do you want to feel like that? Then wear the grand life-saving appliance for two months, at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life and you will feel rejuvenated and invigorated. It puts steam into your run down body, drives away pain and renews youth.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

Makes men noble: it causes the nerves to tingle with the joyful exhilaration of youth: it fills the heart with a feeling of gladness, makes everything look bright and makes the nerves like bars of steel.

It does this while you sleep, by pouring electricity, which is nature's energy, into your nerves and blood. Electricity is life to the vital parts, when they are weak it will make them strong.

Lumbago Cured

M. R. McLaughlin. 516 Balmoral St., Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 15, 1912. Dear Sir:—It is a little more than a month since I bought your Belt for Lumbago, and am pleased to say I am much better and able to follow my daily occupation. I wear it now as a preventative measure.

Yours truly,

R. E. PALMER.

CALL TODAY for Free Test of my Belt. Free consultation and Free Book. If you can't call, cut out and send this coupon for the book.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 237 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir:—Please forward me one of your books as advertised.

Name.....

Address.....

years, and bit by bit he would buy more, until at last he owned one of the best ranches in B. C. Then he sold it for a good round price, and had he invested it properly, that is, if he hadn't let rogues get their hands on it, he might have been a millionaire today instead of a cook in a government road camp. Is he happy? Yes, in a way far happier than those who lose ten dollars in a slot machine or a gambling table. There are hundreds of characters in this country who have been through the mill, have had ups and downs. One day they have been worth hundreds of thousands, and the next day they were paupers. So runs the round of years, but the telegraph operator who gets his cheque of \$75 or \$100 per month is happier than all the rest in my mind. Hoping that there are other operators reading the pages of The Western Home Monthly, besides the far-famed Northwest bachelors and the Ontario schoolmams. I hardly know what to sign myself. Oh, I've got it now! Who can tell whether I'm a male or female?

B. C. Observer.

A Lover of Nature.

Armstrong, B.C., June 15, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Since coming from the New England States and Eastern Canada, I have been an interested reader of your splendid magazine and I hope you will afford me space in your correspondence columns for this short letter. For some years I had been anxious to see this great western country, but was not able to make the trip until less than a year ago. The journey from Montreal, via the C.P.R., was most interesting, and the stops at the large western cities were a series of revelations. The average Easterner's ideas of Western Canada are extremely hazy, and the cities mere names with which he is more or less vaguely familiar. No real conception of the vast area of the western provinces and the size and business activity of the cities can be had without actually seeing for one's self. I am sure if the thousands who are struggling for an existence back east could only realize the great opportunities of this wide country, with its health-giving climate, land in the West would be at a premium. The Okanagan Valley is noted for its fine fruits and vegetables, and is a charming locality. Mountain View Farm, an ideal place for anyone in search of health, or a delightful spot to spend a vacation, is beautifully situated 3,000 feet above sea level, five miles from the pretty little town of Armstrong, and ten from the larger one of Vernon. A railroad station is only one mile away, and a store and post office have recently been built—these on the newly laid out townsite—the beginning of a new town in this prosperous valley. There are several lovely lakes in the neighborhood where we drive in summer and enjoy picnics and fishing. If more city dwellers could know the pleasures of country life on a farm like this, with its horses, dairy, chickens, vegetable and fruit garden and orchard, there would be many happier people. The summers are delightful here, so little rainy weather that one can practically live out of doors. With driving, walking and resting on lawn and piazzas, the time passes pleasantly. Even the infrequent "rainy day" is not dull with books and music in the large, airy rooms. My health has improved so greatly since coming here that I hope soon to see more of the "Golden West." If anyone would like to correspond with me in regard to Mountain View Farm, I should be pleased to respond.

J. L.

Woman's Rights.

Wildmere, Alta., May 5, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Noticing your invitation to subscribers on a recent number to take advantage of the columns for discussion, I thought it would not be amiss to add my mite. I have been a subscriber ever since I came to Canada and I consider that it compares favorably with like magazines published in the States. It certainly has a high grade of editorials at any rate. Since there is nothing striking about my personality worthy of space in a magazine,

GAVE UP ALL HOPES OF EVER GETTING WELL

Mr. Jacob E. Herr, 111 Grange St., Stratford, Ont., writes:—"Ten years ago I suffered with a very peculiar disease. I would go to bed feeling as well as could be, and after sleeping for five hours I would wake with a severe pain in my back, then moving into my side and breast. The pain was so terrible I could not lie in my bed, and usually had to sit until morning with a pillow propped up behind my back. With all my pain I would go to work, and after working up to about 10 o'clock the pain would leave me entirely. The same thing would happen the next night, and every night for two years. I tried four different doctors, but none of them did me any good. I tried a great many patent medicines, but all of no avail. I gave up all hopes of ever getting well. A friend persuaded me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I bought four boxes, and after using the first one I felt a change for the better, and after using three boxes I could sleep all night. The pains were gone, and I was completely cured.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

\$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today— You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment

a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

**How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill.,
Escaped The Sur-
geon's Knife.**

Peoria, Ill.—“I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. Fortwo years I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters.”—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.



Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation.

Jessup, Pa.—“After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed.

“Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman.”—Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.

Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known, before submitting to a surgical operation.



The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining-room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly often carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

kill flies in such immense quantities as cannot be approached by any other fly killer.



Dr. T. A. Goodchild,
L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (Dub.)

Eye Specialist.

From Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, London, Eng.

Steele Block,
360 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

I shall have to discuss some other subject. Womens rights, the topic uppermost in the minds of thinking people to-day, will serve; for it is by means of agitation and discussion that the superstitions are abolished. Regarding woman's fitness, a great many assert woman's place is in the home. That is all very well; but all women haven't homes. A large per cent. of the female population work for wages—teachers, stenographers, clerks, etc. Experience has proven that they are as well posted and as intelligent as their fellowworkers—men. And those women who are fortunate enough to have homes usually have time for reading and form their opinions as well as their husbands. They can take the babies to the polls as well as to church. I wouldn't expect her to purify politics or carry a gun or wear trousers. But if she wished to do these things she might. But we pride ourselves on being a liberty-loving people. Our orators wax eloquent over the advantages and opportunities that are the heritage of all. It sounds beautiful and makes one's heart beat faster, but it is open to one fatal objection. It is not true. Since woman does her share of the labor and bears her portion of the responsibilities of society, it certainly is not only reasonable, but just, that she should have a voice in directing its affairs. Max.

Coming to the West.

Ontario, May 6, 1912.

Dear Editor.—I have read the correspondence columns of the Western Home

I taught in a section where there were ten bachelors—bachelors from choice, I judge—for it was certainly not because there were none of the fair sex. Perhaps it is, as Hamlet writes, farmers do not want to marry butterflies or look upon women as an expensive luxury. As a teacher, I know that some of these ideas that you men have concerning women are not correct, for I have not only heard young men express their opinion that teachers could not keep house, but I have even had them sweep the floor of the school-house after I had swept it when we were clearing the school after an entertainment. I think most of us teachers are quite capable of sweeping or of even cooking, for most of us have been raised on a farm. For myself, I can say that I enjoy helping mother with the work on Saturday just as much as skating or dancing, although I indulge in these enjoyments occasionally. Perhaps I am spending too much time writing, but I will, nevertheless, put down on paper, for the first time, a short description of myself. I am not yet out of my “teens,” am quite dark and small. I would be glad of a few correspondents, such as the Jolly Kid, Brown-eyed Jack, and Happy-Go-Lucky. Leaving my address with the editor, I will sign, Little Louise.

Would Like Some Letters.

Alberta, May 2, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers of The Western Home Monthly, — As I have been a very interested reader of your valuable paper for over three years, I



Happy with the Western Home Monthly.

Monthly with such interest that I should like to join the merry group of boys and girls whose letters I have read. Your valuable paper did not come to our home till last November, when a year's subscription was sent to mother for a present, and I am sure we all prize it. I quite agree with the Man of Saskatchewan in his idea that this correspondence should bring out some beautiful trait of character, or grace of manner, not merely a description of one's eyes, hair, height and age. Nevertheless, I enjoy reading such letters, for they seem to me not a description of physical appearances, but an informal introduction by means of which I can form a mental picture of Brown-eyed Jack, the Candy Boy and all the others. As I have noticed very few letters from teachers in your columns, I thought I would express a few opinions on an occupation which I consider an important one in life—that of being a public school teacher. Along these lines I have had experience since I was a girl of sixteen (which was not so very many years ago), and can say that I enjoy teaching better each year. In choosing professions, I think we should select those for which we are suited, not those which will bring us a large income, and there would, therefore, be fewer people with sober, care-worn faces. A great many teachers from Ontario are going West. What is the great attraction out there? Well, I intend going myself in summer vacation, not for higher salary, but because all the young people are going, thus leaving Ontario a lonely place. You Western bachelors need not think you are the only people who are lonely, for there are a few in Ontario. Last year

thought I could join the ranks and write a few words for the correspondence columns. I am always on the lookout and eagerly awaiting the coming of the new issue of The Western Home Monthly. I am a farmer's son, and live on a farm. I am fond of all outdoor sports, and music especially; have always an ear open to music. I like singing very much also. If anyone, of either sex, cares to write to me, they will find my address with the editor. Thanking the editor very much, and wishing you much success with your esteemed paper, I will sign myself, Slow Come.

Will Return to Canada.

Idaho Falls, June 5, 1912.

Dear Editor.—I am a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, and for quality and quantity I think it certainly is a bargain. I am a Canadian sister who, for some time, has been living in various parts of the U. S. A. I expect to return to Canada this summer. I should be pleased to hear from anyone, as I have recently come to live in a small town where I am a complete stranger. Will sign myself,

Canadian Lassie.

Batching and Homesteading.

Irma, June 28, 1912.

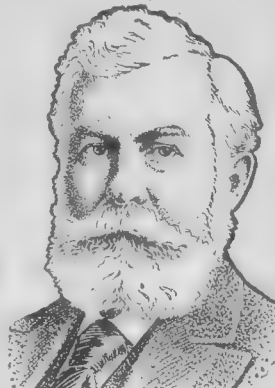
Dear Editor,—Having been a reader of your paper for a couple of years, I became a subscriber this year. I don't think there is any paper that has it beat for good reading and information. I always like to get hold of The Western Home Monthly as soon as it comes. I guess I am like a good many others—

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a bachelor and homesteader combined. The homesteading would be all right if it was not for the batching, but what is the use of grumbling; it don't help any. Well, I will close. Wishing your paper every success. I sign myself, Jumbo.

Read All Over the World.

Ontario, May 16, 1912.

Dear Editor,—It is with great pleasure that I address a few lines to the correspondence columns of your valuable and instructive magazine, the Western Home Monthly, and I hope to see them in print if you can allow me the space. Although a subscriber but a short time, I have found The Western Home Monthly to be full of good helpful reading and worthy a place in every home. The correspondence column is a great idea. What a variety of opinions we find in it! Some have strong inclinations one way and some another, and yet seem wholly unable to convince each other that they are right. I consider it a great privilege to be able to express our views in print and to have them read all over this country as well as in other parts of the world, for The Western Home Monthly is not confined to western provinces, but is sent everywhere. We should strive to make our letters as interesting as possible and spare the reader the monotony of reading practically the same words in one letter after another. The editor makes room for us all to have our little say and we find that The Doctor gets no preference over the humble farmer boy or farmer's daughter, except that he comes in for a greater share of criticism and probably not without deserving it. One of the latest subjects under discussion is "Country Life v. City Life." Of course, the country suits me best, as it does any real lover of Nature. I think it is also best for the working man; living and rent are so high in the city, and it is a lot easier to go to the bin and get your potatoes than to go down town and buy a bag for \$2. The city man is more or less deprived of the pure fresh air which we have in abundance in the country. We are first hand with Nature, which has such a fascination for her admirers. Of course, we are minus the many pleasures of the city, but we are willing to do without them so long as we have all the rest. Well, so much for that touch on so vast a subject. I do not want to be selfish and occupy all the space, and no doubt you will think it time I were quitting. I expect to journey West next fall. I would like to take up a good half-section in Alberta or Saskatchewan, and if any of the readers could advise me of such I would be willing to pay them for all trouble. I am past 21; medium in everything. Would like to hear from any who care to write, especially young ladies. J. C.

A Most Interesting Epistle.

Trinidad, B. W. I., May 5, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid paper, The Western Home Monthly. It is so full of interesting articles as well as fun! When one reads, one likes to be amused as well as instructed. You give us both. Your correspondence page is a good idea. I must confess that that is the page we turn to first. We are quite new subscribers, but we look out eagerly for it and think a month a long time to wait for the next. "If he were your boy" appeals, I feel sure, to every reader. It goes to the heart. Conundrum, you have expressed my idea fully about changing the reformatory. This one thing I will add. It could be called "Boys' Training School," and masters who understand boys, firm but kind, could be got to teach trades, so that the unfortunates would have a square chance in the world. Hamlet, you are right. No man should fancy butterflies. A butterfly fancier is, I think, almost as bad as the butterfly. Home should be woman's special care. Everything should be neat, sweet and comfortable for fathers, husbands, brothers. Men like to have everything nice about them. They also like bright, pleasant faces to greet them at all times in their homes, and those who can help them. The Suffragettes have

lost sight of that fact, I fear. Are they not dragging down the name of woman in the mire? Trying to bring down nations? Enough! I may be treading on dangerous ground. May I say a word about the condemned—by some—dancing. I see you smile, dear editor, a pleasant smile, and so I know I may. Dancing is, I think, a very pleasant and harmless amusement, when it is done in Christian spirit. Did not David dance before the Ark? Some will say he did it in a religious way and had no "partner." Just so; he had none. But can we not dance, too, and with a partner? Surely we carry our King in our hearts always, and we are commanded "Whatsoever we do, do it to the glory of our King." We meet together to enjoy each other's company. The very fact, then, that we enjoy each other—God's creatures—is a glory to Him. Is it not? "Pleasant are Thy courts above." From that I fancy there are many pleasures in Heaven, and, who knows, dancing perhaps among them? I certainly feel that we will not have to stand in rows when we reach Heaven and sing hymns all the time. Of course, dancing is not the only amusement, and every one to his own order. Now, a word with you farmers. I think—no—I know you have got the best lot in life. You have not to go down to the sea in ships, to see the glories of creation. You have them around you from winter to spring. While I do not envy you—it is not in my nature to—I wish sincerely I could live in the country on a farm. Is it not nice to hear the crickets and the carolling of birds from early morn to eve? Then at night the glow-worms are so lovely dancing in the grass or among the trees. The pleasant sights and sounds would, I am sure, sweeten labor. One is never too old, I think, to enjoy these things. Then, every breath you breathe is full of life. Yet the country has its drawbacks. We are having terrible dry weather this way in the tropics. The country people are suffering very much for water. Their rivers have dried up and the wells are doing so fast, and water has to be sent quite a long way from the city. Everything is so dry and high winds prevail, driving every rain-cloud before them. Fires every now and then break out, doing damage to estates, destroying some. Still, with it all, you farmers have the best of it, for there you are indeed near Nature's heart. Have I chatted too much? I could say much more, but I fear you will say I am a "maggie," which I am not, and our good editor may not give me a corner in his paper. I hope he will. Should any one care to write, my address is with the Editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly a world-wide success and our Editor a long happy life, I am,

A Lady Humming-Bird.

Who Wants a Silk Dress?

Orrwold, Man, May 19, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Being a constant reader and subscriber to your much esteemed paper, I think I may as well express some of my views on the various topics under discussion. As winter with its pastimes has passed away, I will not say much on that point, except that I disagree with Josephus on the dancing, although some of his arguments were good and sound. I think "The Young Man and His Problem" is a valuable part of The Western Home Monthly, also "The Young Woman and Her Problem," and I think all the young people should read and study those pages. There are several other good qualities to consider, too, in reading The Western Home Monthly. I think the page that takes the eye of most of the young people is the correspondence page. I think, though, that there is too much sameness about a great number of the letters. However, there has been a great improvement in the last two numbers. Town life versus country life, I think, would be a good topic for discussion. As for myself, I prefer the country, but I like to spend a few days in the city. True it is, it does get a bit lonesome in the more isolated places, but it is rather too fast in many of the towns. It is just as a person gets used to it. I think Tidy Tilly would make a good

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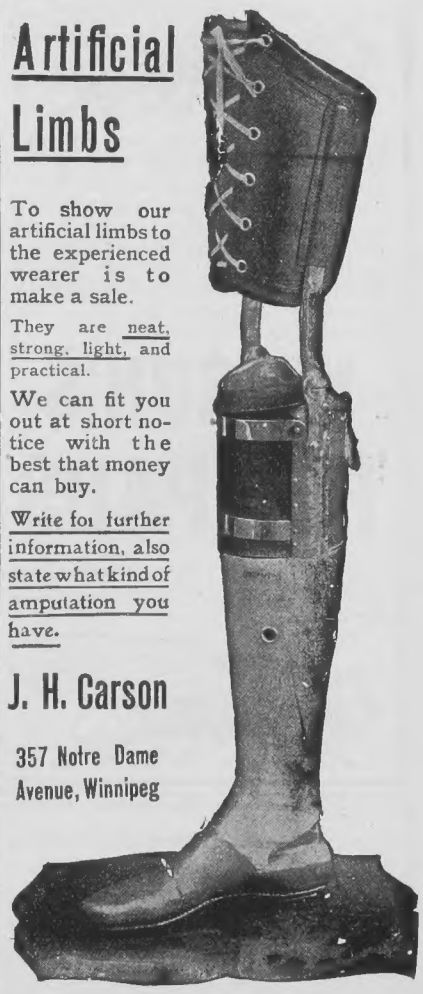
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are completely cured by inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F. 133 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

poet if she can compose like she did those verses in the May number. Leap Year seems to be hurrying some of the young people up a bit, at least it seems so around this part, as several are erecting new cages for the bird. But not for mine! I'll buy the silk dress first, so if any of you girls want one just send in your application; none over 30 years need apply. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. I sign myself,

My Dear Gaston.

A Letter from Australia.

Northam, Western Australia,

April 3, 1912.

Dear Sir,—I have just had the luck to receive one of your valuable papers. I was so pleased with it, as I love reading news of any kind from other colonies. I found in it, good reading, also very instructive paragraphs for both young and old. I enjoyed reading the correspondence best of all, which I found both interesting and amusing. I would very much like to go to Canada; perhaps I may some day, and then I shall see all this wonderful snow and ice we read about. There is no snow out here and very little ice (excepting what we make in the refrigerator). I did not see any letters in this copy from Western Australia, so I thought I would write a few lines, as I would like to "come in touch" with some of your Canadian correspondents. Of course, the girls generally prefer the boys writing to them and vice versa; so if anyone would care to correspond with me they will find my address with the editor. I agree with Amicus Veritatis in his views of Josephus' letter. Of course, I did not read Josephus' letter, but I can well imagine what it contained by reading the other letters. As I am fond of dancing and always enjoy a good game of cards, I cannot see myself where the sin comes in. I think there is no enjoyment like a dance in the evening when all young friends meet together. Of course, I mean when carried out in proper "style." There are some "low class" dancing rooms which are neither fit for a young girl or boy to enter. It is just beginning to rain and all the farmers are busy putting in their crops. We will soon have winter visiting us now. We had a fairly good harvest last year considering the dry weather we had. I am 21 years old. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I remain, your friend,

"From the Land of the Golden West."

Wants Position.

Mass., U.S.A., June 13th, 1912.

Dear Sir,—I am a refined widow, 46 (English), who is living in Mass, U.S.A., but who would love to come out to Canada if I had a position to go to. I could do so by July 2nd. I am thoroughly domesticated and can give the highest of references from my minister and others. I would like a position as housekeeper on a farm, as I like the country, but I would not go to anyone who touched liquor of any kind. I do not mind anyone smoking and knowing how hard it is to get women to go on a farm, I thought some of your readers of the correspondence columns who may be in need of one would write with all particulars and wages in first letter. Hoping to see my letter in the correspondence columns, I remain, yours sincerely,

English Widow.

The ingredients of Magic Baking Powder are plainly printed on each package. The makers of the numerous alum baking powders never do this, but they have been known to print the words "No Alum" on their labels. This is no guarantee—it is fraud. See that all ingredients are stated.

Faultless in Preparation.—Unlike any other stomach regulator, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at the normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain, for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

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Recently it has been definitely proven by experiments on animals that alcohol lowers the germicidal power of the body and that alcohol paralyzes the white corpuscles of the blood and renders them unable to take up and destroy disease germs. Disease germs cause the death of over one-half of the human race.

A blood medicine, made entirely without alcohol, which is a pure glyceric extract of roots, such as Bloodroot, Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Mandrake and Stone root, has been extensively sold by druggists for the past forty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an ALTERNATIVE EXTRACT of roots, without a particle of alcohol or narcotic.

"It is with the greatest of pleasure, that I write to let you know of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines and self-treatment at home," writes MRS. Wm. HEYES, of Ladysmith, B. C. "I suffered for three years from a running sore. Consulted four doctors but they failed to mend or give relief. Finally I was told I was in consumption and would have to consult a specialist concerning my ear, that the dead bone must be cut out before the wound would heal. A kind friend advised me to write to Dr. Pierce, which I did, and after seven months' use of the treatment the sore is healed, and I enjoy better health than I ever did. I dressed the wound with Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve and took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' for my troubles. I shall always recommend your medicines.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.



MRS. HEYES.

Gives Men This Vitality of Youth



Vitality is the thing which makes success; it gives men that compelling power which sends them forth eager and equipped to meet and overcome all obstacles; it is the thing which gives the young soldier courage to face death; it is the thing which inspires and holds his sweetheart's love and faith. No matter what your age, I can give you this same vital power. I can restore the vigor you lost, no matter what early or late indiscretion may have sapped your strength. I can make you "young" and keep you "young." From an intimate and studious observation of possibly 100,000 weakened men, I say to you that VITALITY or the lack of it means all the difference between a manly man and a half man. The man who bubbles with vital power will exert a pleasing influence upon all with whom he comes in contact; women are naturally attracted to him, as are men. Lack of vitality is a negative condition and it even repels. You wear my HEALTH BELT all night; it sends a great glowing, health-giving current of electro-vitality into your nerves, blood and organs; it takes all the "kink" out of your back and all the coward out of your makeup; it puts you right up in the "feeling fine" class and keeps you there. No stimulation, no false results; just a sure return to manhood and courage. Recommended also for rheumatism, pain in the back, kidney, liver, stomach and bladder disorders. It makes you feel young and keeps you feeling young forever.



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If in or near the city, take the time to drop in at my office, that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for advice, either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for anyone needing new vigor.

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Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free

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ADDRESS

Bess's Column.

The Single Woman's Power. Written for the Unmarried. By Bess.

It used to be the custom, even not so many years ago, to call anyone who passed the age of thirty without being "woo'd an' mairret an' a," an "old maid;" but nowadays "nons avons change tout cela." No one is at all surprised if "girls" do not marry till well over thirty; in fact, it causes more comment if they marry under twenty than it does if they are well on in the thirties and also a step in the right direction that the term "old maid" is seldom or never used. When used, it is not in derision, as it once was, and more often than not it is used by the giddy girl of 15 or 16—the girl just at that stage when she wishes to pass for a couple of years older than she really is.

The Little Blind God, Cupid.

There are many reasons for this change of attitude. In earlier days it was the fashion for girls to stay at home and wait "to be axed" like Miss Nancy Baxter. It must have been so wearisome for these early women, don't you think, looking eagerly forward to their emancipation from school and their entrance on the marriage mart. They entered the new life eagerly, hopefully. Then as years passed on and they were not sought, how galling it must have been to see younger and fairer combatants enter the field, wrestling from them without effort their position as queen of the field. Then there was nothing for them to do but to hang on for a few years on the outskirts of the younger throng, hoping against hope Mr. Right might yet turn up and throw the handkerchief they were so painfully eager to pick up! And then came the retiral and the bracketed "old maid" with their names. Don't you think that this aimless way of living had a great deal to do with the "drabness" of so many married lives? They knew, poor girls, that "he" was not all their fancy painted; that he was not by any means their ideal; yet, they also knew that "there was a tide in the affairs" of girls that needed to be "taken at the flood;" that they had

"To gather roses while they may,
Old Time is still a-flying."

And so they gave a more or less willing assent, and went to the altar.

But custom changes all things; Nowadays girls can earn their living shoulder to shoulder with men. There is no need for them to look on marriage as their be-all and end-all. They need not now marry in case they lose their present home, or to have some one to work for them—they can do that for themselves. If the little god Cupid comes along meanwhile and shoots his bolt in to her heart; if her love is reciprocated and they marry, then, undoubtedly, she has come into her kingdom. Her happiness is greater than the single woman can ever know; her life fuller, though indeed, her cares may be greater.

Advantages of the Single Woman's Life.

The single life, has, undoubtedly, many advantages. Take the girl who has been trained to work for herself. Her money is her own to do with as seemeth good to herself; her time is her own after business hours. At holiday times she can pick up her tent and hie herself away sight-seeing as much as she likes. She is ever so much freer than the lard-worked wife. The latter may also, let us hope, get her holiday, but there is the preparing for it—the packing up the house, metaphorically, in dust sheets till she comes back. Her own clothes, her husband's and her children's need lots of extra preparing beforehand, and they are with her all the time. She cannot leave her house-keeping worries behind her; like the poor, they are always with her. The children need the same, or more, attention on holiday as at home, hubby also. Then there is the straightening up after she gets home. Washing and mend-

ing have been "scamped" and take weeks of making up; the house seems as if it would never get clean again. But

the bachelor girl is free as air!

When ready to return from her enjoyable holiday, a note to her landlady apprises her of the fact, and she returns to spic and span rooms, freshly done up and an obsequious, attentive landlady.

Disadvantages of Her Life.

But, alas! even this spic and spanness shows an emptiness after a time to a home-loving girl. What would she not give sometimes to see its tidiness marred by little toys thrown carelessly about; and ah, how much more for the loving touch of dear little baby fingers! These little loving mischievous fingers, how they can draw one away from thoughts of care, how they soothe one how they can "even things up" that seem inclined to go awry! The landlady is obsequious and attentive, unobtrusive in her welcome, but there is no real love in it, no one to hug the girl



tired out with her holiday pleasure, and whisper a loving welcome, no glad

"Eyes that look love at eyes that speak again."

Then, too, the single woman, in this very loneliness, is apt to fall into set ways—the "prim old maid,"—into set expressions, to get behind in dress, and this is where the caricaturist has his day. Young life about us keeps us young, and the single woman must strive ever to keep young and up-to-date. Remember a woman is only as "old as she looks," so make up your mind to "look" young. Do not get into old folk's ways if you would keep young. A cosy arm-chair and roaring fire look tempting after your return from business, but young folks do not indulge as a rule in these old folk's customs all the time. They go out for a brisk walk or cycle even if the weather is good and come in freshened up, and with a look of youth strong on them. Do as you see young folks doing all the time. Our grandmothers were old women at thirty and wore caps, first, because it was the custom to be old at thirty, and they thought their time had come. But time alters a good many things.

The world has been the better for a great many of its so-called "old maids." "The lady with the lamp" who passed away so lately is but one instance of the many in history, and who but can recall so many in our everyday life?

Who has so much time as the single woman for the "wayside kindnesses," for the sick friend and the poor neighbor, who can so well supply the "cup of cold water" as she whose heart is full of love for all the world? Her capacity for love is very great—she has a great loving empty heart—and the love she scatters will be repaid an hundred-fold—do not doubt it!

Useful Hints in Knitting

To Refoot a Stocking.

Unpick the sock or stocking, stitch by stitch, 2 rows above the heel, and take them up on three needles. Knit 2 plain rounds and divide for the heel. A foot may be knitted separately and grafted stitch by stitch to the leg. To do this, first unpick the casting-on row. However, the usual way is to cut off the worn out foot just above the heel, and unpick till you get the thread of the old knitting to run a few times round. Then take up the stitches, knit again a round of the old thread, join on new thread, and knit 2 rows, then divide for the heel and proceed as if you were knitting a new stocking.

To Re-Heel a Stocking.

Unpick the stitches taken up on heel for foot. Put them on a thread as you

2 slanting threads, draw it out again upwards from below through next loop. Repeat. Leave the wool loose enough to make each loop the same as the knitting at the end. Turn the work round and work back.

To reknée a stocking, slit the worn part down the centre, unravel the 1st row back carefully a little beyond the worn part, unravel the rest. Leave all the ends. Put the stitches on a needle and knit to size, plain and purl like the rest of the stocking. Graft the loops together of the "patch" and the stocking. Turn the stocking outside in. Take each of the unravelled threads, put one by one into darning needle and darn for a few stitches into the "patch," then back again into the stocking.

Marking.

A simple and pretty way to mark stockings is to knit initials in on the tops in colored wools. Procure a cross-stitch pattern of the letter or letters, lay them before you upside down, and knit a colored stitch for each block of pattern. The inside will be neater if you knit in rows instead of rounds while doing this, sewing up at seam the little space afterwards.

Knitted Knee-Cap.

1 skein 4 ply vest wool, scarlet; 2 skeins 4 ply vest wool, grey; 4 needles, No. 14. The knitting measures 10 stitches to the inch. For a man add 20 more stitches. Cast on with grey (G) 97 stitches, 36, 30 and 31 on three needles. Knit 1st and last together to join neatly. Rib 16 rounds. Knit 3, purl 3. Join scarlet (S). Carry one wool over the other when beginning to keep it tidy. Rib 2 rounds, rib 8 rounds G., 4 rounds S., 8 rounds G., 2 rounds S., 8 rounds G. Next 2 rounds K. plain.

The Knee.

With G., K1, P1, for 24 stitches; turn. Slip 1, K1, P1 for 29 stitches; turn. Now change the little rib. Slip 1, then knit the knitted stitch of last row. Purl the purled stitch, knit 1 more at end; turn. Knit in this way 1 more each little row, changing the rib after every 3rd row, until you have 12 extra stitches each side of the centre. K. 6 rounds, keeping centre stitches in pattern, the others in rib. Find centre stitches, K. to end of these; turn. K52; turn. K51, and so on until the stitches are as at the beginning. Then knit the whole round 2 rounds plain, then 8 rounds rib. Knit as 1st part, reversing the order of color. Cast off loosely. These are of great comfort to people suffering from rheumatics.

Knitted Pattern for Gent's Waistcoat. Spot Pattern.

Two colors 5 ply fingering yarn; light for the spot, and dark for the ground. Needles, No. 12 or 13. The work must be firmly and tightly done. (L. light, D. dark. Cast on stitches divisible by 6 and 1 more with D. This extra stitch is used at the beginning of the even numbered rows and at the end of the odd numbered rows, and is not further referred to in the directions.

1st row—Knit.
2nd row—K1, L, 5 D. Repeat.
3rd row—With D. K5, wool forward. Slip L., wool back. Repeat.
4th row—Slip L., *purl 5, put wool back. Slip L. Repeat from *.
5th row.—Purl 2 D. *Purl 1 L. Purl 5 D. Repeat from * at the end. Purl 3 D.
6th row—Purl 3 D. *Slip 1 L. Purl 5 D. Repeat from * at the end. Purl 2.
7th row—Knit 2 D. *Slip 1 L. Knit 5. Repeat from * at the end. Purl 3.
8th row—Repeat from 2nd row.

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